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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are requested to observe that Nos. XXXIX. and XL. will consist of an INDEX to the first NINETEEN VOLUMES.—It has been some time in preparation, and will be ready for publication in the course of the present year. The Number next published will therefore be XLI.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1818.

ART. I.—*Memoirs, illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, Esq. F.R.S. Author of the ‘Sylva,’ &c. &c. Comprising his Diary, from the Year 1641 to 1705-6, and a Selection of his familiar Letters. To which is subjoined, the private Correspondence between King Charles I. and his Secretary of State, Sir Edward Nicholas, whilst his Majesty was in Scotland, 1641, and at other times during the Civil War; also between Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, and Sir Richard Browne, Ambassador to the Court of France, in the time of Charles I. and the Usurpation. The whole now first published, from the original MSS. in two vols. Edited by William Bray, Esq. Fellow and Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries of London. London. 1818.*

THE excellent person whose auto-biography is now for the first time made public was eminently happy in this respect, that he was born in that country, place, and condition of life which best suited his moral and intellectual nature. Never had any one more cause to be thankful for all the accidents of his birth. For, omitting what the Grecian philosopher reckoned among his felicities, that he was born a man and not a woman, it was the good fortune of Evelyn to be an European, not the native of any degraded region of the earth; an Englishman, not the subject of a despotic government or a feeble state; of an ancient, honourable, and opulent house; established in a part of England where he could partake the delights of a country life which no man ever loved more dearly, and the advantages of science and society that the metropolis affords, which no man could estimate more justly or more entirely enjoy. Add to these blessings that he was trained up in the genial feelings of a generous and constitutional loyalty, and in the healthful principles of the church establishment, not jaundiced by the bitter spirit of political or puritanical discontent. He was happy also in the time in which he flourished. The age of Charles II. was as nicely adapted to Evelyn's temper and peculiar talents, as the noonday of chivalry to Edward the Black Prince, and his chronicler Froissart. Had he lived in these days he might have held a respectable rank among chemists or mineralogists; but there would not have been room for him to distinguish himself above his contemporaries, so

as to stand forward in after-times among the most conspicuous of his generation. Nor is there perhaps now the same delight in the pursuit of physical science as there was, when its wide regions lay, like a vast continent newly discovered, to invite and to reward research.

His diary, or *Kalendarium*, as he himself intitled it, begins in the year 1641, but he has prefixed to it some notices of his family and earlier life. Richard Evelyn, his father, of Wotton, in the county of Surrey, possessed an estate estimated at about 4000*l.* a year,* 'well wooded and full of timber.' He was a man of singularly even mind, in whom his son could never call to mind the least passion or inadvertence; in his habits of life ascetic and sparing, and one that was never known to have been 'surprized by excess.' It is possible, though Evelyn himself intimates no such suspicion, that his ascetic habits were carried to excess, and injured his health, for his hair, which was 'inclining to light,' and therefore the less likely early to have become gray, grew hoary by the time he was thirty years of age, and he died at middle age of dropsy, 'an indisposition (says his son) the most unsuspected, being a person so exemplarily temperate,' but which, perhaps, his manner of life may have induced. John, the second of three sons, was born at Wotton, October 31, 1620. At four years old he was taught to read by the parish schoolmaster, whose school was over the church porch, and at six his picture was 'drawn in oil by one Chanterell, no ill painter.' If this portrait, as is not unlikely, be preserved in the family, it should have been engraved for the present work; it would have been very interesting to compare the countenance of such a person in childhood, in the flower of years, when his head was engraved by Nanteuil, and in ripe old age, when he sat to Sir Godfrey Kneller. When he was eight years old, at which time he resided with his maternal grandmother, he began to learn Latin at Lewes, and was afterwards sent to the free-school at Southover, near that town. His father, who would willingly have weaned him from the fondness of his grandmother, intended to place him at Eton, but the boy had been so terrified by the report of the severe discipline there, that he was sent back to Lewes. Poor Tusser's account of Eton, which he undoubtedly had in his mind, was quite sufficient to justify him.

* 'To give an instance of what store of woods and timber of prodigious size, there were growing in our little county of Surrey, (the nearest of any to London,) and plentifully furnished both for profit and pleasure,—(with sufficient grief and reluctancy I speak it) my own grandfather had standing at Wotton, and about that estate, timber that now were worth 100,000*l.* since of what was left my father (who was a great preserver of wood) there has been 30,000*l.* worth of timber fallen by the axe, and the fury of the late hurricane and storm; now no more Wotton, stript and naked, and ashamed almost to own its name.'—*Sylvia*, book iii. ch. 7.

From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had;
For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See Udall, see, the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad!

No such inhumanity, we may be assured, would be perpetrated at Eton while Sir Henry Wotton was provost, and Evelyn, who says that he afterwards a thousand times regretted his perverseness, lost much in not being placed under this admirable man, by whom his disposition and talents would have been justly appreciated and cherished.

Evelyn lost his mother when he was fifteen. He describes her as 'of proper personage; of a brown complexion, her eyes and hair of a lovely black, of constitution inclined to a religious melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory and most exemplary life; for economy and prudence esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country.' Her death was occasioned by excessive grief for the loss of a daughter, and perhaps for the previous unhappiness of that daughter, who was married to one of the worst of men. In the following year he was entered at the Middle Temple, though he continued at school, and in 1637 was placed as a fellow commoner at Baliol College, Oxford. At school he had been very remiss in his studies till the last year, 'so that I went to the university,' he says, 'rather out of shame of abiding longer at school, than from any fitness, as by sad experience I found, which put me to relearn all that I had neglected, or but perfunctorily gained.' Here he was placed under no less notorious a person than Bradshaw, '*nomen invisum*,' says Evelyn, 'yet the son of an excellent father, beneficed in Surrey. I ever thought my tutor had parts enough, but as his ambition made him much suspected of the college, so his grudge to Dr. Lawrence, the governor of it, whom he afterwards supplanted, took up so much of his time, that he seldom or never had the opportunity to discharge his duty to his scholars.' The pupil however found a fellow collegian named James Thicknesse, who was disposed to study with him, from 'whose learned and friendly conversation he received great advantage,' and with whom in consequence he formed a lasting intimacy. The university was then exceedingly regular under the discipline which Laud had established as chancellor. Had Laud been born a generation earlier, or a generation later, how high and undisputed a reputation would he have raised by his munificent love of letters, and his conscientious discharge of the duties of his office! but, unlike

Evelyn, he had fallen upon the most unhappy age in which his mortal lot could possibly have been cast.

While at Oxford Evelyn was 'admitted into the dancing and vaulting school,' and began also to 'look on the rudiments of music,' in which, he says, he afterwards arrived to some formal knowledge, though to small perfection of hand, because he was so frequently diverted by inclinations to newer trifles.' During the last year of his residence his younger brother came to be his chamber-fellow. They soon removed to the Middle Temple, and before they had been there three months their father died, 'retaining,' says Evelyn, 'his senses and piety to the last, which he most tenderly expressed in blessing us, whom he now left to the world and the worst of times, whilst he was taken from the evil to come. Thus we were bereft of both our parents in a period when we most of all stood in need of their counsel and assistance, especially myself, of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination; but so it pleased God to make trial of my conduct in a conjuncture of the greatest and most prodigious hazard that ever the youth of England saw. If I did not, amidst all this, peach my liberty, nor my virtue, with the rest who made shipwreck of both, it was more the infinite goodness and mercy of God than the least discretion of mine own, who now thought of nothing but the pursuit of vanity, and the confused imaginations of young men.' The signs of the times were then too evident to be mistaken; the palace at Lambeth had been assaulted by a rabble; and libels and invectives scattered about the streets 'to the reproach of government and the fermentation of our since distractions.' Evelyn had been present at Strafford's trial, where 'the lords and commons, together with the king, queen, prince, and flower of the noblesse, were spectators and auditors of the greatest malice and the greatest innocence that ever met before so illustrious an assembly,' and he had seen 'the fatal stroke which severed from its shoulders the wisest head in England—to such exorbitancy were things arrived:' he now therefore determined to absent himself from a state of things which 'gave umbrage' (fearful suspicion) 'to wiser than himself that the calamities of England were but yet in their infancy.'

His intention was to 'overtake the leagure then before Gennep,' on the Waal,—a place which having been greatly strengthened by the Cardinal Infante D. Fernando, in 1635, was at this time besieged* by the French and Dutch. He landed at Flushing, proceeded to Dort, and taking waggon from thence to Rotterdam was

* There is a full account of the siege in the great work of Aitzema, a man who, with extraordinary patience, compiled materials for the History of the United Provinces during the greater part of the seventeenth century. One of his brothers was mortally wounded at this siege.

'hurried

'hurried there in less than an hour, though it be ten miles distant, so furiously did these foremen drive.' The Dutch are not so celebrated for the celerity of their motions in these days. On the way to the Hague he observed 'divers leproous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water, and permitted to ask the charity of passengers, which is conveyed to them in a floating box that they cast out.' Perhaps this is the latest notice of lepers in Europe being thus thrust apart from the rest of mankind, and Holland is likely to be the country in which the disease would continue longest. At the Hague he visited the Queen of Bohemia, a woman who, more than any other princess of her age, seems to have won and deserved the admiration of all who knew her. Her presence chamber was then hung with black, and she was keeping a fast-day for her husband's death with as little to console her in any earthly prospect of the future as in looking back upon the past.

Evelyn did not reach Gennep till four or five days after it had capitulated; he was, however, complimented by being received a volunteer in Captain Apsley's corps, and took his turn in 'watching on a horn work, and trailing a pike,' till the fortifications were repaired. He found himself on 'hot service for a young drinker,' and after a week's stay he took his leave, being pretty well satisfied with the confusion of battles and sieges, 'if such,' he says, 'that of the United Provinces may be called, where their quarters and encampments are so admirably regular, and orders so exactly observed, as few cities exceed it for all convenience.' He remained about three months in the Netherlands and then returned to England. Among the remarkable things which he had noticed in his journal during this journey, is the case of a woman who had been married five and twenty times, and was then prohibited from marrying again, 'yet it could not be proved that she had ever made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble.' He was particularly pleased with Antwerp, and with nothing more than 'those delicious shades and walls of stately trees which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe.' Long will it be before any traveller can again speak of the delicious shades and stately trees of Antwerp! Carnot, in preparing to defend the place, laid what were then its beautiful environs as bare as a desert. The remark which he makes upon the view from the tower of the cathedral is curious. 'The sun,' he says, 'shone exceeding hot, and darted its rays without any intermission, affording so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much confirmed in my opinion of the moon's being of some such substance as the earthly globe consists of; perceiving all the adjacent country, at so small a horizontal distance, to represent

such a light as I could hardly look against, save when the river and other large waters within our view appeared of a more dark and uniform colour, resembling those spots in the moon supposed to be seas there, according to our new philosophy, and viewed by optical glasses.'

On his return to England he studied a little, but 'danced and fooled more.' But this was no age for vanities. The civil war broke out, and Evelyn went with his horse and arms to join the king at Brentford, but he was not permitted to remain there, (this is the phrase he uses,) because the retreat of the royal army, which immediately took place, would have left him and his brothers exposed to ruin without any advantage to his Majesty. He retired to his brother's house at Wotton, and began to improve the gardens when the Covenant was pressed he absented himself, but finding it 'impossible to evade the doing very unhandsome things,' he obtained the king's licence to travel, and set out for a longer journey, accompanied by his old fellow collegian Thicknesse. Twice at the very outset had this journey well nigh proved fatal: mistaking the tide as they came before Calais, in weather which was 'snowy and untoward enough,' they struck on the sands with no little danger; and crossing an overflowed stream on the way to Boulogne, in darkness, and in a storm of rain, hail, and snow, his horse slipped and had almost been the occasion of his perishing.

The churches upon the continent hold the first place among those rareshows by which the curiosity of a young English traveller is invited. Evelyn was much amused with the treasures at St. Denis, which contained at that time some of the most remarkable relics, true and false, any where in existence: among the latter were a likeness of the Queen of Sheba, Solomon's drinking cup, Judas's brass lanthorn, and Virgil's stone mirror; among the former Charlemagne's set of chess men, 'full of Arabic characters.' There were also 'the effigies of the late French kings in wax, like ours in Westminster, covered with their robes, with a world of other rarities.' Paris appeared to him, for the materials the houses are built with, and its many noble and magnificent piles, one of the most gallant cities in the world: he describes it 'large in circuit, of a round form, very populous, but situated in a bottom environed with gentle declivities, rendering some places very dirty, and making it smell as if sulphur were mingled with the mud.' This odour, for which certainly the nature of the ground was not in fault, provoked the spleen of Peter Heylyn, who had visited France some years before Evelyn, at a time of life when 'both his wits and fancies (if ever he was master of any) were in their predominancy.' 'This I am confident of,' he says, 'that the nastiest lane in London is frankincense to the sweetest street in this city. The ancient by-word

was

was (and there is good reason for it) *Il destaint comme la fange de Paris*: had I the power of making proverbs I would only change *il destaint* into *il puit*, and make the by-word ten times more orthodox. The fortifications of this town are but trifles,—the only venom of the streets is a strength unto it more powerful than the ditches or the bulwark of St. Martins. It was therefore not unjudiciously said of an English gentleman, that he thought Paris was the strongest town in Christendom, for he took strong in that sense as we do in England when we say such a man hath a strong breath. These things considered it could not but be an infinite happiness granted by nature to our Henry V. that he never stopt his nose at any stink, as our chronicles report of him; otherwise, in my conscience, he had never been able to keep his court there. But that which most amazed me is, that in such a perpetuated constancy of stinks, there should yet be found so large and admirable a variety—a variety so special and distinct, that any chemical nose, (I dare lay my life on it,) after two or three perambulations, would hunt out blindfold each several street by the smell, as perfectly as another by his eye.* Paris is now less obnoxious to this reproach than many other places; and the three stinking cities of Europe are Lisbon, Edinburgh, and Geneva.

The garden of the Tuileries Evelyn describes as rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company. It had then some 'curiosities' so much in French taste that it is wonderful they should not have been preserved, a labyrinth of cyprus, and an artificial echo redoubling the words distinctly, and never, he says, without some fair nymph singing to it. 'Standing at one of the focusses which is under a tree or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds; at another as if it was under ground.' During the reign of the sovereign people, the commune ploughed up the turf in these gardens to plant potatoes there, and they planted potatoes also in the parterres! The taste of Evelyn's age, which continues to be the taste of the French, and having rooted itself in their habits and literature is likely, notwithstanding all their versatility, to continue indelible, was exemplified wherever he went. The Archbishop of Paris in his garden at St. Cloud had a Mount Parnassus, not indeed so costly a plaything as the elaborate toy of Titon du Tillet, but a grotto 'or shell-house' on the top of the hill, with a fair cupola, the walls painted with the muses, many statues placed about it, some of which were antique and good, and within 'divers water-works and contrivances to wet the spectators.' At Cardinal Richelieu's villa, the arch of Constantine was painted on a wall in oil, as large as the real one at Rome, so well done that even a man skilled in painting may mistake it for stone and sculpture. The sky and hills which seem to be between the

arches are so natural that swallows and other birds, thinking to fly through, have dashed themselves against the wall.' With all his feelings for nature Evelyn had not advanced beyond his contemporaries in taste, and he was heartily pleased with the 'agreeable deceit,' as he calls it, 'of a painted river which eked out the apparent limits of a Parisian garden. The Luxembourg gardens he speaks of as a paradise, and says that he had taken extraordinary delight in its sweet retirements. The Duke of Orleans at that time inhabited the palace, and kept tortoises in great numbers. The Duke would not permit the wolves to be destroyed upon his domains, in consequence of which they became so numerous in the forest of Orleans as often to come and take children out of the very streets of Blois! In our own days Stolberg noticed a similar effect of this preposterous passion for the chase,—cats were prohibited in the island of Ischia lest they should destroy the game, and when these useful animals had been extirpated the rats became so numerous that infants were not safe from them in the cradle.

Proceeding from France into Italy Evelyn notices with proper English feeling the disgusting sight of the gally-slaves at Marseilles, who, it seems, were made a show for the gratification of strangers!

'We went to visite the Gallys being about 25; the Capitaine of the Gally Royal gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabine, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft musiq very rarely. Then he shew'd us how he commanded their motions with a nod and his whistle, making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, having their heads shaven close and having onely high red bonnets, a payre of coarse canvass drawers, their whole backs and leggs naked, doubly chayn'd about their middle and leggs, in couples, and made fast to their seates, and all commanded in a trise by an imperious and cruell seaman. One Turke he much favor'd, who waited on him in his cabin but with no other dress than the rest, and a chayne lock'd about his leg but not coupled. This gally was richly carv'd and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautifull. After bestowing something on the slaves, the captain sent a band of them to give us musiq at dinner where we lodged. I was amaz'd to contemplate how these miserable catyfs lie in their gally crowded together, yet there was hardly one but had some occupation by which, as leisure and calmes permitted, they gat some little monye, insomuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. Their rising forward and falling back at their oare is a miserable spectacle, and the noyse of their chaines with the roaring of the beaten waters has something of strange and fearfull to one unaccustom'd to it. They are rul'd and chastiz'd by strokes on their backs and soles of their feete on the least disorder, and without the least humanity; yet are they chereful and full of knavery.'—pp. 70, 71.

Here he and his companions 'bought umbrellas against the heats,'

beats,' a precaution so novel for an Englishman at that time as to be noticed among the *memorabilia* of their journey. It is little more than half a century since they have been in general use 'against the rain' in this country, and persons are yet living who remember the indignant ridicule which their first appearance excited in the populace. They embarked at Canes for Genoa, narrowly escaped shipwreck in doubling the point of Savona, and enjoyed a foretaste of Italy in the land-breeze which carried with it 'the perfumes of orange, citron, and jasmine flowers for divers leagues seaward,' a circumstance which affected Evelyn with so much delight that he recurs to it more than once. 'If ever,' says Lassels, 'I saw a town with its holiday clothes always on, it was Genoa.' Evelyn saw it in its beauty, before its bombardment by the French, and never, he says, was any artificial scene more beautiful to the eye, nor any place for its size, so full of well-designed and stately palaces. But 'the sudden and devilish passion' of a sailor here gave him a fearful sample of the Italian temper; the fellow was plying them for a fare, when another boatman interposed and took them in,—enraged at this, the tears gushed out of his eyes, he bit his finger almost off by the joint, and held it up to the other as an assurance to him of some bloody revenge if ever he came near that part of the harbour again. The man perhaps felt himself wronged as well as supplanted; but Evelyn observes that though it was 'made a gally-matter' to carry a pointed knife, Genoa was nevertheless more stained with horrid acts of revenge and murder than any one place in Europe, or haply in the world. It was, perhaps, this temper of the Genoese which made Louis XI. when he was asked what he would do with Genoa if it were at his disposal, reply, that he would give it to the Devil. Labat, who is always lively and always malicious, says, that the inhabitants call their city *Gena* instead of Genoa, *telle est leur économie: ils rognent tout jusqu'aux paroles*—and he ascribes the invention of wafers to Genoese œconomy. '*On pesa les lettres, le poids en règle le prix. Les Genoïs ont trouvé le secret d'écrire beaucoup, et de payer peu pour le port. Ils se servent d'un papier aussi fin que notre papier à la serpente, écrivent menu, serré et luconiquement; ne font ni complimens, ni enveloppes; et comme les cachets quelques qu'ils soient ne laissent pas de peser, ils se servent d'une certaine pâte rouge et dure, on l'humecte avec un peu de salive, et on en touche légèrement l'endroit du papier, ou l'on applique sur le champ le cachet, et la lettre se trouve fermée, comme si on y avoit mis un peu de colle. J'ai apporté de cette pâte, rien n'est meilleure, et ne pese moins.*' From this curious passage it would appear that wafers were not known in France when he published his *Voyages d'Espagne et Italie*

Italie in 1731. But they were certainly no new discovery when he saw them at Genoa in 1706. We have in our possession letters with the wafers still adhering which went from Lisbon to Rome twenty years before that time, and Stolberg observes that there are wafers and wafer-seals in the museum at Portici.

Evelyn noticed in the Genoese a very different character from that parsimony for which Labat swears at them; he speaks of the magnificent expenditure of the merchants, who, as there was little or no land in which they could invest their property, expended it in marble palaces and costly furniture. He admired their floors of red plaster, which became so hard and received so high a polish, that it might have been mistaken for porphyry, and he wondered that it was not used in England for cabinets and rooms of state. It is indeed surprising that notwithstanding the appalling frequency of fires we should continue to floor our houses with wood, as if to render them as combustible as possible. The aviary in the gardens of Prince Doria's palace pleased him as realizing Bacon's desire, who said he liked not such places, 'unless they were of that largeness that they might be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them that the birds might have more scope and natural nestling, and no foulness appear on the floor.' Trees of more than two feet in diameter were growing in this prodigious cage, 'besides cypress, myrtles, lentiles, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and perch all sorts of birds, who have air and place enough under their airy canopy, supported with huge iron work stupendous for its fabric and its charge.' Lassels says, that 'to make the poor birds believe they are rather in a wood than in a prison, the very cage hath put even the wood itself in prison.' It is about an hundred paces long, 'and fetcheth in a world of laurel and other trees.' This was indeed a splendid aviary, and yet but a splendid folly, effecting that by constraint which might have been accomplished so much more easily by better means. Any garden may be made an aviary without caging it in, by affording to the birds food and protection; for it is surprising how soon the shyest birds may be taught to come to the hand that feeds them. We have seen wild-ducks come in flocks to a lady's call, and the water-hen hurry to the same voice with as much alacrity as the barn-door fowl.

In his progress through Italy Evelyn's attention, according to the fashion of his age, was chiefly attracted by palaces and pictures, gardens and museums. Picturesque beauty was then so little regarded that Misson advises a traveller not to go on purpose to the Borromean islands unless he had a great deal of leisure: for he says, 'there is nothing very rare or extraordinary in them. A man
who

who never saw but very ordinary things of that nature would doubtless admire these islands if he were suddenly transported thither, but they would never produce the same effect upon one that has seen a little of the world.' Thus he spoke of them, thinking of the islands alone, without the slightest reference to the glorious scenery by which they are surrounded; nor were they in his estimation more interesting for standing in the Lago Maggiore than they would have been in Whittlesea mere! But Evelyn, notwithstanding his taste for grottoes, parterres, and vistas, had a true feeling for better things; and when he got out of the trammels of art was fully capable of enjoying the world of nature. The following description will be read with pleasure, though it should remind the reader of a sublimer picture in Burnet's *Telluris Theoria Sacra*.

'Next morning we rode by *Monte Pientio*, or, as vulgarly called, *Monte Mantumiato*, which is of an excessive height ever and anon peeping above any clouds with its snowy head, till we had climbed to the inn at *Radicofony* built by *Ferd^d the greute Duke* for the necessary refreshment of travellers in so inhospitable a place. As we ascended we entered a very thick, solid, and dark body of clouds, w^{ch} look'd like rocks at a little distance, which lasted neare a mile in going up; they were dry misty vapours, hanging undissolved for a vast thicknesse, and obscuring both the sun and earth so that we seemed to be in the sea rather than in the cloudes, till, having pierced through it we came into a most serene heaven, as if we had been above all human conversation, the mountaine appearing more like a greate island than joyn'd to any other hills, for we could perceive nothing but a sea of thick clouds rowling under our feete like huge waves, ever now and then suffering the top of some other mountaine to peepe through, which we could discover many miles off; and betwene some breaches of the clouds we could see landskips and villages of the subjacent country. This was one of the most pleasant, newe, and altogether surprizing objects that I had ever behold.

'On the sum'it of this horrid rock (for so it is) is built a very strong Fort, garrison'd, and somewhat beneath it is a small towne; the provisions are drawne up with ropes and engines, the precipice being otherwise inaccessible. At one end of the towne lie heapes of rocks so strangely broaken off from the ragged mountaine as would affright one with their horror and menacing postures. Just opposite to the inn gushed out a plentifull and most useful fountaine which falls into a great trough of stone, bearing the *Duke of Tuscany's* armes. Here we din'd, and I with my black lead pen tooke the prospect.'—vol. i. p. 88.

At Rome he was what he calls very *pragmatical*, by which he means very busy in going over the regular course of sight-seeing. He engraved his name 'amongst other travellers' in the globe of St. Peter's cupola, and had the honour, by the special desire of a Dominican friar, of standing godfather to a Turk and a Jew,—a remarkable instance of liberality in the friar, unless he doubted the sincerity

sincerity of his neophytes, and thought a heretic sponsor good enough for them. Naples he resolved to make 'the *non ultra* of his travels; sufficiently sated, he says, 'with rolling up and down, and resolving within myself to be no longer an *individuum vagum*, if ever I got home again, since from the report of divers experienced and curious persons I had been assured there was little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world after Italy, France, Flanders, and the Low Country.' The persons who pronounced this opinion must have had little curiosity with their experience, or little experience with their curiosity. The satiety which Evelyn confesses is one which every traveller must sometimes have experienced, in an hour of exhaustion, when he feels the want of that comfort and that perfect rest, one of which can only be enjoyed in his own country, and the other in his own house. But the appetite soon returns for that living knowledge which travelling imparts, and so was it with Evelyn. Finding at Venice an English ship bound for the Holy Land, he determined to visit Syria, Egypt, and Turkey, engaged for his passage, and laid in his sea-stock; but to his great mortification the vessel was pressed for the service of the state to carry provisions to Candia, then newly attacked by the Turks.

Journals and books of travels are among those works which acquire by time more value than they lose: they are the subsidiaries of history, and preserve the memory of many things which history disdains to notice, as trifling while they are trivial, but which become objects of curiosity when they are obsolete and ancient. Among the preposterous fashions of the Venetian women Evelyn remarks that they wore very long crisped hair of several streaks and colours, which they made so by a wash, dishevelling it on the brims of a broad hat that had no crown, but in its place a hole through which they put their heads, and they were seen at the windows drying their party-coloured tresses in the sun. This seems to have been peculiar to Venice. Lassels, speaking of the Italians in general, says the women wash their heads 'weekly in a wash made for the nonce, and dry them again in the sun to make their hair yellow, a colour much in vogue there among the ladies.' It was the age of coloured beards in England. The princesses and beauties of chivalrous romances have usually golden or flaxen hair, and for this reason, that when those romances were written all highborn persons were of unmixed Teutonic blood. The predilection which the southern poets of the seventeenth century show for the same colours must be explained by this fashion of staining the hair.

Here Evelyn suffered for the indiscreet use of the hot-bath after the oriental fashion: going out immediately into the city after he
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had been rubbed down and all his pores were open, it cost him one of the greatest colds he ever had in his life. He speaks of the striking silence of Venice, a city in which there was no rattling of coaches nor trampling of horses, and where nothing disturbed the singing of the nightingales which were kept in every shop: shutting your eyes, he says, you would imagine yourself in the country. A man had lately come to his death there by a most uncommon accident; he was doing something to the famous clock in the square of St. Mark, 'celebrated next to that of Strasburg for its many movements;' and while thus employed he stooped his head just in such a place and in such a point of time, that the quarter-boy struck it with his hammer, and knocked him over the battlements. Here and at Naples criminals were executed by a machine like the guillotine. At Padua he was elected *Syndicus Artistarum*, the greatest honour which could be conferred on a stranger in that University, from which, however, he excused himself because it was 'chargeable,' and would also have interfered with his intended progress. There he learnt to play on the theorbo; bought for winter provision three thousand weight of grapes and pressed his own wine, 'which proved excellent;' and in consequence, as he supposed, of drinking it according to the custom cooled with snow and ice, was seized with an *angina* and sore throat, which had nearly proved fatal; but 'old Salvatico (that famous physician) made him be cupped and scarified in the back in four places, which began to give him breath and consequent life, for he was in the utmost danger.' There too he attended the famous Anatomy Lecture which was 'celebrated with extraordinary apparatus, lasting almost a whole month.' During this 'famous course' three bodies were dissected; those of a man, a woman, and a child. 'The one,' he says, 'was performed by Cavalier Vestlingius and Dr. Jo. Athelsteinus Leonænas, of whom I purchased those rare tables of veins and nerves, and caused him to prepare a third of the lungs, liver, and *nervi sexti par* with the gastric veins, which I sent into England, the first of that kind which had been sent there, and, for aught I know, in the world. When the Anatomy Lectures, which were in the mornings, were ended, I went to see cures done in the hospitals; and certainly, as there are the greatest helps and the most skilful physicians, so there are the most miserable and deplorable objects to exercise upon; nor is there any, I should think, so powerful an argument against the vice reigning in this licentious country, as to be spectator of the misery these poor creatures undergo.'

Having now been two years in Italy he prepared for his return, in company with Mr. Abdy, 'a modest and learned man'—Waller the poet, then 'newly gotten out of England, after the parliament
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had extremely worried him, for attempting to put in execution the commission of array'—and one Captain Wray, 'son of Sir Christopher,' whose father had been in arms against his Majesty, and therefore, says Evelyn, by no means welcome to us. He calls him, however, elsewhere, a good drinking gentleman. They crossed the Simplon by a track which, according to the report of the natives, went above the line of perpetual snow, but which, like the present road, brought them down upon Brigue. Evelyn was indisposed when they arrived at the end of a day's journey at a place called Neveretta, by the head of the lake of Geneva. 'Being extremely weary,' he says, 'and complaining of my head, and finding little accommodation in the house, I caused one of our hostesses daughters to be removed out of her bed, and went immediately into it whilst it was yet warm, being so heavy with pain and drowsiness, that I would not stay to have the sheets changed; but I shortly after paid dearly for my impatience, falling sick of the small-pox as soon as I came to Geneva,—for by the smell of frankincense, and the tale the good woman told me of her daughter having had an ague, I afterwards concluded she had been newly recovered of the small pox.' He seems, however, to have erred in supposing that this was his punishment for consenting to sleep in unclean sheets; for it appears that he was at the time sickening with the disease, and the day after he reached Geneva, he was constrained to keep his chamber, with such pains in the head as if his very eyes would have dropped out, and a stinging over the whole body; he had the disorder favourably, notwithstanding bad treatment before it was understood, and worse after it had declared itself.

Evelyn repeats the so often repeated assertion, that the Rhone passes through the lake of Geneva with such velocity as not to mingle with its waters. Of all the fables which credulity delights to believe and propagate, this should appear the most impossible to obtain credit, for the Rhone, when it enters the lake, is both of the colour and consistency of pease-soup, and it issues out of it perfectly clear, and of so deep a blue that no traveller can ever have beheld it without astonishment. Evelyn had seen it in both places, and yet repeats the common story, which had it been fact instead of fable, would have been less remarkable than the actual and as yet unexplained phenomenon of its colour at Geneva. Adultery was then punished with death in that city. Among other military exercises he saw 'huge *balista* or cross-bows shot in, being such as they formerly used in wars before great guns were known: they were placed in frames, and had great screws to bend them, doing execution at an incredible distance.' Having reached Paris, rejoiced that he was gotten so near home, and meaning to rest there before he went farther, he past the only time in his 'whole life that

was spent most idly,' but soon recovered his better resolutions and learnt the German and Spanish tongues, now and then, he says, refreshing my dancing and such exercises as I had long omitted, and which are not in much reputation amongst the sober Italians.' He frequented a course of chemistry, and M. Mercure began to teach him on the lute, 'though to small perfection;' and having become intimate in the family of Sir Richard Browne, the British resident at the court of France, and sat his affection on a daughter of the family, he married her in the fourteenth year of her age, he being seven and twenty.—She lived with him, happy in his love and friendship, fifty-eight years and nine months, and was then left a widow; and when in her will she desired to be buried by his side, she speaks thus of her excellent husband: 'his care of my education was such as might become a father, a lover, a friend and husband for instruction, tenderness, affection and fidelity to the last moment of his life, which obligation I mention with a gratitude to his memory ever dear to me; and I must not omit to own the sense I have of my parents care and goodness in placing me in such worthy hands.'

About three months after his marriage he was called into England to settle his affairs, leaving his wife with her parents. This was in the autumn of 1647, and on his arrival he saw the king at Hampton Court, and gave him an account of several things which he had in charge. Charles was then in the hands of his enemies. Evelyn remained in England till the conclusion of that tragedy, and after unkingship, as he calls it, had been proclaimed, he obtained a passport from Bradshaw for France. Having occasion to visit England again in 1650, he made the same passport serve for his return, as he could no longer procure one without taking the oath to Cromwell's government, which he had determined never to do.—Rather indeed than submit to it, he once counterfeited a pass, and luckily he found at Dover that 'money to the searchers and officers was as authentic as the hand and seal of Bradshaw himself.' Evelyn never mentioned the name of Bradshaw without coupling with it some opprobrious epithet; he abhorred his political conduct, and evidently did not like his personal character. But Bradshaw perhaps had some feeling of good-will towards him, as one to whose family he was obliged, and whose worth he knew; and apprehending no danger from him would not willingly molest him for his loyalty. Without some such protection he would hardly have escaped without molestation, connected as he was so directly with the royal party. He seems to have waited in France for the result of the last great effort of the Royalists; for a few weeks after the battle of Worcester he resolved to leave that country finally and return to England. For ~~this~~ resolution there were both private
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and political motives. The estate of his father-in-law at Deptford was suffering much for want of some person to secure it from the usurpers, so that to preserve this property, and take some care of his other concerns, he was advised to reside on it, and compound with the government. Charles authorized him to do so, and charged him also with the perilous commission of corresponding with him and his ministers, a commission peculiarly dangerous, because his close connection with Sir Richard Browne exposed him so naturally to suspicion. Fortunately for him and for the nation, while Cromwell lived there was so little hope of overthrowing him, that no bold designs were undertaken; and after his death none were required to accelerate the destruction of a government which was manifestly falling to pieces of itself.

After he had been a few months in England and put his affairs in order, he sent for his wife. Colonel Morley, then one of the council of state, who had been his school-fellow, gave him a pass for her, wrote to the magistrates and searchers at Rye to shew her all civility at her landing, and did him many other civilities which he notices as a great matter in those days. The vessel in which she embarked passed through the Dutch fleet, and was mistaken for a fishing vessel,—thus she escaped capture. Evelyn himself was less fortunate, when having left his wife with her mother, Lady Browne, at Tunbridge, because the small-pox was rife in and about London, he went on to prepare for their reception. Near Bromley, at a place called the 'Procession Oak,' two fellows struck him from his horse, took away his sword, and dragged him into a thicket a quarter of a mile from the highway, where they robbed him, tied his feet, bound his hands behind him, and then set him upright against an oak and left him, swearing that if he made any outcry, they would return and cut his throat, an operation which one of them would have performed upon the spot, had it not been for his companion. After two hours painful exertion, he succeeded in turning his hands palm to palm, and was then enabled to loose himself. They robbed him of some valuable jewels, which he recovered, and one of the fellows was shortly taken. As Evelyn did not wish to hang him, he would not appear against him, especially when it was understood that his father was an honest old farmer in Kent. He was charged with other crimes and condemned, but was reprieved to a more miserable end; for refusing afterwards to plead upon some fresh charges, he underwent the *peine forte et dure*. Lady Browne died in the ensuing month, and Evelyn obtained permission to have the burial service performed at her funeral, after it had been seven years disused at Deptford church. Perhaps this was one of those acts of kindness for which he was beholden to
Morley,

Morley, for these were the high days of fanaticism when no church was permitted to be open on Christmas day.

Sir Richard Browne being so decidedly what in the gentle language of the Puritans was called a malignant, his interest in the estate at Deptford, great part of which was held in lease from the crown, had been sequestered, and sold. Evelyn now purchased it, as Charles had authorized him to do, with a promise that if ever it should please God to bring about his restoration, he would secure the property to him in fee-farm. It cost him £3500, and a few days after the purchase was completed, the following entry appears in his journal: 'This day I paid all my debts to a farthing. O blessed day!' And now he commenced that undisturbed and even course of life which might almost be considered as realizing the fairest ideal of human felicity, so happy was it for himself and his family, so useful to his generation, and so honourable in the eyes of just posterity.

The estate at Sayes Court, when it became his property, was wholly unadorned, consisting of one entire field of an hundred acres in pasture, with a rude orchard and a holly hedge. He began immediately to set out an oval garden.—'This was the beginning of all the succeeding gardens, walks, groves, enclosures, and plantations there;' and he planted an orchard, 'new moon, wind west.' The house was out of repair; he made large additions to it, 'to my great costs,' he says, 'and better I had done to have pulled all down at first, but it was done at several times.' Dr. Hammond used to speak of a certain man who, when he was upon his death-bed, enjoined his son to spend his time in composing verses, and cultivating a garden, because he thought that no temptation could creep into either of these employments. The good man seems not to have considered that it is very easy to compose such verses as shall be very mischievous; or perhaps he depended upon the virtuous principles of the son whom he thus advised; but he was right in recommending gardening as a wholesome and delightful occupation for spare time. It may be too much to say of it, as has been said, that it is the purest of human pleasures; but it was in a garden that man was placed when he came pure from the hand of his Creator, and it is in gardens that they who are blest with means and opportunity may create an image of Eden for themselves, as far as earth is now capable of the resemblance. An Eden of Evelyn's invention, indeed, would have differed widely from Milton's; his scheme of a Royal Garden comprehended knots, trayle-work, parterres, compartements, borders, banks and embossments, labyrinths, dedals, cabinets, cradles, close-walks, galleries, pavilions, porticos, lanterns, and other relieves of topiary and hortulan architecture; fountains, ettos, cascades, piscines, rocks, grotts, cryptæ, mounts, precipices

and ventiducts; gazon-theatres, artificial echos, automate and hydraulic music. No wonder he should think that 'it would still require the revolution of many ages, with deep and long experience, for any man to emerge a perfect and accomplished artist gardener!' It is probably to himself that he alludes in saying a person of his acquaintance spent almost forty years, 'in gathering and amassing materials for an hortulan design to so enormous an heap as to fill some thousand pages, and yet be comprehended within two or three acres of ground; nay, within the square of less than one, (skilfully planned and cultivated,) sufficient to entertain his time and thoughts all his life long, with a most innocent, agreeable and useful employment.'

Ornamental gardening had never flourished in England. While the castles of the great were strong-holds, there was no room for it; and much of what had been done during fourscore years of prosperity, was either destroyed during the civil wars, or in consequence of them had fallen to decay. The gardens of Theobalds seem to have been the finest in this country at that time, before this princely seat was pulled to pieces by the Levellers. Evelyn remembered to have seen cypresses there cultivated with the greatest care, and probably the first which were reared in Great Britain. Exotic animals as well as trees were introduced there, a camel stable, sixty-three feet in length, is mentioned in the description of the buildings;—in that age attempts were made to naturalize the camel in Europe,—there were no less than eighty at Aranjuez, but even in that climate the experiment failed. There still exists, though in decay, the moss walk which formerly made part of the gardens of Theobalds,—a singular and beautiful scene, where Elizabeth held counsel with Burleigh,—where James revolved his plans for preserving the peace of Europe, and Charles played with his children, or lent too easy an ear to the counsels of his queen. About thirty years ago, and before the storm had made a breach through the old elms by which it was overshadowed, we remember this singular walk, in its beauty;—the only remains of all which rendered Theobalds the favourite palace of two succeeding sovereigns. It is surprizing that the elms escaped when the palace was destroyed by parliament in spite even of the commissioners' report, that it was 'an excellent building, in very good repair, by no means fit to be demolished.' But these commissioners were unfortunately bound to add that its materials were worth 8275*l*. 11*s*.; and therefore demolished it was, that the money might be divided among the army. All the royal palaces were marked for the same fate, and many of the woods were cut down; the few trees at Greenwich were felled, those in St. James's Park narrowly escaped, and in Hyde Park, Evelyn notices in his diary, that every coach was made
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to pay a shilling, and every horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the state.—So much did the people gain by its transfer from the crown into the hands of an individual!

Poor as our art of gardening was before the troubles began, it was necessarily neglected during their continuance, and when Evelyn began his horticultural pursuits there were no models for imitation in his own country, and other countries afforded him none but what were bad in themselves, or inappropriate to the English climate. He speaks with great delight of a large walk in some gardens of the Grand Duke of Florence, 'at the sides whereof several slender streams of water gush out of pipes concealed underneath, that interchangeably fall into each other's channels, making a lofty and perfect arch, so that a man on horseback may ride under it and not receive one drop of wet.' This he thought one of the most surprising magnificences he had ever seen. Sir Henry Wotton has also noticed this 'continual bower and hemisphere of water as an invention for refreshment, surely far excelling all the Alexandrian delicacies, and pneumatics of Hiero.' Nothing could be more delightful under an Italian sun,—there it is a splendid luxury, suitable to a glorious climate,—but for the English garden it might be convenient as a dry walk when it rained, far more frequently than any gratification could be derived from its coolness and its shade. In thirsty countries, therefore, the fountain is the most appropriate of all embellishments, and its sound, whether gurgling from a spout, or falling in showers from a jet, the most grateful of all symphonies. Rapin allots one book of the four of which his poem consists, to fountains and water-works.

'Imprimis medio fons constituendus in horto,
Qui salientis aquæ, tubulo prorumpat ab arcto,
Plurimus, et vacuas jactu se libret in auras,
Quasque accepit aquas, cælo, ventisque remittat.'

Even the wretched taste with which fountains are commonly designed is forgiven for the sake of the refreshment which they impart. But dolphins with icicles pendant from their open mouths, Tritons with frozen conchs, and naked naiads in the midst of an icy basin, are too obviously incongruous, and have nothing to compensate for their absurdity. Our climate is as little suitable for statues and sculptured vases, the beauty of their surface is soon corroded and defaced with weather stains: but how poor is the French style of gardening if it be deprived of its water-works and its marbles!

In that age however the French genius was lord of the ascendant. *De rerum nostrarum elegantia*, says the French Jesuit Rapin, *longe potiori jure prædicare possumus quàm poeta Venusinus,*

Venimus ad summum fortunæ;

in iis præsertim quæ spectant hortorum elegantiam, rurisque amanitatem. And he writes a chapter to prove not only that France was of all countries the fittest for gardening, but that the French fashion of gardening was of all others the most perfect. Sir William Temple had heard of the Chinese taste, and thought favourably of it, 'but,' he says, 'I should hardly advise any of these attempts in the figure of gardens among us; they are adventures of too hard achievement for any common heads; and though there may be more honour if they succeed well, yet there is more dishonour if they fail, and 'tis twenty to one they will; whereas in regular figures 'tis hard to make any great and remarkable faults.' Accordingly he decided that among us the beauty of planting consisted in 'certain proportions, symmetries, or uniformities, our walks and our trees ranged so as to answer one another, and at exact distances.' It seems that the first use to which the principle of the kaleidoscope was applied was that of assisting invention, by producing new combinations of symmetrical forms for parterres and gravel walks. But however fantastic may be the arrangement of the parterres, and into whatever shapes the hedges and unhappy evergreens may be clipt, the flower-garden has still its fragrance and its gaiety, and affords a pleasure of its own which is certainly not diminished by a consciousness of the presence of art.

But if Evelyn was misled in ornamental gardening by the taste of his age, there was nothing to mislead him in that useful branch of the art which supplies the table with its purest luxuries, and which in his time received considerable improvement. Some curious facts in the history of horticulture are found in his *Acetaria*. It was scarcely an hundred years, he tells us, since cabbages were introduced from Holland into this country, one of the Sir Anthony Ashleys, of Wiburg St. Giles, in Dorsetshire, being the first person who planted them in England,—the family then has deserved well of its country, notwithstanding it produced so great a ——— as Shaftsbury. It had not been very long since artichokes were cultivated in Italy, after which they were for some time so rare in England as to be sold for crowns a-piece. We have not learnt from the French to eat this noble thistle, as Evelyn calls it, as a sallad; nor from the Italians to stew it till its tough leaves become edible. The cucumber within his memory had been accounted 'little better than poison;' the melon was hardly known till Sir George Gardiner, coming from Spain, brought it into estimation; when its ordinary price was five or six shillings. Much has been added to the catalogue of esculents since Evelyn's time, but some things on the other hand have fallen into disuse. The bud of the sunflower before it expands was then drest like an artichoke and eaten as a dainty; the root of the minor pimpinella, or small Burnet saxifrage, dried

dried and pulverized, was preferred by some persons to any kind of pepper, and the pounded seeds of the *nasturtium* were thought preferable to mustard. Evelyn praises the milky or dappled thistle, either as a sallad, or boiled, or baked in pies like the artichoke; it was then sold in our herb-markets, but probably for a supposed virtue in consequence of its name *Carduus Mariæ*, or our Lady's milky thistle, which made it be esteemed a proper diet for nurses. The bur also he calls delicate and wholesome, when young. The young leaves of the ash were a favourite pickle,—but of all his dainties that which a reader of the present age would be least willing to partake would be 'the small young acorns which we find in the stock-dove's craws,' and which are 'a delicious fare, as well as those incomparable sallads of young herbs taken out of the maws of partridges at a certain season of the year, which gives them a preparation far exceeding all the art of cookery.' They were certainly valiant eaters in those days, and one who admired such sallads might have sat down with Hearne to a Northern Indian's feast. He had a wicked taste in wines also: 'who almost would believe,' he says, 'that the austere Rhenish, abounding on the fertile banks of the Rhine, should produce so soft and charming a liquor as does the same vine, planted among the rocks and pumices of the remote and mountainous Canaries?' and in another place he observes that the grape of the Rhine has produced in the Canaries a far more delicious juice than in its own country. We have no reason to believe that the Rhenish wines have improved or the Canarian ones degenerated during the last century, and the inhabitants of the Rhingau might then as now boast with truth in the words of their favourite song, over the glass,

In ganz Europa, ihr herren zecher
Ist solch ein wein nicht mehr.

But if Evelyn's taste in wine was bad, the use he made of it was worse; witness the receipt in his *Sylva* for making a cheap ink,—'galls four ounces, copperas two ounces, gum-arabic one ounce: beat the galls grosly and put them into a quart of claret.' The reader will remember Major-General Lord Blayney's advice always to boil hams in hock.

O fortunatos nimium bona si sua nôrint
Hortícolas!

Evelyn exclaims in the joy of his enthusiasm for horticulture; and quoting from Milton the lines which describe 'the first empress of the world regaling her celestial guest,' he observes exultingly, 'thus the hortulan provision of the golden age fitted all places, times, and persons; and when man is restored to that state again, it will be as it was in the beginning.' Yet, he adds, 'let none imagine that whilst we justify our subject through all the topics of

panegyric, we would in favour of the sallet, dressed with all its pomp and advantage, turn mankind to grass again, which were ungratefully to neglect the bounty of heaven, as well as his health and comfort.' It is, he says, a transporting consideration to think that 'the infinitely wise and glorious Author of nature has given to plants such astonishing properties; such fiery *heat* in some to warm and cherish, such *coolness* in others to temper and refresh, such pinguid *juice* in others to nourish and feed the body, such quickening *acids* to compel the appetite, and grateful *vehicles* to court the obedience of the palate, such *vigour* to renew and support our natural strength, such ravishing flavour and perfumes to recreate and delight us; in short such *spirituous* and *active* force to animate and revive every faculty and part, to all the kinds of human, and I had almost said, heavenly capacity too. What shall we add more? Our gardens present us with them all; and whilst the shambles are covered with gore and stench, our sallets escape the insults of the summer fly, and purify and warm the blood against winter.' If Evelyn's mind had not been well regulated, and his feelings always under the controul of a cool and steady judgement, his predilections would have led him to a vegetable diet, and he would have been the Mæcenas of his contemporary Thomas Tryon. The great modern example of this diet is the well-known Sir Pythagoras Phillips, knight, ex-sheriff, and mayor *in posse*, editor of the Monthly Magazine, author of a Confutation of the Newtonian Theory, and of a Walk to Kew. The physical effects have been largely exemplified in this worthy personage. The moral effects upon the temper, however, have not been so favourable; for though the humane knight is the founder of a society for abolishing the punishment of death, he has declared in his magazine, that brewers who put unlawful ingredients in their beer, ought to be boiled in their own coppers. In justice, however, to the vegetable diet, which might otherwise be brought into discredit by this unfortunate case, it ought not to be concealed, that though Sir Pythagoras abstains, like a Brahmin, from meat, we have been credibly informed that he eats gravy with his potatoes.

Fanaticism was triumphant in this poor country when Evelyn took possession of his delightful retreat: insanity and roguery are natural allies, and in the game which was then played in political life, knaves were the best cards in the pack. Fortunately for the family at Sayes Court they were not troubled by a fanatical minister. 'The present incumbent,' says Evelyn, 'was somewhat of the Independent, yet he ordinarily preached sound doctrine, and was a peaceable man, which was an extraordinary felicity in this age.' Now and then too an orthodox man got into the pulpit. Upon occasions on which the minister durst not officiate according

to the form and usage of the Church of England, such as christenings and churchings, Mr. Evelyn had the ceremony performed in his own house by one of the silenced clergy; and when in the progress of fanatical intolerance all forms were prohibited, and most of the preachers were usurpers, 'I seldom,' he says, 'went to church on solemn feasts, but rather went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestered divines did privately use the Common Prayer, administer Sacraments, &c., or else I procured one to officiate in my own house.' It is remarkable that the Directory, of which so many thousands must have been printed, should be at this time so uncommon a book that few persons, perhaps even among those who spend their life with books, have ever seen it. 'On Sunday afternoon he frequently stayed at home to catechize and instruct his family, those exercises universally ceasing in the parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity, all devotion being now placed in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and notional things.' The following extracts show strikingly the spirit of those unhappy times.

'4 Dec. Going this day to our Church I was surpriz'd to see a tradesman, a mechanic, step up; I was resolv'd yet to stay and see what he would make of it. His text was from 2 Sam. "And Benaiah went downe also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in y^e time of snowe;" the purport was, that no danger was to be thought difficult when God call'd for the shedding of blood, inferring that now y^e Saints were call'd to destroy temporal governments, with such stuff; so dangerous a crisis were things come to.'

'7. This day came forth the Protectors Edict or Proclamation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of *England* from preaching or teaching any scholes, in which he imitated the Apostate *Julian*; with y^e decimation of all y^e royal parties revenues thro *England*.'

'Now were the Jews admitted.

'25. There was no more notice taken of Christmas day in churches.

'I went to *London* where Dr. *Wild* preach'd the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day, after which *Cromwell's* proclamation was to take place, that none of the Church of *England* should dare either to preach or administer Sacraments, teach schoole, &c. on paine of imprisonment or exile. This was y^e mournfullest day that in my life I had seene, or y^e Church of *England* herselfe since y^e Reformation; to the greate rejoicing of Papists and Presbyterians. So pathetic was his discourse that it drew many tears from the auditory. Myself, wife, and some of our family receiv'd y^e Communion; God make me thankful who hath hitherto provided for us the food of our soules as well as bodies! The Lord Jesus pity our distress'd Church, and bring back the captivity of *Sion*!

'I went to *London* to receive the B. Sacrament, the first time the Church of Engl^d was reduced to a chamber and conventicle, so sharpe

was the persecution. The Parish Churches were fill'd with Sectaries of all sorts, blasphemous and ignorant mechanics usurping the pulpets every where. Dr. *Wild* preach'd in a private house in *Fleet Street*, where we had a greate meetin of zealous Christians, who were generally much more devout and religious than in our greatest prosperity.'

'2 Nov. There was now nothing practical preached or that pressed reformation of life, but high and speculative points and straines that few understood, which left people very ignorant and of no steady principles, the source of all our sects and divisions, for there was very much envy and uncharity in the world! God of his mercy amend it! Now indeed that I went at all to church whilst these usurpers possess'd the pulpets, was that I might not be suspected for a Papist, and that tho' the Minister was Presbyterianly affected, he yet was as I understood duly ordain'd and preach'd sound doctrine after their way, and besides was an humble, harmlesse and peaceable man.'

'6 Aug. Our Vicar declaim'd against y^e folly of a sort of enthusiasts and desperate zealots, call'd y^e *Fifth Monarchy Men*, pretending to set up the kingdome of Christ with the sword. To this passe was this age arriv'd when we had no King in Israel.'

'25 Dec. I went to *London* with my wife, to celebrate Christmas Day, Mr. *Gunning* preaching in *Exeter Chapell*. Sermon ended, as he was giving us y^e holy sacrament the chapell was surrounded with souldiers, and all the communicants and assembly were surpriz'd and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confin'd to a roome in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, y^e *Countesse of Dorset, Lady Hatton*, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoone came *Col. Whaly, Goffe* and others from *Whitehall* to examine us one by one; some they committed to y^e *Marshall*, some to prison. When I came before them they tooke my name and abode, examin'd me why, contrarie to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe y^e superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but y^e masse in *English*, and particularly pray for *Charles Steuart*, for which we had no Scripture; I told them we did not pray for *Cha. Steuart*, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied, in so doing we praied for the *K. of Spaine* too, who was their enemy and a papist, with other frivolous and insnaring questions and much threatening, and finding no colour to detain me, they dismiss'd me with much pitty of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the sacrament the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the altar, but yet suffering us to finish the office, perhaps not having instructions what to do in case they found us in that action.'

How Evelyn felt during what he calls 'the sad catalysis and declension of piety,' to which the nation was reduced, is beautifully expressed in a letter to *Jeremy Taylor*, whom he used at that time

as his ghostly father, saying, ' I beseech Almighty God to make me ever mindful of and thankful for his heavenly assistances !'

' For my part, I haue learned from your excellent assistances, to humble myselfe, and to adore the inscrutable pathes of the most high : God and his Truth are still the same though the foundations of the world be shaken. Julianus Redivivus can shut the Schooles indeede & the Temples ; but he cannot hinder our private intercourses and devotions, where the Breast is the Chappell and our Heart is the Altar. Obedience founded in the understanding will be the onely cure and re-traite. God will accept what remaines, & supply what is necessary. He is not obliged to externals, the purest ages passed under the cruellest persecutions : it is sometyes necessary, & this and the fulfilling of prophecy, are all instruments of greate advantage (even whilst they presse, and are incumbent) to those who can make a sanctified use of them. But as the thoughts of many hearts will be discovered, and multitudes scandaliz'd ; so are there diuers well disposed persons who will not know how to guide themselves, unlesse some such good men as you discover the secret, and instruct them how they may secure their greatest interest, & steere their course in this darke and uncomfortable weather. Some such discourse would be highly seasonable now that the daily sacrifice is ceasing, and that all the exercise of your Functions is made criminal, that the light of Israel is quenched. Where shall we now receive the Viaticum with safety? How shall we be baptiz'd? For to this passe it is come Sr. The comfort is, the captivity had no Temple, no Altar, no King. But did they not obserue the Passover, nor circumcise? had they no Priests & Prophets amongst them? Many are weake in the Faith, and know not how to answer nor whither to fly : and if upon the Apotheosis of that excellent person under a malicious representation of his Martyrdome, engrauen in Copper, & sent me by a friend from *Bruxelles*, the Jesuite could so bitterly sarcasme upon the embleme—

Projicis inventum caput, Anglia Ecclesia! Cæsum

Si caput est, salvum corpus an esse potest?

How thinke you will they now insult, ravage, and breake in upon the Flock ; for the Shepheards are smitten, and the Sheepe must of necessity be scattered, unlesse the greate Shepheard of Soules oppose, or some of his delegates reduce and direct us. Deare Sir, we are now preparing to take our last farewell (as they threaten) of God's service in this Citty, or any where else in publique. I must confesse it is a sad consideration ; but it is what God sees best, & to what we must submit. The comfort is *Deus providebit*.'—pp. 150, 151.

It appears from these papers that while Jeremy Taylor was in prison and in embarrassed circumstances, Evelyn exerted himself zealously in his behalf, and made him an annual allowance as ' a tributary' to his worth. What opinion the spiritual teacher formed of his friend may be seen in the following extract from a letter written to him after his first visit to Sayes Court.

' Sir, I did beleive my selfe so very much bound to you for your so kind,

kind, so freindly reception of mee in your Tusculanum, that I had some little wonder upon mee when I saw you making excuses that it was no better. St I came to see you and your lady, and am highly pleased that I did so, & found all your circumstances to be an heape & union of blessings. But I have not either so great a fancy & opinion of the prettinesse of your aboard, or so low an opinion of your prudence & piety, as to thinke you can be any wayes transported with them. I know the pleasure of them is gone off from their height before one moneths possession; & that strangers & seldome seers feeble the beauty of them more than you who dwell with them. I am pleased indeed at the order & the cleannesse of all your outward things; and look upon you not onely as a person by way of thankfulness to God for his mercies & goodness to you, specially obliged to a greater measure of piety, but also as one who being freed in great degrees from secular cares & impediments can without excuse & allay, wholly intend what you so passionately desire, the service of God. But now I am considering yours, & enumerating my owne pleasures, I cannot but adde that though I could not choose but be delighted by seeing all about you, yet my delices were really in seeing you severe & unconcerned in these things, and now in finding your affections wholly a stranger to them, & to communicate with them no portions of your passion but such as is necessary to him that uses them or receives their ministeries.—pp. 164, 165.

Jeremy Taylor did not judge lightly when he pronounced Evelyn's circumstances to be an union of blessings. The language in which Cowley addressed him did not overstep the strict bounds of truth.

‘Happy art thou whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet because thou’rt blest
With prudence how to choose the best.
In books and gardens thou hast placed aright
Thy noble innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.’

One who knew Mrs. Evelyn well describes her as ‘the best daughter and wife, the most tender mother, a desirable neighbour and friend, in all parts of her life.’ Her portrait is prefixed to the second volume of these *Memoirs*, from a pencil-drawing by Nanteuil, taken shortly after her marriage, at the age of fifteen; the countenance is rather handsome than beautiful; but it has an expression of intellect and good nature which is always more attractive than mere beauty, and which retains its charm when beauty has passed away. Early maturity was not in her case followed by
early

early decay: she lived with her husband in a state of happiness* no otherwise disturbed than by those afflictions which, coming immediately from the hand of the All-wise and All-merciful disposer of all things, loosen our affections from earth when they are perhaps in danger of striking root there too deeply. From her youth and docility, Evelyn, while in the flower of manhood himself, was enabled to mould her mind to the image of his own; and she became, as Mr. D'Israeli says, (who† was struck by the beauty of Evelyn's character and the singular felicity of his life before these *Memoirs* brought them more fully before the public,) 'excellent in the arts her husband loved: she designed the frontispiece to his *Lucretius*, and was the cultivator of their celebrated garden which served as "an example" of his great work on *Forest Trees*.' It is certain that she painted well, or Evelyn, who was himself a patron and judge of art, would not have presented to Charles II. a *Madonna* which she copied in miniature from P. Oliver's painting after *Raphael*. He says it was wrought with extraordinary pains and judgment: 'the king was infinitely pleased with it, and caused it to be placed in his cabinet among his best paintings.' Yet with these accomplishments and with her advantages of person, fortune and situation in life, she was not above 'the care of cakes, and stilling, and sweetmeats, and such useful things.' 'Women,' she says in one of her letters, 'were not born to read authors and censure the learned, to compare lives and judge of virtues, to give rules of morality, and sacrifice to the muses. We are willing to acknowledge all time borrowed from family duties is misspent. The care of children's education, observing a husband's commands, assisting the sick, relieving the poor, and being serviceable to our friends, are of sufficient weight to employ the most improved capacities among us.' And again she says, 'Though I have lived under the roof of the learned and in the neighbourhood of science, it has had no other effect on such a temper as mine but that of admiration, and that too but when it is reduced to practice. I confess I am infinitely delighted to meet with in books the achievements of the heroes, with the calmness of philosophers, and with the eloquence of orators: but what charms me irresistibly is to see perfect resignation in the minds of men let whatever happen adverse to them in their fortune: that is being knowing and truly wise; it confirms my belief of antiquity, and engages my persuasion of future perfection, without which it were vain to live.'

* There is one other instance in our literary history of a marriage wherein there was the same disparity of years, and the same nonage on the part of the bride,—it was in the case of Brooke the author of the *Fool of Quality*, and that marriage also was a happy one.

† See his chapter on the Domestic Life of Genius, in the *Literary Character* illustrated.

Mrs. Evelyn had learnt early to form this just estimate of true greatness. The first persons whom she had been taught to respect and honour were her countrymen who bled in the field and on the scaffold in the defence of their king, or who endured exile and poverty rather than forsake his cause, even when it appeared most hopeless. It was well for her that she had been trained in such a school. For, though happily exempted from the miseries which revolution brings in its train, all her fortitude was needed for her domestic trials. The first and heaviest affliction was the loss of a child—one of those rare and beautiful creatures who seem almost always to be marked for early death, as if they were fitter for heaven than earth, and therefore are removed before the world can sully them. The father thus records his death.

' 1658. 27 Jan. After six fits of an ague died my son *Richard*, 5 years and 3 days old onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and understanding; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. To give onely a little taste of some of them, and thereby glory to God: at 2 years and halfe old he could perfectly reade any of y^e *English, Latin, French, or Gottic* letters, pronouncing the 3 first languages exactly. He had before the 5th yeare, or in that yeare, not onely skill to reade most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of y^e irregular; learn'd out *Puerilis*, got by heart almost y^e entire vocabularie of *Latine* and *French* primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne *English* into *Latin*, and *vice versd*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substances, elipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in *Comenius's Janua*; began himselfe to write legibly, and had a strong passion for *Greece*. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remember'd of the parts of playes, which he would also act; and when seeing a *Plautus* in one's hand, he ask'd what booke it was, and being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read *Esop*; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of *Euclid* that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God: he had learn'd all his Catechisme early, and understood y^e historical part of y^e Bible and New Testament to a wonder, how *Christ* came to redeeme mankind, and how, comprehending these necessarys himselfe, his godfathers were discharg'd of their promise. These and the like illuminations far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettinesse of his addresse and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told him how many dayes a Quaker had fasted, he replied that was no wonder, for *Christ* had said man should not live by bread alone, but by y^e Word of God. He would of himselfe select y^e most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of *Job*, to reade to his mayde during
his

his sicknesse, telling her when she pitied him that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaim'd against y^e vanities of y^e world before he had seene any. Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a yeare before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition! how soone be reconcil'd! how indifferent, yet continually cherefull! He would give grave advice to his brother *John*, beare with his impertinencies, and say he was but a child. If he heard of or saw any new thing he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books to be expounded. He had learn'd by heart divers sentences in *Latin* and *Greece*, which on occasion he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettinesse, far from morose, sullen, or childish in any thing he said or did. The last time he had ben at church (wth was at *Greenwich*), I ask'd him, according to costome, what he remembered of y^e sermon; two good things, father, said he, *bonum gratia* and *bonum gloria*, with a just account of what y^e preacher said. The day before he died he cal'd to me, and in a more serious manner than usual told me that for all I loved him so dearly I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his brother *Jack*, he should have none of them; and next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keepe his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands un-joyn'd: and a little after, whilst in greate agonie, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathetical ejaculations utter'd of himselfe; Sweete *Jesus* save me, deliver me, pardon my sinns, let thine angels receive me! So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God having dress'd up a Saint fit for himselfe, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of y^e future fruites of this incomparable hopefull blossome. Such a child I never saw! for such a child I blesse God in whose bosome he is! May I and mine become as this little child which now follows the child *Jesus* that Lamb of God in a white robe whithersoever He goes; Even so; Lord *Jesus*, *fiat voluntas tua!* Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken him from us, blessed be y^e name of y^e Lord! that I had any thing acceptable to Thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin, but that Thou hast pardon'd! blessed be my God for ever, amen!—vol. i. pp. 299—301.

The letter in which Mr. Evelyn communicated this event to his father-in-law is not less affecting.

‘ To Sir Richard Browne.

Sr

By the reverse of this Medall, you will perceive how much reason I had to be affraid of my Felicity, and how greatly it did import me to do all that I could to prevent what I have apprehended, what I deserved, and what now I feele. God has taken from us that deare Childe, y^e Grandson, your Godson, and with him all the joy and satisfaction that could be derived from the greatest hopes. A losse, so much the more to be deplored, as our contentments were extraordinary
and

and the indications of his future perfections as faire & legible as, yet, I ever saw, or read off in one so very young: You have, Sir, heard so much of this, that I may say it with the lesse crume & suspicion. And indeede his whole life was from the beginning so greate a miracle, that it were hard to exceede in the description of it, and which I should here yet attempt, by summing up all the prodigies of it, and what a child at 5 yeares old (for he was little more) is capable off, had I not given you so many minute and particular accounts of it, by several expresses, when I then mentioned those things with the greatest joy, which now I write with as much sorrow and amasement. But so it is, that it has pleased God to dispose of him, and that Blossome (Fruit, rather I may say) is fallen; a six days Quotidian having deprived us of him; an accident that has made so greate a breach in all my contentments, as I do never hope to see repaired: because we are not in this life to be fed with wonders: and that I know you will hardly be able to support the affliction & the losse, who beare so greate a part in every thing that concernes me. But thus we must be reduced when God sees good, and I submitt; since I had, therefore, this blessing for a punishment, & that I might feele the effects of my great unworthynesse. But I have begged of God that I might pay the fine heare, and if to such belonged the kingdome of heaven, I have one depositum there. *Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit*: blessed be his name: since without that consideration it were impossible to support it: for the stroke is so severe, that I find nothing in all Philosophy capable to allay the impression of it, beyond that of cutting the channell and dividing with our friends, who really sigh on our behalfe, and mingle with our greater sorrows in accents of piety and compassion, which is all that can yet any ways alleviate the sadnesse of Deare Sir, Y^r &c.

Says-Court, 14 Feb: 1657-8.—vol. ii. p. 175.

The next entry in his journal, and at no longer an interval than nineteen days, records the death of another and younger son, 'the afflicting hand of God being upon us.' It was fortunate for Evelyn that public affairs were at this time in a critical state, and must in some measure have abstracted him from the sense of his afflictions. Cromwell was then paying the penalty of his usurpation. The fanatical flatterers by whom he was surrounded perhaps prevented him from feeling any remorse for the evil which he had done, but they could not take from him the stinging consciousness that he had done none of the good which it had once been his intention and desire to do,—that, contrary to his principles and wishes, a severer ecclesiastical tyranny had been established than Laud had ever attempted to enforce, and that the republicans who, while they conferred upon him more than kingly power, would not suffer him to take the title of king, would by their follies, extravagancies, and inevitable dissensions, bring about the restoration of the royal family, before he should have mouldered in the grave to which grief and constant anxiety, and the sense of perpetual insecurity, were

were hurrying him. 'A dangerous treacherous time,' says Evelyn. 'I went to visit my Lady Peterborough, whose son, Lord Morant, prisoner in the Tower, was now on his trial, and acquitted but by one voice: but that holy martyr Dr. Hewet was condemned to die, without law, jury, or justice, by a mock Council of State as they call it!' Great intercession was made for Hewet's life; Cromwell's favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, was earnest in intertreating him that his blood might not be shed; but Cromwell was inexorable. Her anxiety while it was yet possible to prevent the execution, her grief for Hewet's widow, who was left in a state of pregnancy, and her horror at this last crime of a father of whose crimes, dearly as she loved him, she was deeply sensible, brought on fever and madness, and she expired, crying out against him in her last ravings for Hewet's blood. It is believed that this circumstance hurried Cromwell to the grave, as it certainly embittered his last miserable days. He survived her little more than three weeks, and died within three months after Hewet's execution. Evelyn saw his superb funeral: his waxen effigy, lying in royal robes upon a velvet bed of state, with a crown, sceptre and globe, like a king, was placed upon a hearse, and a pall of velvet and fine linen borne over it by his own lords. 'The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army; the imperial banners, achievements, &c. by the heralds in their coats; a rich caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour armed cap-a-pie; and after all, his guards, soldiers, and innumerable mourners.' In the *Mercurius Politicus* of the day it is said, 'at the west gate of the abbey church, the hearse with the effigies thereon was taken off the carriage, and with the canopy borne over it, in this magnificent manner they carried it up to the east end of the abbey, and placed it in that noble structure which was raised thus on purpose to receive it, where it is to remain for some time, exposed to public view. This is the last ceremony of honour; and less could not be performed to the memory of him, to whom posterity will pay (when envy is laid asleep by time) more honour than we are able to express.' In less than two years this very effigy with a rope round its neck was hung from the bars of a window at Whitehall!

There were indeed indications enough of change in the state, and in the feelings of the people. Evelyn observes that the funeral was the joyfulest he ever saw, 'for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.' Soon afterwards he writes, '25 April. A wonderful and sudden change in the face of the public; the new Protector Richard slighted; several pretenders and parties strive for the government; all anarchy and confusion; Lord have mercy upon us!' '29 May. The nation was

now

now in extreme confusion and unsettled, between the armies and the sectaries, the poor Church of England breathing as it were her last; so sad a face of things had overspread us.' '11 Oct. The army now turned out the parliament. We had now no government in the nation; all in confusion; no magistrates either owned or pretended but the soldiers, and they not agreed. God Almighty have mercy on and settle us! 21. A private fast was kept by the Church of England Protestants in town, to beg of God the removal of his judgements with devout prayers for his mercy to our calamitous church.' The observance of this fast is afterwards frequently recorded. Hitherto Mr. Evelyn had taken no apparent concern in political events; perhaps he was the more desirous of attracting attention towards his improvements, that the secret correspondence which he carried on with his father-in-law might be the less suspected, and in this he seems to have succeeded, for his garden and plantations were so much talked of that Laurence, the president of Oliver's council, and some other of his court lords, went to see them. The books which he published served also in the same manner to avert suspicion: they were a translation of the first book* of Lucretius, St. Chrysostom's Golden Book for the Education of Children, (which he dedicated to both his brothers, 'to comfort them on the loss of their children, touching at the same time on his own severest loss,) and the French Gardener and English Vineyard, 'the first and best of that kind,' he says, 'that introduced the use of the olitory garden to any purpose.' But now, when all men began to look to a restoration of the royal family as the only means for putting an end to their miserable state of anarchy, Evelyn came forward, and in November 1659 published an apology for the royal party, and for the king, 'in that time of danger, when it was capital to speak or write in favour of him. It was twice printed, so universally it took.' He soon engaged in a far more serious transaction. Colonel Morley was the governor of the Tower. They had been school-fellows, and divided as they were by political opinions, knew and esteemed each other. Evelyn, as we have seen, had received personal civilities from him when his wife came from France, and had sold an estate to him since that time;—he now proposed to him to deliver up the Tower to Charles; Monk was in Scotland, and the game was in Morley's hands;—he was a better man than Monk, but wanted that courage which has

* Prefixed to the copy in the library at Wotton, is this note in his own hand-writing: 'Never was book so abominably misused by the printer; never copy so negligently surveyed by one who undertook to look over the proof sheets with all exactness and care, namely, Dr. Triplet, well known for his ability, and who pretended to oblige me in my absence, and so readily offered himself. This good I received by it, that publishing it vainly its ill success at the printer's discouraged me with troubling the world with the rest.'

been

been said to have been Monk's only virtue; he hesitated till it was too late, and then he who might have deserved and claimed a dukedom for his reward, was reduced to sue for pardon through Evelyn's means. 'Oh,' says Evelyn, 'the sottish omission of this gentleman! What did I not undergo of danger in this negotiation to have brought him over to his Majesty's interest when it was entirely in his hands!'

'29 May, 1660. This day his Maj^y *Charles the Second* came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 yeares. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, fountaines running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, myriads of people flocking, even so far as from *Rochester*, so as they were seven houres in passing the Citty, even from 2 in y^e afternoone till 9 at night.

'I stood in the *Strand* and beheld it, and bless'd God. All this was don without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was y^e Lord's doing, for such a Restauration was never mention'd in any history ancient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever seene in this Nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.'—vol. i. p. 109, 110.

The Restoration, in which Evelyn thus piously rejoiced as a political blessing, affected him also in the happiness of his private life. It brought home his father-in-law Sir Richard Browne, 'after a nineteen years exile, during all which time he kept up in his chapel the liturgy and offices of the Church of England, to his no small honour; and in a time when it was so low, and as many thought utterly lost, that in various controversies both with papists and sectaries, our divines used to argue for the visibility of the church, from his chapel and congregation.' Charles, during his exile, gave particular and repeated orders to have the church service regularly performed in his ambassador's house: whether he had during any part of his life a true sense of religion, may justly be questioned; but he was perfectly well aware how closely his own interests were connected with those of the Church of England, and therefore he obtained from his mother a promise that she would not practise upon the Duke of Gloucester to make him a papist, which was the secret wish of her heart. Henrietta was a thorough bigot, and her counsels would have been as fatal to her children as they were to her husband. Notwithstanding this promise, she used every endeavour

for what she supposed was the only means of securing the boy's salvation! Upon this occasion, Charles wrote to his brother:

' If, he says, ' you do hearken to her or any body Body els in that matter you must never think to see *England* or mee againe, & w^{soeuer} mischiefe shall fall on mee or my affaires from this time I must lay all upon you as being y^e onely cause of it. Therefore consider well what it is to bee not only y^e cause of ruining a Brother that loves you so well, but also of yo^r King & Country. Do not lett them p^suade you either by force or faire p^mises; for the first they neither dare, nor will use, and for the second, as soone as they have perverted you they will haue their End, and then they will care no more for you. I am also informed y^t there is a purpose to putt you into y^e Jesuits' Colledge, w^{ch} I command you upon y^e same grounds neuer to consent unto. And when soeuer any body shall goe to dispute wth you in Religion doo not answere them at all. For though you haue the reasoⁿ on yo^{re} side, yett they being prepared will haue y^e aduantage of any body y^t is not upon y^e same Security that they are. If you do not consider what I say unto you, Remember y^e last words of yo^{re} dead Father, w^{ch} were to bee constant to yo^r Religion & neuer to bee shaken in it. W^{ch} if you doe not obserue this shall bee y^e last time you will heare from

(Deare Brother)

yo^r most affectione brother

CHARLES R.—vol. ii. part ii. p. 142.

Happy had it been for Charles if he had demeaned himself as well in his prosperous as in his adverse fortune! The facts which appear in these volumes are highly honourable to him and the companions of his exile, while Cromwell, as the Queen of Bohemia said, was like the Beast in the Revelations that all kings and nations worshipped. His horses, and some of them too were favourites, were sold at Brussels, because he could not pay for their keep, and during the two years that he resided at Cologne he never kept a coach. So straitened were the exiles for money, that even the postage of letters between Sir Richard Browne and Hyde was no easy burthen, and there was a mutiny in the ambassador's kitchen, because the maid ' might not be trusted with the government, and the buying the meat, in which she was thought too lavish.' Hyde writes that he had not been master of a crown for many months; that he was cold for want of clothes and fire, and for all the meat which he had eaten for three months he was in debt to a poor woman who was no longer able to trust. Our necessities, he says, would be more insupportable, if we did not see the king reduced to greater distress than you can believe or imagine. And when Sir Richard Browne had promised him a supply, he says, ' for your new noble offer I am not in a condition so plentiful to refuse it, for I must tell you that I have not had a Lewes of my own these three months; therefore when you send the bill, let me know whether you

lend

lend me so much out of your own little stock, or whether it be the king's money, for in that case his Majesty shall be the disposer, since my office hath never yet, nor shall intitle me to take his money without his direction.'

Evelyn was received at court with that affability by which Charles was so happily gifted, that it was more difficult for him to lose the affections of his subjects, than it has been for other princes to gain them. The king called him his old acquaintance, and nominated him one of the council of the Royal Society, of which he had been just elected a fellow. He would have given him the Order of the Bath, but Evelyn declined it, and he promised to make his wife lady of the jewels to the future queen, 'a very honourable charge,' it is observed in the Diary, 'but which he never performed.' It was not long before he was chosen one of the commissioners for reforming the buildings, ways, streets and incumbrances, and regulating the hackney coaches in the city of London. And in 1664, when war was declared against the Dutch, he was appointed one of the commissioners for taking care of the sick and wounded, and the prisoners. There were four commissioners with a salary of £1200 a year among them, besides extraordinaries for their care and attention when upon duty; they had power to constitute officers, physicians, surgeons and provost-marsals, and to dispose of half of the hospitals through England. Mr. Evelyn's district comprized the counties of Kent and Sussex. The duty which fell upon him proved to be as perilous as it was painful. The Dutch, then at the height of their power, carried on the war with that spirit which became a great and brave people, who were unjustly attacked, and the prisoners and wounded men were brought in faster than the commissioners could provide for them;—miserable objects, says Evelyn, God knows! money and means of every kind were wanting, 'when a moderate expense would have saved thousands.' 'My wife,' he says in a letter to Lord Cornbery, 'is within a fortnight of bringing me my seventh son, and it is time, my lord, he were born, for they keep us so short of monies at court, that his majesty's commissioners had need of one to do wonders, and heal the sick and wounded by miracle, till we can maintain our chirurgeons.' In the midst of this distress the plague broke out, and soon raged with such violence that four and five thousand persons died weekly in London, where Evelyn had just obtained the Savoy for the sick and wounded. As the contagion was spreading around Deptford, he sent away his wife and family to Wotton, and staid himself to look after his charge, 'trusting in the Providence and goodness of God.' It was some time before this *courageous* woman, as he calls her, would be persuaded to take the alarm; 'my conscience,' he says, 'or something which I would have

have taken for my duty, obliges me to this sad station, till his Majesty take pity on me, and send me a considerable refreshment for the comfort of these poor creatures, the sick and wounded seamen under mine inspection through all the ports of my district.' His letters strongly express his feelings at this dreadful time, and shew also how much more he felt for others than for himself. 'One fortnight,' he says, 'has made me feel the utmost of miseries that can befall a person in my station and with my affections. To have 25,000 prisoners and 1500 sick and wounded men to take care of, without one penny of money, and above £2000 indebted.' And in another letter, 'it were to betray his Majesty's gracious intentions, and even his honour, to extenuate here. Sir Wm. D'Oily and myself have near 10,000 upon our care, while there seems to be no care of us, who having lost all our servants, officers and most necessary assistants, have nothing more left us to expose but our persons, which are every moment at the mercy of a raging pestilence (by our daily conversation) and an unreasonable multitude, if such they may be called, who having adventured their lives for the public, perish for their reward, and die like dogs in the street unregarded.' 'Our prisoners beg at us as a mercy to knock them on the head, for we have no bread to relieve the dying creatures.—I beseech your honour, let us not be reputed barbarians, or if at last we must be so, let me not be the executor of so much inhumanity when the price of one good subject's life is rightly considered of more value than the wealth of the Indies.'—The mortality had now increased, and nearly 10,000 died weekly; yet his duty frequently obliged him to go through the whole city, 'a dismal passage,' he says, 'and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, the streets thin of people, the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, as not knowing whose turn might be next.'

When the pestilence was abated and he went to wait upon the king, Charles in a most gracious manner gave him his hand to kiss, with many thanks for his care and faithfulness in a time of such great danger, when every body fled their employments; 'he told me,' says Evelyn, 'he was much obliged to me, and said he was several times concerned for me and the peril I underwent, and did receive my service most acceptably, though in truth I did but my duty.' He now exerted himself to have an Infirmary founded for the sick and wounded, having seen the great inconvenience of distributing them in private houses, 'where many more chirurgeons and attendants were necessary, and the people tempted to debauchery.'

The fire of London, which occurred at this time, has never been so finely described as in Mr. Evelyn's journal.—The account of so tremendous an event, written at the time and upon the spot, will be read with great interest.

'1666. 2 Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near *Fish Streete* in *London*.

'3. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son and went to the *Bank side* in *Southwark*, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole *Citty* in dreadful flames near y^e water side; all the houses from the *Bridge*, all *Thames Street*, and upwards towards *Cheapside* downe to the *Three Cranes* were now consum'd.

'The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very drie season; I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole South part of y^e *Citty* burning from *Cheapside* to y^e *Thames*, and all along *Cornehill* (for it kindl'd back against y^e wind as well as forward) *Tower Streete*, *Fenchurch Streete*, *Gracious Streete*, and so along to *Bainard's Castle*, and was now taking hold of *St. Paule's Church*, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Publiq Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from y^e other, for y^e heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the *Thames* cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on y^e other, y^e carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, y^e shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of Towers, Houses and Churches was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let y^e flames burn on, w^{ch} they did for neere two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismall and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this after-noon burning, a resemblance of *Sodom*, or the last day. *London* was, but is no more!

'4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the *Inner Temple*, all *Fleet Streete*, the *Old Bailey*, *Ludgate Hill*, *War-*

wick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of *Paules* flew like granados, y^e mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The Eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but y^e Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was y^e help of man.

'5. It crossed towards *Whitehall*; Oh the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Ma^y to command me among y^e rest to looke after the quenching of *Fetter Lane* end, to preserve if possible that part of *Holborn*, whilst the rest of y^e gentlemen tooke their several posts (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near y^e whole Citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of *St. Bartholomew* neere *Smithfield*, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the *Savoy* lesse. It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by the industrie of y^e people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than y^e *Temple* Westward, nor than y^e entrance of *Smithfield* North. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards *Cripplegate* and the *Tower* as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the *Temple*, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlongs space.

The coale and wood wharves and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischeife, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Ma^y and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the Citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about *St. George's Fields*, and *Moorefields*, as far as *Highgate*, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accomodations in stately and well furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty.

'In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like *Lot*, in my little *Zoar*, safe and sound.'

'7. I went

'7. I went this morning on foote f^m *Whitchall* as far as *London Bridge*, thro' the late *Fleete Street*, *Ludgate Hill*, by *St. Pauls*, *Cheapside*, *Exchange*, *Bishopgate*, *Aldersgate*, and out to *Moorefields*, thence thro' *Cornhill*, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his Ma^y got to the *Tower* by water, to demolish y^e heuses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the *White Tower* where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroy'd all y^e bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in y^e river, and render'd y^e demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

'At my return I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church *St. Pauls* now a sad ruine, and that beautifull portico (for structure comparable to any in *Europe*, as not long before repair'd by the King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all y^e ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie *Portland* stone flew off, even to y^e very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broke into *St. Faith's*, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to y^e stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over y^e altar at y^e East end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one Bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in y^e Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought *Mercers Chapell*, the sumptuous *Exchange*, y^e august fabriq of *Christ Church*, all y^e rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about y^e ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some greate Citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. *Sir Tho. Gressham's* statute, tho' fallen from its nich in the *Royal Exchange*, remain'd intire, when all those of y^e Kings since y^e Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in *Cornhill*, and *Q. Elizabeth's* effigies, with some armes on *Ludgate*, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the Citty streetes, hinges, barrs and gates of prisons were many of them mealted and reduced to cinders by y^e vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept

the widest, the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by y^e ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards *Islington* and *Highgate*, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploing their losse, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In y^e midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the *French* and *Dutch*, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the Citty. There was in truth some days before greate suspicion of those 2 nations joining; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casuall met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into y^e fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into y^e suburbs about the Citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Mat^y Proclamation also invited them.—vol. i. pp. 371—377.

This calamity was bravely borne. Evelyn says, he never observed a more universal resignation, nor less repining among sufferers; and he mentions, which is indeed a curious fact, that the merchants complied with their foreign correspondence as punctually as if no disaster had happened, and not one failure was heard of. Within two days after the conflagration, he presented to the king a plan for a new city. Dr. Wren (afterwards Sir Christopher) was already beforehand with him. Their plans coincided in many points. Evelyn had been introduced to Wren when the latter was a student at Oxford, and calls him 'that miracle of a youth,—that prodigious young scholar.' The levity of the people after this tremendous event was as remarkable as their exertions at the time. In the suburbs, and the little part of the city which had escaped, there was the same noise, the same bustle, and the same vanity; and almost before the ruins had ceased to smoke, Charles made an attempt, strangely timed, but not less worthy of success,

to

to change the fashion of our dress, and introduce a costume formed upon the Persian mode. Evelyn had lately written an essay* upon the subject, recommending that we should adopt a national dress and adhere to it. 'Let it be considered,' he said, 'that those who seldom change the mode of their country have as seldom altered their affections to the prince.' A copy of this he presented to the king, and some of the alterations which he had recommended were adopted in this new costume. The whole court adopted this 'vest and surcoat or tunic as 'twas called,' and Evelyn also appeared in it. It was a comely and manly habit, he says, too good to hold, it being impossible for us in good earnest to leave the *Monsieurs'* vanities long. Charles resolved never to alter it, and to leave the French mode 'which had hitherto obtained to our great expence and reproach.' But his inconstancy was so well known that 'divers courtiers and gentlemen gave him gold by way of wages, that he would not persist in his resolution.'

The ensuing year was remarkable for the bold attack which the Dutch made upon our fleet at Chatham; had they pursued their fortune they might have advanced to London 'with ease, and have fired all the vessels in the river.' Evelyn sent away his best goods and plate from Sayes Court to a safer place. 'The alarm, he says, was so great that 'it put both country and city into a panic fear, and consternation, such as I hope I shall never see more; every body was flying, none knew why or whither.' And when he describes 'how triumphantly their whole fleet lay within the very mouth of the Thames, all from the North Fore-land, Margate, even to the buoy of the Nore!' he exclaims, 'a dishonour never to be wiped off! Those who advised his Majesty to prepare no fleet this spring deserved—I know what—but—' The Thames being thus blockaded, London was exceedingly distressed for want of fuel, and Evelyn was sent to search about the environs whether any peat or turf could be found fit for use. The report was that there might be found a great deal. Experiments were also made of the '*houllies*,' which he had mentioned in one of his publications as being made at Maestricht with a mixture of charcoal dust and loam, and fires of this composition were made by order of council at Gresham College, which was then used as an Exchange, 'for every body to see.' But Evelyn was mistaken respecting the *houille*, which is a species of pit-coal, so highly impregnated with bitumen and with sulphur, that it cannot be used for domestic

* In the preface to this pamphlet, Evelyn uses a contemptuous appellation for the French, which never having been obsolete in Spain, was used in that country with great effect during the late tremendous war. 'I will not reproach the French for their fruitful invention, or any thing that is commendable, but tis well known who those *Gavaches* are who would impose upon all the world beside.'

purposes unless it be tempered with clay ; no charcoal is used in the composition.

Evelyn, who felt the injustice of our quarrel with the Dutch, and was deeply sensible of the dishonour which we endured in the contest, beheld also with bitter sorrow the vices of the court and the growing profligacy of the age. Gambling he abhorred as a wicked folly, and grieved that such ' a wretched custom should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdom.' The butcherly sports of the Bear Garden he regarded with human and Christian indignation, and when a fine spirited horse was exposed as a public exhibition to be baited to death, under the false pretence that it had killed a man, he regretted that the wretches who contrived this abominable means of getting money could not be punished as they deserved. He went very seldom to the theatre : the old plays, such as ' Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad ; and it afflicted him ' to see how the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times : ' the theatres, he says, were ' abused to an atheistical liberty, and foul and indecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some their wives : witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, P. Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul.' The conduct of Charles is frequently alluded to in this Diary with grief. But in the midst of these contagious immoralities, Evelyn's life was a beautiful example of all public and private virtues. While he enjoyed the intimacy and esteem of those who were highest in power, the only advantage which he solicited for himself and his family, was the fair settlement of his father-in-law's accounts with the king ; and those persons who derived benefit from his councils when they were in authority, found him in their adversity a constant and affectionate friend. Thus he was the frequent visitor of Clarendon, when that admirable man was abandoned by the swarm of summer followers. Clifford too in his disgrace felt the sincerity of Evelyn's friendship, and wrung him by the hand, when (as it afterwards appeared) he had resolved upon suicide, with an earnestness that showed there was something in the world from which he could not part without a painful effort, and a feeling that unmanned him. So also when Arlington's fortunes were on the wane, Evelyn dwells in his journal with delight upon the better parts of his character. Sandwich imparted his griefs to Evelyn when he embarked with a determination of seeking death in battle, and thereby compelling those to do justice to his character

character who had aspersed it; and it was into Evelyn's ear that Ossory breathed the last overflowings of a wounded spirit and a broken heart.

Charles II. treated him always with affability and kindness, knowing and respecting his worth and his unsullied virtue. Evelyn was much affected by his death. Writing on the day when James was proclaimed, he says, 'I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c. a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table; a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!' He deplored his loss, he said, with all his soul, for many respects as well as duty. A fear of the political consequences undoubtedly was one; for Evelyn well knew that the welfare of this kingdom depends vitally upon the preservation of that church, the subversion of which was necessarily considered as a duty by a Catholic king. He looked upon the defeat of Monmouth's enterprize as a signal deliverance, believing that if it had not been early checked it would have proceeded to the ruin of the church and government. Such an inundation of fanatics, he says, and men of impious principles must needs have caused universal disorder, cruelty, injustice, rapine, sacrilege, and confusion, an unavoidable civil war, and misery without end. But when the times became more trying, Evelyn decidedly opposed those measures which, had they been successful, would have certainly destroyed the civil and religious liberties of Great Britain. When Lord Clarendon was sent to Ireland, he was nominated one of the Commissioners for executing the office of Privy Seal during his lieutenancy there. He 'was not displeased' when the creation of Mrs. Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, passed the Privy Seal at a time when he was absent, and when the appointment of the Secretary to the Ambassador at Rome was sealed, he observes that through Providence he was not present. But when a docket was to be sealed, importing a lease of twenty-one years to the king's printer for printing Missals and other books which, by act of parliament, were expressly forbidden to be printed or sold, Evelyn seeing that the law was clear in this case refused to put the seal to it; and on a similar occasion he persisted in his refusal when Archbishop Sancroft, whom he consulted, gave him no other encouragement than that of advising him to follow his own conscience; and the Lord Treasurer told him that if, in conscience, he could dispense

dispense with it, there was no other hazard. And when James, beginning to perceive his danger, released the bishops, Evelyn, who had good information of the plans of the court, gave Saucroft good intelligence and bold advice; he pointed out the crafty designs of the Jesuits by which the unfortunate king was directed; observed that in all the declarations which had been published in pretended favour of the Church of England as by law established, room was carefully left for a subdolous construction of the words—as if the Church of Rome were the only lawful one; advised him, therefore, that in all extraordinary offices the words Reformed and Protestant should be added to that of the Church of England by law established, ‘and whosoever, said he, threatens to invade or come against us to the prejudice of that church, in God’s name, be they Dutch or Irish, let us heartily pray and fight against them.’

Yet Mr. Evelyn rather submitted to the consequences of the Revolution than acquiesced in them: the necessity of resisting the plans of James he fully acknowledged, but he seems to have thought that the rights of the son should have been respected, even if it were justifiable that the father should be set aside. He had a personal regard for James, and had augured much happiness to the nation, as to its political government, ‘from his infinite industry, sedulity, gravity and great understanding and experience of affairs,’ nothing as he thought being wanting to accomplish our prosperity, but that he should be of the national religion. Evelyn’s character would have been less amiable if he could at once have cast off all attachment to a family which he had served in evil and in prosperous fortunes. He noticed the unbecoming levity with which Queen Mary took possession of her apartments at Whitehall; and at first he did not render justice to the abilities of William, whom he thought of a ‘slothful sickly temper,’ a man as inferior in all outward graces to the two last kings, as he was superior to them in sterling wisdom and solid worth. Evelyn feared the republican spirit which was at work, manifestly, as he thought, ‘undermining all future succession of the crown and prosperity of the Church of England;’ and he saw that the general imposition of an oath, which might properly be required from all who came into office into the new government, would occasion great injustice and evil. That oath was ‘thought to have been driven on by the Presbyterians.’ God in mercy send us help, says Evelyn, and direct his counsels to his glory, and the good of his church! The non-jurors were for many years the butt of contempt and obloquy, but notwithstanding their political error history will do justice to the consistent integrity of their conduct. After the Revolution, as before it, they bravely persisted in what they believed to be their duty, regardless of the consequences to themselves.

Evelyn

Evelyn was now sixty-nine years old; the recurrence of his birthday is always entered in his Journal with a prayer. He had lately been visited by severe afflictions;—his daughter Mary, at the age of nineteen, had been cut off by the small-pox, a beautiful creature in mind as well in form and features, highly accomplished, of a fine understanding, studious and yet unaffectedly humble, pious, cheerful, affectionate, in disposition like an angel. She was a little miracle, says her father, while she lived, and so she died,—the joy of my life, and ornament of her sex and of my poor family. Few persons, we believe, will peruse without tears the pages in which he records her death, and his own resignation under this great affliction. Within two months he lost another daughter, soon after her marriage, by the same frightful disease, which in those days was only less destructive* than the plague. And it was his painful lot to follow to the grave his only remaining son in the forty-fourth year of his age, a man of much ability and reputation, worthy to have supported the honour of his name. Notwithstanding these repeated sorrows and the weight of nearly fourscore years, Evelyn still enjoyed uninterrupted health and unimpaired faculties; he enjoyed also the friendship of the wise and the good, and the general esteem beyond any other individual of his age. Torn as that age was by civil and religious factions Mr. Evelyn had no enemy; as a lover and liberal benefactor of science and learning he held that place in public opinion which in our days has so long and so deservedly been held by Sir Joseph Banks; a more enviable distinction can hardly be imagined. Among the honourable events of his latter life it should not be omitted that as the first treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, he laid one of the foundation stones. When he was at Amsterdam, in his youth, he admired nothing so much in that interesting city as the hospital for the lame and decrepid soldiers, 'it being, for state, order and accommodation, one of the worthiest things that the world can show of that nature.' He had now the satisfaction of founding in his own country the most splendid of all such establishments.

In the year 1694 he left Sayes Court, after having resided there more than forty years, to pass the remainder of his days at Wotton, where he was born, in his brother's house; his brother having also lost his sons, had settled the family-estate upon him. The fate of Sayes Court, which he had beautified according to his own taste with so much cost and care, is worthy of notice; first it was let to no less remarkable a personage than Admiral Benbow, then only a captain, and Evelyn had, he says, the mortification of seeing every day much of his former labours and expense there impairing for want

* '1695. 13 Jan. The deaths by small-pox increased to 500 more than in the preceding week.'

of a more polite tenant. The next inhabitant was a much greater personage and a worse tenant, it was the Czar Peter ; while in his occupation the house is described, by a servant of Mr. Evelyn, as full of people, and right filthy. It was hired for him and furnished by the King ; but the damage which he and his retinue did to the house itself and the gardens, during a residence of only three weeks, was estimated by the King's surveyor and his gardener at £150. The gardens indeed were ruined. It is said that one of Peter's favourite recreations was to demolish the hedges by riding through them in a wheelbarrow. When he had resided about five years at Wotton his brother died, in the eighty-third year of his age, of perfect memory and understanding. Mr. Evelyn had a grandson, the only male of his family now remaining, a fine hopeful youth, and he was seized with the small-pox at Oxford ; the alarm which this intelligence occasioned may well be conceived, fatal as the disease had proved to their blood, but happily the youth recovered, and Evelyn's few remaining years were not embittered by any fresh affliction.

'1702. 31 Oct. Arriv'd now to the 82d year of my age, having read over all that pass'd since this day twelvemonth in these notes, I render solemn thanks to the Lord, imploring the pardon of my past sins, and the assistance of His grace ; making new resolutions, and imploring that He will continue His assistance, and prepare me for my blessed Saviour's coming, that I may obtain a comfortable departure, after so long a term as has ben hitherto indulg'd me. I find by many infirmities this yeare (especially nephritic pains) that I much decline ; and yet of His infinite mercy retain my intellects and senses in greate measure above most of my age. I have this yeare repair'd much of the mansion-house and severall tenants' houses, and paid some of my debts and engagements. My wife, children and family in health, for all w^{ch} I most sincerely beseech Almighty God to accept of these my acknowledgm^{ts}, and that if it be His holy will to continue me yet longer, it may be to the praise of His infinite grace, and salvation of my soul. Amen.'—vol. ii. pp. 77, 78.

On his next birth-day he acknowledges the great mercies of God in preserving him, and in some measure making his infirmities tolerable. Soon after, when service was performed in his own house on a Sunday, because the cold and wet weather had prevented him from attending church in the morning, the minister preached upon the uncertainty of life ' with pertinent inferences to prepare us for death and a future state. I gave him thanks, says Mr. Evelyn, and told him I took it kindly as my funeral sermon.' He lived, however, to see two birth-days more, and then, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, fell asleep in the Lord.

The portrait of Evelyn prefixed to these volumes is from a picture painted for Mr. Pepys by Kneller, and represents him holding

ing his 'Sylva' in his right hand. It was by this book that the author was chiefly known till the publication of this Diary; his other writings had past away, but the Sylva remained a beautiful and enduring memorial of his amusements, his occupations and his studies, his private happiness and his public virtues. It was the first book printed by order of the Royal Society, and was composed upon occasion of certain queries sent to that Society by the Commissioners of the Navy. The government had been seriously alarmed by the want of timber, which it was certain must soon be felt; owing in part to the wasteful consumption of glass-houses and furnaces, at that time greatly multiplied, and burning wood instead of coal, and, in part, to the 'prodigious havoc made by such as lately professing themselves against root and branch, either to be reimbursed their *holy* purchases, or for some other sordid respect, were tempted not only to fell and cut down, but utterly to extirpate, demolish, and raze as it were all those many goodly woods and forests, which our more prudent ancestors left standing for the service of their country.' To no person so well as Evelyn could the office have been assigned of remedying this evil and averting the fatal consequence which must inevitably have ensued to our naval power, and thereby to the strength, the welfare, the independence, and the life of England. He effected this great object by awakening the land-holders to a sense of their own and their country's interests. He produced a volume upon the subject; Charles II., who loved the navy, and like his brother would have made a better admiral than a king, twice thanked him personally for the work; he had the yet more gratifying reward of living to know that many millions of timber-trees had been propagated and planted at the instigation and by the sole direction of that book,—one of the few books in the world which completely effected what it was designed to do. 'While Britain,' says Mr. D'Israeli, 'retains her awful situation among the nations of Europe, the Sylva of Evelyn will endure with her triumphant oaks. It was an author in his studious retreat, who, casting a prophetic eye on the age we live in, secured the late victories of our naval sovereignty. Inquire at the Admiralty how the fleets of Nelson have been constructed, and they can tell you that it was with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted.' If Charles II. had instituted, as he once intended, and as he ought to have done, an order of the 'Royal Oak,' Evelyn, though he repeatedly declined the honour of knighthood, would probably have accepted it for the sake of his double claim.

The Sylva has no beauties of style to recommend it, and none of those felicities of expression by which the writer stamps upon your memory his meaning in all its force. Without such charms 'A Discourse of Forest Trees and the Propagation of Timber in his

his Majesty's Dominions' might appear to promise dry entertainment; but he who opens the volume is led on insensibly from page to page, and catches something of the delight which made the author enter with his whole heart and all his faculties into the subject. Mr. Shandy might have instanced the author in his chapter of names, —Avelan; he tells us, it was written in old deeds, and Avelan (*Avelana*) was then the name of the hasel. Dendrology was to him an object of unwearied curiosity and interest; he was continually adding to his store of facts and observations in this his favourite pursuit; and thinking with Erasmus, that *ut homines, ita libros, indies seipsis meliores fieri oportet*, he laboured till the end of his long life in perfecting his great work. He speaks of his 'too great affection and application to it,' when he was in the eighty-fourth year of his age. But by this constant care he made it perfect, according to the knowledge of that age. It is a great repository of all that was then known concerning the forest trees of Great Britain, their growth and culture, and their uses and qualities real or imaginary; and he has enlivened it with all the pertinent facts and anecdotes which occurred to him in his reading.

In the work there are necessarily some errors of both kinds, scientific as well as popular; there are likewise many curious things, and some useful ones which have ceased to be generally known. The planter may still remember with profit the woodman's proverb respecting the hardiest trees, 'Set them at All-hallowtide and command them to prosper: set them at Candlemas and intreat them to grow.' In opposition to Bacon, who recommends ship timber grown in moist ground, as the toughest and least subject to *rift*, Evelyn adheres to the more probable opinion of Pliny, (an opinion as old as the age of Homer), that though the low lands produce the stateliest trees, the strongest timber is grown in drier and more exposed situations. He observes that pollard oaks bear their leaves green through the winter more frequently than such as have not been mutilated,—a fact analogous to the increased bulk and muscular strength of those persons who have lost both their legs. Cups were formerly made from the roots of the oak; the roots of all trees for their beautiful veining being peculiarly fitted for the cabinet-maker and the turner's use. Cup and bowl are words which carry with them their own history. —The bowl was a tree-cup, the oldest of the family in countries where there were neither gourds nor cocoa nuts; the cup was a more savage invention, (cup, *kopf*, *caput*, κεφαλή,) with which our Scandinavian ancestors anticipated one of the enjoyments of Valhalla, drinking mead and ale out of the skulls of their enemies, while they listened to the music of a shin bone (*tibia*), the original pipe.—Evelyn was willing to believe any thing which did honour

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to the oak. Its twigs, he says, twisted together, dipt in wort, well dried, and then kept in barley straw, by being steeped in wort at any future time will cause it to ferment and procure yeast:—but the properties of the oak have nothing to do with this, and the bundle, whatever it is, (a furze bush is commonly used in those countries where the practice is known) must be dipt in the fermenting and yesty liquor:—it is a mode of preserving yest dry. The leaves of oaks, he says, ‘abundantly congested on snow preserves it as well as a deep pit or the most artificial refrigeratory.’ In its acorns, its leaves, its mosses, its agaric, its may-dew, he finds sovereign virtues for many diseases, ‘to say nothing of the *viscus's*, *polypods* and other exerescences of which innumerable remedies are composed, noble antidotes, syrups, &c.’—‘Nay, ’tis reported, that the very shade of this tree is so wholesome, that the sleeping, or lying under it becomes a present remedy to paralytics.’

Though the oak, as being the king of the English forest, is his favourite tree, he finds utility as well as beauty in trees of every kind. The loppings and leaves of the elm, he says, dried in the sun, prove a great relief to cattle when fodder is dear, and will be preferred to oats by the cattle: the Herefordshire people in his time gathered them in sacks for this purpose, and for their swine. Beech leaves ‘gathered about the fall, and somewhat before they are much frost-bitten, afford the best and easiest mattresses in the world to lay under our quilts instead of straw.’ This he learnt in Dauphiny and Switzerland, where he had slept on them to his great refreshment; but in another place he tells us that the French call these leafy beds ‘for the crackling noise they make when one turns upon them, *licts de parlement*.’ The keys of the ash when young and tender make a delicate pickle; its bark is the best for tanning nets; its wood for drying herrings, and for burning in a lady’s chamber, being one of those which yield no smoke. The chesnut was very generally used in old houses, London was chiefly built with it; if there be any European tree finer than the oak it is this. Cæsar is said to have introduced it from Sardis into Italy, and in so doing made for his country an acquisition more durable than all his conquests. But it is more certain that they came from Asia Minor than that Cæsar brought them: boiled chesnuts would not have been the food of Virgil’s shepherds, if the tree had so recently been imported. The horse chesnut is also from the Levant.—Evelyn gives the origin of its name, ‘so called for the cure of horses broken-winded, and other cattle of coughs.’ From the walnut tree he recommends a wine made from its sap, its green husk dried, or ‘the first peeping red buds and leaves reduced to powder,’ as a condiment instead of pepper; and the fungous substances which separate the lobes of the kernel to be pulverized

and taken in wine as a remedy for dysentery: our army in Ireland, he says, were healed by this remedy, when no other would avail. It is strange that a tree which is at once so beautiful and so valuable, both for its fruit and its wood, should not be much more common than it is in England. Evelyn says it is thought useful in corn fields by keeping the grounds warm, and that its roots do not impede the plough. That trees are not so prejudicial to the field in which or around which they grow, as is supposed in England, is proved by the practices of those countries where the people are much better and more economical agriculturists. It appears that in his age maple sugar had been constantly sent for many years from Canada to Rouen to be refined; this must have been before the Dutch from Pernambuco taught the French how to manage the cane in their sugar-islands. The sap of the sycamore makes a wine like the birch, and may also be used in brewing with such advantage that one bushel of malt makes as good ale with sycamore sap, as four bushels with water.

In praising the lime as better than all other trees for the carver's use, he observes that it was used in all the work of 'our Lysippus, Mr. Gibbons,' and adds 'having had the honour, for so I account it, to be the first who recommended this great artist to his Majesty, Charles II., I mention it on this occasion, with much satisfaction. His meeting with this admirable artist is thus noticed in the Diary.

'This day I first acquainted his Ma^y with that incomparable young man, *Gibbon*, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by meer accident as I was walking neere a poore solitary thatched house, in a field in our parish, nere *Says Court*. I found him shut in, but looking in at the window I perceiv'd him carving that large cartoon or crucifix of *Tintoret*, a copy of which I had myself brought from *Venice*, where the original painting remaines. I asked if I might enter; he open'd the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for y^e curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactnesse, I never had before seene in all my travells. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himselfe to his profession without interruption, and wondred not a little how I had found him out. I asked if he was unwilling to be made knowne to some greate man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit; he answer'd he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that peice; on demanding the price, he said £100. In good earnest the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the worke was very strong; in the piece were more than 100 figures of men, &c. I found he was likewise musical, and very civil, sober, and discrete in his discourse. There was onely an old woman in the house. So desiring leave to visite him sometimes I went away.

'Of this young artist, and the manner of finding him out, I acquainted the

the King, and begg'd that he would give me leave to bring him and his worke to *Whitehall*, for that I would adventure my reputation with his Ma^{ty} that he had never seene any thing approach it, and that he would be exceedingly pleased, and employ him. The King said he would himselfe go see him. This was the first notice he had of Mr. *Gibbon*.
—vol. i. p. 410.

Gibbons should have made a pulpit for St. Pauls, his genius would then have had full scope for displaying itself, and we should have had something which might have vied with the magnificent works of this kind in the Low Countries. He was a very illiterate man, as appears by one of his notes inserted in these volumes, in the worst possible spelling.

The poplar 'burns untowardly, and rather moulders away than maintains any solid heat.' Should it not then be preferred for the floors of dwelling houses, so long as we persist in the preposterous custom of constructing houses which may serve for funeral piles? The Lombardy poplar we have heard commended for farm houses, and especially for cheese-rooms, because neither mice nor mites will attack it. The aspin, says Mr. Evelyn, differs from other poplars in this—'that he takes it ill to have his head cut off.' Ale brewed with the ripe berries of the mountain ash is praised as 'an incomparable drink familiar in Wales.' 'Of the shortest part of the old wood, found commonly in doating* birches, is made the grounds of our effeminate farined gallants sweet powder; and of the quite consumed and rotten, (such as we find reduced to a kind of reddish earth, in superannuated hollow trees,) is gotten the best mould for the raising of divers seedlings of the rarest plants and flowers.' He recommends a more curious use for the down of the willow, saying, he is of opinion, 'if it were dried with care that it might be fit for cushions and pillows of chastity,—for such of old was the reputation of the shade of those trees.' Their shade was thought so wholesome, that physicians, in his time, prescribed it to feverish persons, 'permitting the boughs to be placed even about their beds, as a safe and comfortable refrigeration.' The ivy, he says, may with small industry be made a beautiful standard,—a beautiful one indeed! Some of the American creepers which have become so, remain erect after the tree which they have clipt and killed has mouldered within their convolutions. Bacon, he thinks, introduced the plane; Archbishop Grindal the tamaric: Evelyn himself obtained seeds of the cedars from Lebanon, and 'had the honour to be the first who brought the alaternus into use and reputation in this kingdom, for the most beautiful of hedges and verdure in the

* This word, as Evelyn uses it here and in other places, seems to be synonymous with *dottard*, *doddered*, decayed, or going to decay. It is still applied to those persons whose intellects fail them in extreme old age.

world, (the swiftness of the growth considered,) and propagated it from Cornwall even to Cumberland.' But he names the yew for hedges, as preferable for beauty and a stiff defence to any other plant; and says, 'without vanity,' he was the first which brought it into fashion, as well for defence as for a succedaneum to cypress, whether in hedges or pyramids, conic-spires, bowls or what other shapes, adorning the parks or larger avenues with their lofty tops, thirty foot high, and braving all the efforts of the most rigid winter, which cypress cannot weather.

That fashion has passed away. It is to be wished that Evelyn had been equally successful in filling the country with fruit trees, according to his wise and benevolent desire. 'I do only wish,' he says, 'upon the prospect and meditation of the universal benefit, that every person whatsoever, with ten pounds per annum, within her Majesty's dominions, were by some indispensable statute obliged to plant his hedge-rows with the best and most useful kinds of them.' Old Gerrard had exprest a wish to the same effect before him, and he quotes the old man's honest and not ineloquent exhortation—'forward in the name of God, graft, set, plant and nourish up trees in every corner of your ground; the labour is small, the cost is nothing, the commodity is great; yourselves shall have plenty, the poor shall have somewhat in time of want to relieve their necessity, and God shall reward your good minds and diligence.' Surely the time will come when the walnut, the pear and the cherry will take place of those trees, which are of less utility and beauty while they stand, and not of greater value when they are cut down. If that spirit of wanton mischief or more malignant havoc be apprehended, which is now but too prevalent among the populace in many parts of England, it should be remembered that this spirit was once as prevalent in France, and that there is now no country in the world where so little of it is displayed. When the sides of the highways were first planted, under Sully's administration, Evelyn tells us, 'the rude and mischievous peasants did so hack, steal and destroy what they had begun, that they were forced to desist from the thorough prosecution of the design; so as there is nothing more exposed, wild and less pleasant than the common roads of France, for want of shade, and the decent limits which these sweet and divertissant plantations would have afforded.' The peasant is now as sensible of the comfort which these road-side trees afford him by their shade in summer, and the security which they give him when the ground is covered with snow, as the foreigner is of their stateliness and beauty. Evelyn, whose love for trees and groves was only less than that which he felt for his fellow-creatures, more than once expresses his bitter indignation at the havoc made among them, owing to the barbarous manner in which Louis XIV. wasted
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the countries in which he made war,—mischiefs, he says, not to be repaired in many ages; the truculent and savage marks (among others) of a most Christian King; *nomine, non re!* 'Diræ and curses,' he exclaims, 'on those inhuman and ambitious tyrants, who, not contented with their own dominions, invade their peaceful neighbours, and send their legions, without distinction, to destroy and level to the ground such venerable and goodly plantations, and noble avenues, irreparable marks of their barbarity.' No man, in modern times, had made war with so barbarous a spirit as Louis XIV.,—till Buonaparte,—the perfect Emperor of the British *liberales*, and the most remorseless and destructive tyrant that ever trampled upon the rights and feelings of humanity.

The greater part of the woods, which were raised in consequence of Evelyn's writings, have been cut down: the oaks have borne the British flag to seas and countries which were undiscovered when they were planted, and generation after generation has been confined in the elms. The trees of his age, which may yet be standing, are verging fast toward their decay and dissolution: but his name is fresh in the land, and his reputation, like the trees of an Indian Paradise, exists and will continue to exist in full strength and beauty, uninjured by the course of time.

Thrones fall and dynasties are changed:
Empires decay and sink
Beneath their own unwieldy weight;
Dominion passeth like a cloud away.
The imperishable mind
Survives all meaner things.

No change of fashion, no alteration of taste, no revolutions of science have impaired or can impair his celebrity. Satire, from which nothing is sacred, scarcely attempted to touch him while living; and the acrimony of political and religious hatred, though it spares not even the dead, has never assailed his memory. How then has he attained this enviable inheritance of fame? Not by surpassing genius; not by pre-eminent powers of mind; not by any great action, nor by any splendid accident of fortune, but by his virtue and his wisdom; by the proper use of his talents, and of the means which God had entrusted into his hands; by his principles and his practice. The Abbé Boileau, in that far-fetched strain of flattery for which the French are remarkable, proposed once to the Academy that the word *bonheur* should be proscribed from all panegyrics upon Louis XIV., *parce que son bonheur étoit son propre ouvrage, son application au travail, son génie qui prévoyoit tout, qui pouvoit à tout, &c.*: it was disparaging a prince, he said, whose success was owing to himself, to speak of his good fortune. More truly might this be said of Evelyn. The circumstances in

which he was placed were all fortunate; but how many men in every generation are placed in circumstances equally propitious and with equal talents, who yet for want of the same prudence and the same principles have gone through the world without being either useful to others or happy in themselves, with no other respectability than mere wealth, and talents unemployed or misemployed could command; and sometimes perverting both, so as to be the pests, the fire-brands, and the disgrace of their country! And this has happened even to men who have set out in life with generous feelings and good intentions; for evil principles end in corrupting both, and like diseased and putrid humours carry with them the curse of assimilating to their own nature the subject into which they are introduced.

The youth who looks forward to an inheritance which he is under no temptation to increase, will do well to bear the example of Evelyn in his mind, as containing nothing but what is imitable and nothing but what is good. All persons, indeed, may find in his character something for imitation; but for an English gentleman he is the perfect model. Neither to solicit public offices, nor to shun them, but when they are conferred to execute their duties diligently, conscientiously and fearlessly; to have no amusements but such as being laudable as well as innocent, are healthful alike for the mind and for the body, and in which, while the passing hour is beguiled, a store of delightful recollection is laid up; to be the liberal encourager of literature and the arts; to seek for true and permanent enjoyment by the practice of the household virtues—the only course by which it can be found; to enlarge the sphere of existence backward by means of learning through all time, and forward by means of faith through all eternity,—behold the fair ideal of human happiness! And this was realized in the life of Evelyn.

ART. II.—*Notes on a Journey in America, from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois.* By Morris Birkbeck, Author of 'Notes on a Tour in France.' London. 1818.

THIS little volume, printed with an ordinary type on coarse paper, and ushered into the world under the unassuming title of 'Notes,' is no more to be held as a proof of its author's *modesty*, than the plain drab coat and broad-brimmed hat, which he once wore, were of his *humility*—for Mr. Morris Birkbeck was at one time numbered, as we understand, among 'the people called Quakers.' From his manual, however, it would appear that he is now happily relieved from all manner of 'prejudices' on the score of religion and civil polity, except indeed a vehement one against all religions, and all governments, the one yielding, in his view, no better fruit

fruit than fanaticism and hypocrisy, the other nothing but rents, taxes, restraints, and oppression.

It is of little importance to the reader to know what were the circumstances which brought about so hopeful a change in our traveller's sentiments, except in so far as they may tend to explain the source of his discontent, and of those hostile feelings which every where manifest themselves against the land of his forefathers. The change, however, was not without a cause. Patriots and expatriates are alike the children of circumstances, and generally, we believe, of adverse circumstances. With regard to Friend Morris we understand that, during the late war, he held the lease of a farm at a rent of about five hundred pounds, which was worth three times that sum; that on its expiring, he had it renewed at a rent more nearly approaching its value, when, the sudden change from war to peace having reduced the demand for produce, and consequently the value of land, to rid himself of his engagements and his country at the same time, he threw up his farm *un beau matin*, and, laughing in his sleeve at the humorous trick which he had played his unsuspecting landlord, set out on a land speculation into the back settlements of North America.

Mr. Morris Birkbeck was not without a *compagnon de voyage*; he prevailed, it seems, on a young man of the name of Flower to accompany him as a sort of squire. This Flower bloomed freely in the kindly soil of Hertfordshire, in possession of a fine flock of Merino sheep, and with them of every comfort of life; but in an unlucky moment he was persuaded 'by his guide, philosopher, and friend,' that to be happy and contented under such a government as that of Great Britain was contrary to all sound reason, and that for his credit's sake he must be transplanted into a more philosophical soil; accordingly the ill-starred Corydon sold off his sheep, and consented to seek an abode in a country where sheep cannot thrive. The two farmers had previously made a hasty tour through France, where, 'thanks to the Revolution,' every thing was right. The 'speculators in land,' however, had been before them. The property, of which the rich had been plundered, Mr. Morris Birkbeck saw with infinite pleasure partitioned out among the plunderers, or, as he delicately expresses it, among those who stood in need of it, 'thanks to the Revolution!' and they were too well acquainted with the value of their acquisitions to admit our friend to any share of them. Wonderful is the prosperity, boundless the affluence of France!—there, the peasantry have their six bottles of wine daily, and a change of linen amounting to twelve or fifteen shirts apiece—and in the Pyrennees (where money is nearly as plentiful as on the Himalayan mountains) Mr. Birkbeck found the

common labourers earning six and thirty shillings a week. And for all this 'they have to thank the Revolution'!

Our two expatriated farmers first land in Hampton Roads, and proceed to Norfolk in Virginia; a large town, with spacious streets, well paved causeways, and clean and good-looking houses. Here Mr. Birkbeck went into the market-house, where, says he, I observed the negroes selling for their masters

'the worst meat I ever saw, and dearer than the best in England; veal, such as never was exposed in an English market, at 10½d. per lb.; lamb of similar quality and price. Most wretched horses waiting, without food or shelter, to drag home the carts which had brought in the provisions—but, worst of all, the multitudes of negroes, many of them miserable creatures, others cheerful enough; but on the whole, this first glimpse of a slave population is extremely distressing—and is it, thought I, to be a member of such a society that I have quitted England!'

Friend Morris, in spite of the determination with which he set out, to be pleased with every thing in America, cannot reconcile his feelings towards the negroes, whether in a state of slavery or freedom. In proceeding up James's river he passes Little Guinea, a tract of land given by a planter to his negroes, whom he had liberated; 'their inclosures were but indifferently cultivated, and the negroes had a character for thieving—deservedly, I dare say,' he subjoins, 'for slavery is a school of depravity, and their equivocal or degraded station among whites is unfavourable to their moral improvement.'

He arrives at Petersburg at the time of the races, and is introduced to a large assemblage of planters.

'A Virginian tavern resembles a French one with its table d'hôte, (though not in the excellence of the cookery) but somewhat exceeds it in filth, as it does an English one in charges. The usual number of guests at the ordinary in this tavern (and there are several large taverns in Petersburg) is fifty, consisting of travellers, store-keepers, lawyers, and doctors.

'A Virginian planter is a republican in politics, and exhibits the *high-spirited independence* of that character. But he is a slave-master, irascible, and too often lax in morals. A dirk is said to be a common appendage to the dress of a planter in this part of Virginia.

'I never saw in England an assemblage of countrymen who would *average* so well as to dress and manners, none of them reached any thing like style; and very few descended to the shabby.

'As it rained heavily, every body was confined the whole day to the tavern, after the race, which took place in the forenoon. The conversation which this afforded me an opportunity of hearing, gave me a high opinion of the intellectual cultivation of these Virginian farmers.

'Negro slavery was the prevailing topic—the middle and the end—an evil uppermost in every man's thoughts; which all deplored, many were anxious to fly, but for which no man can devise a remedy. One gentleman

gentleman, in a poor state of health, dared not encounter the rain, but was wretched at the thought of his family being for one night without his protection—from his own slaves! He was suffering under the effects of a poisonous potion, administered by a negro, who was his personal servant, to whom he had given indulgences and privileges unknown to the most favoured valet of an English gentleman. This happened in consequence of some slight unintentional affront on the part of the indulgent master. It is stated as a melancholy fact, that severe masters seldom suffer from their slaves' resentment.'—pp. 11, 12.

At Petersburg our travellers embark on board the steam-boat which plies between Norfolk and Richmond, and which is thus described :

'The steam-boat is a floating hotel, fitted up with much taste and neatness, with accommodations for both board and lodging. The ladies have their separate apartments and a female to attend them. Here we found ourselves at once in the society of about thirty persons, who appeared to be as polite, well dressed, and well instructed as if they had been repairing to the capital of Great Britain, instead of the capital of Virginia. We had a delightful passage, and reached Richmond about seven o'clock in the evening.'—p. 13.

Richmond is said to contain 13,000 inhabitants, nearly half of whom are negroes: the market is badly supplied; and the common necessities of life are exceedingly dear, with the exception of bread of bad quality; for instance, eggs are *2d.* each; butter *3s. 6d.* a pound; meat of the worst description *1s.* a pound; milk *4½d.* a pint, &c. house-rent high beyond example—that which Mr. Birkbeck lodged in, situated in a back street, lets, he says, at 300 guineas a year; a common warehouse or store at 200*l.* a year; ground on building speculation sells currently at 10,000 dollars per acre; and in some of the streets near the river at 200 dollars per foot in front.

Our traveller, it is evident, is by no means satisfied with the appearance of things hitherto in the 'land of promise.' He seems to have had a considerable struggle with himself in making up his mind as to the preference which he ought to assign to the condition of the English labourer or that of the Virginian slave—to the most wretched of our paupers, or to the happy negro; and, wonderful to relate, finally decides in favour of the former.

He is also somewhat disturbed at Richmond by a grand stir about a monument to the memory of General Washington, 'as if Washington,' he exclaims, 'could be forgotten whilst America retains her independence! Let republicans leave bones and relics, and costly monuments, to monks and kings; free America is the mausoleum of its deliverers, who may say to posterity, "Si quæris monumentum, circumspecte!"' He thinks, however, such is the consistency of republicanism, that the patriots of Richmond would do well to repair the mutilated bust of La Fayette, in their Capitol, which now, he says, 'stands an object of horror and derision,'—the horrific feel-
ing,

ing, we suppose, arises from the loss of his nose; the ridicule, from what remains.

'On taking leave of Virginia, (he says,) I must observe, that I found more misery in the condition of the negroes, and a much higher tone of moral feeling in their owners than I had anticipated; and I depart confirmed in my detestation of slavery, in principle and practice; but with esteem for the general character of the Virginians,'—p. 22.

Here we find our traveller quite delighted with the '*lofty tone of morality*' of the Virginian planter; though he had described this same planter just before as '*lax in morals*, irascible, and commonly provided with a dirk,'—for no peaceable purpose, we presume:—But the reader of Mr. Birkbeck must be prepared for these contradictions. His natural shrewdness and turn for observation unconsciously counteract his prejudices, and his facts and his opinions are therefore continually at issue.

Proceeding to the Potowmack, our emigrant and his companions (for besides Mr. Flower, he had several women and children in his train) embark in the steam-boat for Washington. This federal city, including George Town, is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants, scattered over an immense space like a number of petty hamlets in a populous country. Here again our Friend is sore troubled in spirit at the thought that ninety marble capitals should have been imported at vast cost from Italy to crown the columns of the Capitol, and shew how '*un-American* is the whole plan.' 'There is nothing in America,' he adds, 'to which I can liken this affectation of splendor, except the painted face and gaudy head-dress of a half-naked Indian.'

At M'Connel's Town the road joins the great turnpike from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, and the line of stages from George Town terminates; 'so here we are,' he says, 'nine in number, one hundred and thirty miles of mountain-country between us and Pittsburgh!'—No vehicles were to be procured, and the only alternative was that of staying where they were or making the journey on foot: they preferred the latter, and, each taking his little bundle, they set out on their pilgrimage, over the Alleghany ridge. 'We have now,' he repeats for the third or fourth time, 'fairly turned our backs on the old world, and find ourselves in the very stream of emigration. Old America* seems to be breaking up and moving westward.' This accords with an observation in a letter now before us from a very intelligent native of Cambridge near Boston. 'Our towns and cities,' he says, 'on the salt sea shores

* Strange as it may appear, the south-western part of the New World has already begun to consider the north-eastern as having passed the meridian of life, and accordingly given it the name of *Old America*. The line of the Alleghany mountains forms the physical, as in no great length of time it will probably do the political, barrier, or line of demarcation between the two countries.

are not improving so fast as our interior. Indeed people are emigrating daily and hourly from the Atlantic shores, especially from the coast of New England to the interior of Kentucky and Ohio, carrying with them the characteristic enterprize of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode island.' 'During the revolutionary war,' adds our Cambridge correspondent, 'the physical and intellectual power of these colonies might be compared to a wedge, the broadest end of which was here in New England, and the thinnest in Georgia, but now, alas! the wedge is turned end forward, and the thickest end is in the south-west.'

The following is the picture which Friend Morris gives of family groups deserting poor old worn out America, and travelling to seek new homes amidst the freshness of the back settlements.

'A small waggon (so light that you might almost carry it, yet strong enough to bear a good load of bedding, utensils and provisions, and a swarm of young citizens,—and to sustain marvellous shocks in its passage over these rocky heights) with two small horses; sometimes a cow or two, comprises their all; excepting a little store of hard-earned cash for the land office of the district; where they may obtain a title for as many acres as they possess half-dollars, being one fourth of the purchase-money. The waggon has a tilt, or cover, made of a sheet, or perhaps a blanket. The family are seen before, behind, or within the vehicle, according to the road or the weather, or perhaps the spirits of the party.

'The New Englanders, they say, may be known by the cheerful air of the women advancing in front of the vehicle; the Jersey people, by their being fixed steadily within it; whilst the Pennsylvanians creep lingering behind, as though regretting the homes they have left. A cart and single horse frequently affords the means of transfer, sometimes a horse and pack-saddle. Often the back of the poor pilgrim bears all his effects, and his wife follows, naked-footed, bending under the hopes of the family.'

The mountainous district is pronounced to be 'a land of plenty,' and that to which they are proceeding 'a land of abundance;' an earnest of which is given by the noble droves of oxen met on the road from the western country, in their way to the city of Philadelphia. But though the cattle were good and plentiful, and the horses excellent, the sheep were few and miserable. 'Twenty or thirty half-starved creatures are seen now and then straggling about in much wretchedness,'—a comfortable sight for the flower of Merino farmers!

The Americans, it seems, are fond of journeying; they are, in fact, a migrating people; they have few or none of those local attachments and fixed habits, which make it in Europe so painful a task to separate from those objects which time and memory have endeared. We are told, that not fewer than 12,000 waggons passed

passed between Baltimore and Philadelphia in the preceding year, besides stage-coaches, carts, and innumerable travellers on horse-back and on foot, presenting a scene of bustle and business, which our author assures us is truly wonderful. He is now, for the first time, happy and at home—All is urbanity, politeness and civilization; even in the remotest districts, he tells us, a vast superiority, in every department of common life, both in habits and education, prevails, when compared with the same class in England; nay, the very pilot whom they took on board off Cape Henry was a well informed and agreeable man; and the Custom House officer a perfect Chesterfield—‘a gentlemanly youth, without a shade of the disagreeable character which prevails among his European brethren.’ The taverns too—but these shall be described in the author’s own words.

‘At these places all is performed on the gregarious plan: every thing is public by day and by night;—for even night in an American inn affords no-privacy. Whatever may be the number of guests, they must receive their entertainments *en masse*, and they must sleep *en masse*. Three times a-day the great bell rings, and a hundred persons collect from all quarters, to eat a hurried meal, composed of almost as many dishes. At breakfast you have fish, flesh and fowl; bread of every shape and kind, butter, eggs, coffee, tea—every thing, and more than you can think of. Dinner is much like the breakfast, omitting the tea and coffee; and supper is the breakfast repeated. Soon after this meal, you assemble once more, in rooms crowded with beds, something like the wards of an hospital; where, after undressing in public, you are fortunate if you escape a partner in your bed, in addition to the myriads of bugs, which you need not hope to escape.

‘But the horrors of the kitchen, from whence issue these shoals of dishes, how shall I describe, though I have witnessed them.—It is a dark and sooty hole, where the idea of cleanliness never entered, swarming with negroes of all sexes and ages, who seem as though they were bred there: without floor, except the rude stones that support a raging fire of pine logs, extending across the entire place; which forbids your approach, and which no being but a negro could face.

‘In your reception at a western Pennsylvania tavern there is something of hospitality combined with the mercantile feelings of your host. He is generally a man of property, the head man of the village perhaps, with the title of Colonel, and feels that he confers, rather than receives a favour by the accommodation he affords; and rude as his establishment may be, he does not perceive that you have a right to complain: what he has you partake of, but he makes no apologies; and if you shew symptoms of dissatisfaction or disgust, you will fare the worse; whilst a disposition to be pleased and satisfied will be met by a wish to make you so.’

The next stage was the ‘city of Pittsburgh, the Birmingham of America,’ where Mr. Birkbeck expected to have been enveloped
in

in clouds of smoke issuing from a thousand furnaces, and stunned with the din of ten thousand hammers; but he soon found that he had been deceived by an American figure of rhetoric of extensive use in description; he calls it *anticipation*, by way of softening down the vulgar and proper term, and explains it by informing the reader that 'it simply consists in the use of the present indicative, instead of the future subjunctive.' The past tense, by his own account, would have been most appropriate, as 'the manufacturers *were* under great difficulties, and many on the eve of suspending their operations, owing to the influx of depreciated fabrics from Europe;' that is to say, if Friend Morris would put aside the American 'figure of rhetoric' and speak out plainly, the manufactures of America cannot possibly flourish so long as Europe shall be able to supply them with good articles at a cheaper rate than they can afford to make bad or indifferent ones; so long as a new lock from Europe can be purchased in America for less money than an old lock can be repaired, the locksmith of Pittsburgh must 'suspend his operations.'

At Pittsburgh our travellers purchased horses for fifty dollars a piece, to enable them to proceed by land through the state of Ohio to Cincinnati, though the usual mode of travelling is down the Ohio, 'on long floating rooms built on a flat bottom, with rough boards, and arranged within for sleeping and other accommodations.' Such machines are here called 'arks,' of which hundreds of various sizes are at all times to be purchased; the boatmen are hired, and the ark is sold for what it will fetch at the end of the journey. On the 5th of June they set out for Washington in Pennsylvania.

Washington is said to be a thriving town, with 2500 inhabitants; it has a college with about a hundred students. But, says our author, 'from the dirty condition of the schools, and the appearance of loitering habits among the young men, I should suspect it to be a coarsely conducted institution;' all this, however, he ascribes to the fatal influence of the concourse of free negroes.

Mr. Birkbeck finds the western territory at once healthy, fertile, and romantic. The little history of his host may serve as an example of the natural growth of property, in this young country, as he calls it.

'He is about thirty; has a wife and three fine healthy children: his father is a farmer; that is to say, a proprietor, living five miles distant. From him he received five hundred dollars, and "began the world," in true style of American enterprise, by taking a cargo of flour to New Orleans, about two thousand miles, gaining a little more than his expences, and a stock of knowledge. Two years ago he had increased his property to nine hundred dollars; purchased this place; a
house,

house, stable, &c. and two hundred and fifty acres of land, (sixty-five of which are cleared and laid down to grass,) for three thousand five hundred dollars, of which he has already paid three thousand, and will pay the remaining five hundred next year. He is now building a good stable, and going to improve his house. His property is at present worth seven thousand dollars: having gained, or rather grown, five thousand five hundred dollars in two years, with prospects of future accumulation to his utmost wishes. Thus it is that people here grow wealthy without extraordinary exertion, and without any anxiety.'—p. 42.

The subject of emigration from Great Britain to the United States, Mr. Birkbeck says, has been a primary object of his attention; and he is anxious that his information on this important subject should produce no false impressions on the minds of his countrymen. The following extracts will shew what his views are.

'From what I have seen, and heard from others, of America, east of the Alleghany mountains, I judge that artisans in general will succeed in any part of it; and that labourers of every description will greatly improve their condition: in so much, that they will, if saving and industrious, soon lay by enough to tempt them to migrate still farther in quest of land, on which they may establish themselves as proprietors. That mercantile adventurers would be likely to succeed as well, but not better than in England; that clerks, lawyers, and doctors, would gain nothing by the exchange of countries. The same of master manufacturers in general.'—p. 48.

Here again we must correct our Friend. 'All kinds of artizans,' he says, 'will succeed in any part of America.' He had just assured us, that many of the manufacturers of iron were on the eve of suspending their operations; and he soon after adds, that a hatter, who was in quest of employ, said to him, 'There are in this western country more artizans than materials; shoe-makers are standing still for want of leather, and tanners for want of hides.' Mr. Birkbeck is an apt scholar; he is already familiar with 'the American figure of anticipation,' and, like his adopted countrymen, 'contemplates what *may be*, as though it were in actual existence.'

We have now some little account of the difficulties to which the new settlers are exposed.

* The land, when intended for sale, is laid out in the government surveys in quarter sections of 160 acres, being one fourth of a square mile. The whole is then offered to the public by auction, and that which remains unsold, which is generally a very large proportion, may be purchased at the land office of the district, at two dollars per acre, one fourth to be paid down, and the remaining three fourths at several instalments, to be completed in five years.

'The poor emigrant, having collected the eighty dollars, repairs to the land office, and enters his quarter section, then works his way without another "cent" in his pocket, to the solitary spot, which is to be

be his future abode, in a two-horse waggon, containing his family, and his little all, consisting of a few blankets, a skillet, his rifle, and his axe. Suppose him arrived in the spring: after putting up a little log cabin, he proceeds to clear, with intense labour, a plot of ground for Indian corn, which is to be their next year's support; but, for the present, being without means of obtaining a supply of flour, he depends on his gun for subsistence. In pursuit of the game, he is compelled after his day's work, to wade through the evening dews, up to the waist, in long grass, or bushes, and returning, finds nothing to lie on but a bear's skin on the cold ground, exposed to every blast through the sides, and every shower through the open roof of his wretched dwelling, which he does not even attempt to close, till the approach of winter, and often not then. Under these distresses of extreme toil and exposure, debarred from every comfort, many valuable lives have sunk, which have been charged to the climate.

'The individual, whose case is included in this seeming digression, escaped the ague, but he lay three weeks delirious in a nervous fever, of which he yet feels the remains; owing, no doubt, to excessive fatigue. Casualties, doubly calamitous in their forlorn estate, would sometimes assail them. He, for instance, had the misfortune to break his leg at a time when his wife was confined by sickness, and for three days they were only supplied with water, by a child of two years old, having no means of communicating with their neighbours (neighbours ten miles off perhaps) until the fourth day. He had to carry the little grain he could procure twelve miles to be ground, and remembers once seeing at the mill, a man who had brought his sixty miles, and was compelled to wait three days for his turn.

'Such are the difficulties which these pioneers have to encounter; but they diminish as settlements approach each other, and are only heard of by their successors. The number of emigrants who passed this way, was greater last year than in any preceding; and the present spring they are still more numerous than the last. Fourteen waggons yesterday, and thirteen to-day, have gone through this town. Myriads take their course down the Ohio. The waggons swarm with children. I heard to-day of three together, which contain forty-two of these young citizens. The wildest solitudes are to the taste of some people. General Boon, who was chiefly instrumental in the first settlement of Kentucky, is of this turn. It is said, that he is now, at the age of seventy, pursuing the daily chase, two hundred miles to the westward of the last abode of civilized man. He had retired to a chosen spot, beyond the Missouri, which, after him is named Boon's Lick, out of the reach, as he flattered himself, of intrusion; but white men, even there, inroached upon him, and two years ago, he went back two hundred miles farther.'—p. 50—53.

The country in the neighbourhood of Chillicothe and on the banks of the Sciota was poor, and not sufficiently tempting for settlement. Our travellers therefore bent their course towards Cincinnati; they halted at Lebanon, a small town which, in fourteen

teen years, from two or three cabins of half-savage hunters, has grown into the residence of a thousand civilized inhabitants. The supper-bell was just ringing at the taverns, and our travellers seated themselves at the table among a set of 'travellers like themselves, with a number of store-keepers, lawyers, and doctors,—men who board at the taverns, and make up a standing company for the daily public table.'

'Cincinnati,' like most American towns, Mr. Birkbeck says, stands too low; it is built on the banks of the Ohio, and not out of the reach of spring-floods; consequently it is not healthy.

'It is, however, a most thriving place, and backed as it is already by a great population and a most fruitful country, bids fair to be one of the first cities of the west. We are told, and we cannot doubt the fact, that the chief of what we see is the work of four years. The hundreds of commodious, well-finished brick houses, the spacious and busy markets, the substantial public buildings, the thousands of prosperous well-dressed, industrious inhabitants; the numerous waggons and drays, the gay carriages and elegant females;—the shoals of craft on the river, the busy stir prevailing every where: house building, boat building, paving and levelling of streets; the numbers of country people, constantly coming and going; with the spacious taverns, crowded with travellers from a distance.'—p. 70.

While at this place, Mr. Birkbeck takes occasion to observe, that 'the merino mania seems to have prevailed in America to a degree exceeding its highest pitch in England.'

'In Kentucky, (he says,) where even the negroes would no more eat mutton than they would horse-flesh, there were great merino breeders. There is, I believe, a Sheep Society here, to encourage the growth of fine wool on land as rich as the deepest vallies of our island—that there should ever have been a rage for sheep of *any kind* in any part that I have seen of this country, must be owing to general ignorance of the constitution and habits of this animal. There is scarcely a spot where a flock of fine-woolled sheep could be kept with any prospect of advantage, even if there were a market for the carcass; yet, by the ragged remains of the merino family, which may be recognized in many places, I perceive that the attempt has been very general. Mutton is almost as abhorrent to an American palate, as the flesh of a swine to an Israelite; and the state of the manufactures does not give great encouragement to the growth of wool of any kind, of merino wool less, perhaps, than any other. Mutton is sold in the markets of Philadelphia at about half the price of beef; and a Kentuckian, who would have given a thousand dollars for a merino ram, would dine upon dry bread rather than eat his own mutton. A few sheep on a farm, to supply coarse wool for domestic manufacture, seems to be all that ought at present to be attempted in any part of America that I have seen.'—p. 100.

And yet Mr. Birkbeck has the confidence to assert, that artisans must

must succeed in every part of it!—and yet the manufacturer of Devides is selling his looms and little furniture to procure a passage to the United States, that he may leap into a sudden fortune by weaving!

Twenty years ago, Mr. Birkbeck says, the vast region comprising the states of Ohio and Indiana, and the territory of Illinois and Michigan, only counted 30,000 inhabitants, the number now living in the little county of Hamilton, in which stands the town of Cincinnati. And he asks,—‘Why do not the governments of Europe afford such an asylum, in their vast and gloomy forests, for their increasing myriads of paupers?’—Such a project he pronounces to be worthy a convention of sovereigns, ‘if sovereigns were really the fathers of their people.’—If the sovereigns of Europe could transplant the back woods of America into their dominions, after hunting down and *scalping* the native possessors, (only taking care, like the ‘subscribers of Alleghany,* *to preserve both ears,*’) such a project, which does infinite credit to the integrity of our benevolent Quaker, might probably ‘occur to them.’

Land being at too high a price in Hamilton county, Mr. Birkbeck determined on proceeding farther westward, sagaciously reflecting that the time was fast approaching when the grand intercourse with Europe would not lie, as at present, through Eastern America, but through the great rivers which communicate by the Mississippi with the ocean at New Orleans. ‘In this view,’ he observes, ‘we approximate to Europe as we proceed to the west.’ The tide of emigration is undoubtedly setting with extraordinary rapidity in that direction; and ‘Old America,’ to the eastward of the Alleghany mountains, is very soon likely to become, as our Cambridge friend expresses it, ‘the thinnest part of the wedge.’ The south-western states have not merely the advantage, in point of local situation relatively with the rest of the commercial world,—but the soil and climate, in places where cultivation prevails, are preferable to those in the eastern states. Under such circumstances, and considering the character of the people who are flocking to the other side of the Alleghany chain, the opinion is by no means chimerical, that ‘New America’ will be induced shortly to shake off her allegiance to the parent states and set up a congress of her own. A few such settlers as Morris Birkbeck (who seems to think that every little society of men ought to govern itself) will marvellously expedite the separation.

Another circumstance may probably tend to hasten the event, as it renders the provinces, beyond the Alleghany, wholly independent of the eastern or northern states of ‘Old America:’—the

* Quarterly Review, vol. x. p. 532.

navigation of the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi, opens a ready communication with every part of the extensive country behind those mountains, and establishes an intercourse with the shores of Europe within two months, and with the West India islands in the course of two weeks. To every other part of the world they have a nearer as well as less dangerous navigation than from 'Old America.' They have already steam-vessels of four hundred tons burden plying on those rivers, and their average rate, when deeply laden and against the stream, is about sixty miles a-day.—(p. 133.)—Their products are precisely the same as those of the eastern and northern states, which can neither supply what they require, nor take off what they produce;—what possible bond of union then can long subsist between Old and New America? With no great desire to indulge a spirit of prophesy, we cannot help surmizing that the late Navigation Act, drawn up, as it would seem, more in a spirit of political hostility towards England, than with a view to any commercial advantages that could be hoped to result from it to America, is well calculated to hasten the event. Can the Congress hope to throw an impassable barrier across the Mississippi, and thus prevent a supply of provisions and lumber for the West India islands whenever such supply shall be demanded? The back settlements are already too strong, and they know it, to submit to navigation laws that shall operate so detrimentally to their interests. We consider all apprehension of the West India islands being starved in time of war with America, to be now removed, and that in war, as well as in peace, the steam-boats of the Mississippi will bring down the produce of the New provinces into the Atlantic; unless indeed, which is as little to be apprehended, Old America shall be able to blockade its own river with a superior squadron.

It is but common justice to say, that whatever countenance the President of the United States may find it expedient to give to measures offensive to Great Britain, neither his public nor private conduct, nor his speeches partake of those coarse and splenetic invectives which some of the members of the government seem to think it necessary to adopt. If any soreness might be expected to remain in consequence of the war, we should rather look for it on the part of the people of England than of America,—but both would do well to bear in mind the noble example of forbearance set by our venerable sovereign, at the close of the former contest, on the occasion of the first audience of Mr. Adams.—'I perceive, Mr. Adams,' said the King, 'that you are a little agitated; I am not surprised at it; I am agitated myself; but let me make one observation—As I was the last man in this country to accede to the acknowledgment

acknowledgment of the independence of my American dominions, depend upon it, I shall likewise be, now that the act is ratified, the last to infringe it.'

The settlers of the Indiana territory are not, Mr. Birkbeck says, that set of lawless, semi-barbarous vagabonds, which he had been taught to believe; but a remarkably good sort of people, kind and gentle to each other and to strangers. There are, however, among them many abandoned characters, but they retire to the depth of the woods with the wolves, and live by the rifle:—With respect to the inhabitants of towns, the Americans, from Norfolk on the eastern coast, to the town of Madison in Indiana, are all alike; and this is their portrait.

'The same good-looking, well-dressed (not what we call gentlemanly) men appear every where. Nine out of ten, native Americans, are tall and long-limbed, approaching, or even exceeding six feet; in pantaloons and Wellington boots, either marching up and down with their hands in their pockets, or seated on chairs poised on the hind-feet, and the backs rested against the walls. If a hundred Americans of any class were to seat themselves, ninety-nine would shuffle their chairs to the true distance, and then throw themselves back against the nearest prop. The women exhibit a great similarity of tall relaxed forms with consistent dress and demeanour; and are not remarkable for sprightliness of manners. Intellectual culture has not yet made much progress among the generality of either sex where I have travelled; but the men have greatly the advantage in the means of acquiring information, from their habits of travelling, and intercourse with strangers:—sources of improvement from which the other sex is unhappily too much secluded.'

—p. 80, 81.

'We have remarked,' (our traveller says,) '*en passant*, that people generally speak favourably of *their own country*.' p. 115. He has the courage, however, to become a striking exception to this general practice. Abuse of England appears to be, with Mr. Morris Birkbeck, a kind of travelling ticket, a sort of conventional money, which he offers at every house, and which, we regret to add, seems to pass tolerably current.

On the way to Vincennes our Friend loses himself, and is obliged, in the phraseology of the country, '*to camp out*,' that is, to sleep in the woods. The night, as Mrs. Wilkins says in Tom Jones, happened to be 'very fine, only a little windy and rainy,' and our travellers contrived by dint of oil and brandy, and gunpowder and cambric handkerchiefs, to kindle a fire, and pass it as they could. This agreeable adventure, which would sicken an English gipsy of '*camping out*,' leads quite naturally to a lofty panegyric on the superior advantages of travelling 'in that vast western wilderness' compared with those to be found in this country. 'Let,' says Mr. Birkbeck,

'a stranger make his way through England—let him keep at a distance from every public road,' (made for his accommodation,) 'avoid all the inns,' (established expressly for his convenience and comfort,) and perversely scramble over hedge and ditch 'in quest of such entertainment only as the hovel of the labourer can supply, and he would have more cause to complain of the rudeness of the inhabitants' than of the weir-wolves of the wilds of Indiana! If we could conceive a traveller to be guilty of such gratuitous folly, we should then say, that as his application to the day-labourer for 'entertainment' could only be looked upon as a deliberate insult on his poverty, he would deserve whatever rudeness he might chance to experience. In somewhat of a similar spirit, Mr. Birkbeck adds—'when we have been so unfortunate as to pitch our tent near a swamp, and have mismanaged our fire, we have been teased by musquitoes; but so might we, perhaps, in the fens of Cambridgeshire.' The traveller must have a strong predilection for the *teasing* of musquitoes who would sleep in the fens of Cambridgeshire, when by turning a few yards to the right or left he might obtain shelter under a roof—and this, too, without the hazard of being, like Mr. Birkbeck and his party, driven out again 'by the innumerable tormentors which (says he) assail you in every dwelling, till at length you are glad to avoid the abodes of man, and spread your pallet under the trees.' p. 167. Certainly these are pleasant proofs of the inferiority of England to America.

Mr. Birkbeck now visited the banks of the Ohio, to see if any thing offered to satisfy his views.

'We lodged last night in a cabin at a very new town, called Mount Vernon, on the banks of the Ohio. Here we found the people of a cast confirming my aversion to a settlement in the immediate vicinity of a large navigable river. Every hamlet is demoralized, and every plantation is liable to outrage, within a short distance of such a thoroughfare.

'Yet, the view of that noble expanse was like the opening of bright day upon the gloom of night, to us who had been so long buried in deep forests. It is a feeling of confinement, which begins to damp the spirits, from this complete exclusion of distant objects. To travel day after day, among trees of a hundred feet high, without a glimpse of the surrounding country, is oppressive to a degree which those cannot conceive who have not experienced it; and it must depress the spirits of the solitary settler to pass years in this state. His visible horizon extends no farther than the tops of the trees which bound his plantation, perhaps, five hundred yards. Upwards he sees the sun, and sky, and stars, but around him an eternal forest, from which he can never hope to emerge:—not so in a thickly settled district; he cannot there enjoy any freedom of prospect, yet there is variety, and some scope for the imprisoned vision. In a hilly country a little more range of view may occasionally be obtained; and a river is a stream of light as well as of water,

water, which feasts the eye with a delight inconceivable to the inhabitants of open countries.'—pp. 102, 103.

He next tried the Big-Prairie beyond the Wabash, but it was marshy and feverish; thirty miles farther, prairies of a higher site were more promising; the people were healthy, but they were in a wretched state of civilization, about half Indian in their mode of life. Besides, they shew little cordiality towards a 'land-hunter,' as they contemptuously call the stranger in search of a home; they consider such a person as an invader of their privileges, which give them the whole range of the forests for themselves and their cattle. Beyond the little Wabash, every mark of civilization was lost; and it was necessary to engage a hunter as their guide. Having wandered some time without any beaten track, they came at length to the cabin of a brother-hunter, where they took up their lodging.

'This man and his family are remarkable instances of the effect on the complexion, produced by the perpetual incarceration of a thorough woodland life. Incarceration may seem to be a term less applicable to the condition of a roving back-woodsman than to any other, and especially unsuitable to the habits of this individual and his family; for the cabin in which he entertained us is the third dwelling he has built within the last twelve months; and a very slender motive would place him in a fourth before the ensuing winter. In his general habits the hunter ranges as freely as the beasts he pursues; labouring under no restraint, his activity is only bounded by his own physical powers: still he is incarcerated—"Shut from the common air." Buried in the depth of a boundless forest, the breeze of health never reaches these poor wanderers; the bright prospect of distant hills fading away into the semblance of clouds, never cheered their sight. They are tall and pale, like vegetables that grow in a vault, pining for light.

'The man, his pregnant wife, his eldest son, a tall half-naked youth, just initiated in the hunters' arts, his three daughters, growing up into great rude girls, and a squalling tribe of dirty brats of both sexes, are of one pale yellow, without the slightest tint of healthful bloom.'—p. 107.

'The cabin, which may serve as a specimen of these rudiments of houses, was formed of round logs, with apertures of three or four inches between. No chimney, but large intervals between the "clap-boards," for the escape of the smoke. The roof was, however, a more effectual covering than we have generally experienced, as it protected us very tolerably from a drenching night. Two bedsteads of unhewn logs, and cleft boards laid across;—two chairs, one of them without a bottom, and a low stool, were all the furniture required by this numerous family. A string of buffalo hide, stretched across the hovel, was a wardrobe for their rags; and their utensils, consisting of a large iron pot, some baskets, the effective rifle and two that were superannuated, stood about in corners, and the fiddle, which was only silent when we were asleep, hung by them.'—p. 109.

'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime!

Said then the lost Archangel'———

And is this then the state of happiness; is this 'the land of promise,' for which such multitudes cross the Atlantic?—are these the blessings which are to greet the wearied traveller after a painful journey of many thousand miles into the back woods of the American paradise, thus sketched out by the flattering pencil of one who leaves his native country with an avowed predetermination to find every thing pleasant and agreeable in America? Such a life, however, is not without its enjoyments. Man returns here to that state of nature in which he is accountable to no earthly tribunal for his actions, which are as free and unrestrained as his thoughts; he may shoot a bear or an Indian without any other fear than the tomahawk of the one and the paw of the other. And experience has unfortunately proved that when once he has thrown off the restraints which a state of civilization and a sense of religion impose, he feels little inclination to reassume them: as population advances, the back-woodsmen retire; for 'strangers appear among them as invaders of their privileges, as *they* have intruded on the better founded exclusive privileges of their Indian predecessors.'

These men, it would seem, though persevering as savages in the pursuit of their game, are as indolent too. This indolence, Mr. Birkbeck says, 'they cultivate as a privilege,' and he repeats over and over again, that 'indolence is the easily besetting sin of the Americans.' The supreme felicity of a true born American is described to be inaction of body and inanity of mind. If the picture be overcharged, it is not we, but our Friend Morris, who has painted it.

We have a sketch of a somewhat more pleasing nature in the dreary, flat, and swampy region between the Little and the Big Wabash, where, Mr. Birkbeck tells us, 'here and there, at ten miles distance perhaps, the very solitude tempts some one of the family of Esau to pitch his tent for a season.'

'At one of these lone dwellings we found a neat, respectable-looking female, spinning under the little piazza at one side of the cabin, which shaded her from the sun. Her husband was absent on business, which would detain him some weeks. She had no family, and no companion but her husband's faithful dog, which usually attended him in his bear hunting in the winter. She was quite overcome with "*lone*," she said, and hoped we would tie our horses in the wood, and sit awhile with her, during the heat of the day. We did so, and she rewarded us with a basin of coffee. Her husband was kind and good to her, and never left her without necessity, but a true lover of bear hunting, which he pursued alone, taking only his dog with him, though it is common for hunters to go in parties to attack this dangerous animal. He had killed
a great

a great number last winter—five, I think, in one week. The cabin of this hunter was neatly arranged, and the garden well stocked.’—pp. 112, 113.

And THIS is the chosen spot where Mr. Birkbeck has ‘constituted himself a land-owner by paying seven hundred and twenty dollars as one-fourth of the purchase money of fourteen hundred and forty acres’? Mr. Flower made a similar purchase, ‘being part of a beautiful and rich prairie, about six miles distant from the Big and the same from the Little Wabash.’

The rest of the book is very much in the nature of a puffing advertisement—inviting all persons wishing to obtain satisfactory information to direct their inquiries to Mr. Morris Birkbeck of Princeton, Gibson county, Indiana,—where gulls from England will find employment in clearing his wilderness. ‘An English farmer,’ he says, ‘possessing three thousand pounds, besides the charges of removal, (no light matter,) may establish himself well, as a proprietor and occupier of six hundred and forty acres’—of swamp or jungle;—‘the folly or the wisdom of the undertaking,’ he adds, ‘I leave among the propositions, which are too plain to admit of illustration.’ We are much misinformed (we have it from Washington) if Mr. Birkbeck, and his friend Flower too, have not long since found the ‘proposition’ much plainer even than they expected, and that if they can only find two ‘English farmers’ to take their precious bargain off their hands, we shall, in no great length of time, see them both back again on the sheep downs of Sussex. The flattering prospect indulged by these two ‘friends’ of ‘sitting under their own vines and their own fig-trees,’ on the ‘fifteen hundred acres each, which they had carved for themselves from a beautiful prairie,’ has already faded, and the fatal truth has been realized, that this new paradise affords no comforts like England, and that even the ‘penny-an-acre tax’ is paying a halfpenny too much. In spite, as we have already observed, of his forced attempt to make the best of America, every now and then the truth peeps out in some sarcastic remark on the character or the condition of the people. Among other things he is not a little ‘shocked to hear American lips call the grand in scenery *disgusting*’—the very scenery, by the way, which characterizes his purchase—while the epithet ‘*elegant*’ is used on every occasion to which it does not belong. We wonder it did not strike our fastidious friend that this was merely a species of the genus ‘anticipation.’

‘An *elegant improvement* is a cabin of rude logs, and a few acres with the trees cut down to the height of three feet, and surrounded by a worm-fence, or ziz-zag railing. You hear of an *elegant mill*, an *elegant orchard*, an *elegant tan-yard*, &c. and familiarly of *elegant roads*,—meaning such as you may pass without extreme peril. The word implies

implies eligibility or usefulness in America, but has nothing to do with taste; which is a term as strange to the American language, where I have heard it spoken, as comfort is said to be to the French, and for a similar reason:—the idea has not yet reached them.—p. 152.

In the plan which Mr. Birkbeck has already drawn up for the regulation of his new settlement, (for in a paroxysm of vanity, the poor man aspires to be the William Penn of the country on the Wabash,) there is not one syllable mentioned of religious instruction, nor one farthing set apart for any kind of public worship,—‘mutual interest,’ ‘good neighbourhood,’ ‘concentration of capital and population,’ are particularly enforced, and repeatedly mentioned as essential to property; but morality and religion form no part of the system. Mr. Birkbeck, however, is not contented with the mere omission of providing some institution for the religious and moral conduct of his citizens or subjects—he openly avows his hostility to all religious communities. ‘I wish,’ says he, ‘to see capital and population concentrated, with no bond of cohesion, but common interest arising out of vicinity, the true elements, as I conceive, of a prosperous nation.’—(p. 124.) And this is said in allusion to an industrious, inoffensive, and prosperous community, called ‘Harmonites,’ who have literally raised a town in the wilderness, near the banks of the Ohio; but he tells us ‘a slavish acquiescence, under a disgusting superstition, is so remarkable an ingredient in their character, that it checks all desire of imitation.’ But he shall himself describe ‘Harmony.’

‘This day, being Sunday, afforded us an opportunity of seeing grouped and in their best attire, a large part of the members of this wonderful community. It was evening when we arrived, and we saw no human creature about the streets:—we had even to call the landlord of the inn out of church to take charge of our horses. The cows were waiting round the little dwellings to supply the inhabitants with their evening’s meal. Soon the entire body of people, which is about seven hundred, poured out of the church, and exhibited so much health, and peace, and neatness in their persons, that we could not but exclaim, Surely the institutions which produce so much happiness must have more of good than of evil in them; and here I rest, not lowered in my abhorrence of the hypocrisy, if it be such, which governs the ignorant by nursing them in superstition; but inclined in charity to believe that the leaders are sincere. Certain it is, that living in such plenty, and a total abstraction from care about the future provision for a family, it must be some overbearing thralldom that prevents an increase of their numbers by the natural laws of population.’—pp. 119, 120.

Happy Harmonites!—let such scoffers as Mr. Birkbeck despise your ignorance and ridicule your ‘superstition.’ Above all, happy if you should escape the contamination of infidelity from such neighbours as those who affect to hold you up to scorn while they
 envy

envy your prosperity. Had it been your misfortune to have Mr. Morris Birkbeck for a neighbour, his principles would soon have 'uproared the peace' of your little society, and 'Harmony' ceased to be an appropriate name!

The neighbourhood of Vincennes is better adapted to the principles which our author openly professes: 'the simple maxim, that a man has a right to do any thing but injure his neighbour, is there very broadly adopted into the practical as well as political code'—a pretty broad maxim, and convenient enough where, of course, every man is his own judge. 'A good citizen is the common designation of respect when a man speaks of his neighbour as a virtuous man—"he is a very good citizen."' And, lastly, 'personal resistance to personal aggression holds a high place in the class of duties with the citizens of Indiana;' that is to say, every man who is strong enough takes the law into his own hands. The baptists, however, do all they can to repress this summary mode of redressing injuries among the brethren of the church.

'A respectable but knotty member of that community was lately arraigned before their spiritual tribunal for supporting heterodox opinions on this subject. After hearing the arguments derived from the texts of scripture, which favour the doctrines of non-resistance, he rose, and with energy of action suited to his words, declared that he should not wish to live longer than he had the right to knock down the man who told him he lied.'—p. 100.

We had proceeded thus far, and were about to close our remarks, when another production of Morris Birkbeck reached us. For a farmer, he seems unusually fond of the pen, and, in justice to his taste, we may observe, that he is likely to find it more productive than his plough. The date of his 'Notes,' which we have reviewed, is September, 1817, when, as he expresses it, he had just '*settled down*' in his wilderness; and only two months after, (namely, in November,) we find him busily at work on a second volume! A third, and a fourth, we doubt not, are already on the way to his publisher.

The new work takes the name of '*Letters from Illinois*.' Some malicious friend has furnished him with a motto of ominous import: *Vox clamantis à Deserto*; the voice of one crying out of the Desert. The fact, we suspect, is that simpletons do not flock quite so readily as he expected to the 'Paradise thus opened for them in the wild;' he is evidently alarmed, therefore, lest he should be left to the solitary enjoyment of his own happiness. Mr. Birkbeck allows too much to his own cunning, or too little to the understanding of his readers; for his plan to procure associates is most clumsily laid. He has scarcely, as we have just observed, traced
the

the outline of his Elysium, ere he falls to boasting as loudly of his pleasures and his profits as if they were already received and enjoyed: he sees harvests spread before he has yet planted a grain of corn, and villas rise before he has mortized the few rude logs which shelter him from the weather! Nay, he receives letters from anxious inquirers in various parts of Europe, respecting the blessings to be obtained by purchasing lots of land in his neighbourhood, &c. and he answers them with 'a gravity that might make one split.' Never was the game of *make-believe* played with such ludicrous solemnity, and such impudence.

To come, however, to these suppositious epistles, (which remind us of 'the genuine correspondence of the celebrated Dr. Solomon,') they are not of a nature to require from us much notice, nor do we think they will add to the reputation of the writer in any way. It would seem from them, however, that we had been misinformed in one point, namely, respecting Mr. Birkbeck's dissatisfaction with his new situation;—it was Mr. Flower only (so, at least, we understand the author, who is very sore on the subject) who prudently determined to abandon all his visionary projects, ere it was too late, and return to his own country;—but, on the other hand, they most fully substantiate the charge we have been compelled to bring against him of being a reviler and contemner of all religion; for he no longer deals in insinuations, but openly avows his total disregard and dislike to religion under whatever form it may appear. Where this is the case it is almost unnecessary to add that we should look in vain for any fixed moral principles—self-interest is the predominant motive and the end of every measure; and when Mr. Birkbeck tells us of the 'gentle manners, warm hearts, and cultivated understandings' of the estimable Wabashites, we may be quite sure that he speaks by the usual figure—the passage, however, is not unamusing.

'But what think you of a community, not only without an established religion, but of whom a large proportion profess no particular religion, and think as little about the machinery of it, as you know was the case with myself? What in some places is esteemed a decent conformity with practices which we despise, is here altogether unnecessary. There are, however, some sectaries even here, with more of enthusiasm than good temper; but their zeal finds sufficient vent in loud preaching and praying. The Court-house is used by all persuasions, indifferently, as a place of worship; any acknowledged preacher who announces himself for a Sunday or other day, may always collect an audience, and rave or reason as he sees meet. When the weather is favourable few Sundays pass without something of the sort. It is remarkable that they generally deliver themselves with that chanting cadence you have heard among the quakers. This is Christmas day, and seems to be kept

as a pure holiday—merely a day of relaxation and amusement: those that choose, observe it *religiously*; but the public opinion does not lean that way, and the law is silent on the subject. After this *deplorable* account you will not wonder when you hear of earthquakes and tornados amongst us. But the state of political feeling is, if possible, still more deplorable. Republican principles prevail universally. Those few zealous persons, who, like the ten faithful that were *not* found by Abraham, might have stood between their heathen neighbours and destruction, even these are among the most decided foes of all legitimacy, except that of a government appointed by the people. They are as fully armed with carnal weapons as with spiritual; and as determined in their animosity against royalty and its appurtenances, as they are against the kingdom of Anti-Christ; holding it as lawful to use the sword of the flesh for the destruction of the one, as that of the spirit for the other.

‘Children are not baptized or subjected to any superstitious rite; the parents name them, and that is all: and the last act of the drama is as simple as the first. There is no consecrated burial place or funeral service. The body is enclosed in the plainest coffin; the family of the deceased convey the corpse into the woods; some of the party are provided with axes, and some with spades; a grave is prepared, and the body quietly placed in it; then trees are felled, and laid over the grave to protect it from wild beasts. If the party belong to a religious community, preaching sometimes follows; if not, a few natural tears are shed in silence, and the scene is closed. These simple monuments of mortality are not unfrequent in the woods. Marriages are as little concerned with superstitious observances as funerals; but they are observed as occasions of festivity. We are not quite out of hearing of the world and its bustle, but the sound is rather long in reaching us. We receive the Philadelphia daily papers once a week, about a month after they are published; in these we read extracts from the English journals of the month preceding: so we take up the news as you forget it; and what happened three months ago in Europe is just now on the carpet here.’—pp. 23—25.

The administration of justice in these back-woods, by the ‘circuit court,’ must needs be delightful. Morris Birkbeck, who has as little regard for law as for religion, thus introduces ‘his honour’ the judge, and the gentlemen of the jury, to his correspondent.

‘Your military or fox-hunting experience has, I dare say, furnished adventures similar to those which are constantly occurring here to the gentlemen of the long robe, on their progress from court to court. The judge and the bar are now working their way to the next county seat, through almost trackless woods, over snow and ice, with the thermometer about zero. In last November circuit the judge swam his horse, I think, seven times in one day; how often in the whole circuit is not in the record. What would our English lawyers say to seven such ablutions in one November day? and then to dry their clothes on their back by turning round and round before a blazing fire, preparatory to a night’s

night's lodging on a cabin floor wrapped in their blankets; which, by the by, are the only robes used by the profession here.

'I have an anecdote of a judge with whom I am well acquainted, and therefore I believe it. I give it you as an instance of intrepidity, as well as of that ferocious violence which occurs but too frequently; by no means, however, as a specimen of the judicial character. A few years ago, before he was advanced to his present dignity, the foreman of a grand jury insulted him outrageously, out of court, of course. The man had a large knife in his hand, such as hunters always carry about them, and well know the use of; but the enraged barrister, with a hand-whip, or cow-hide as they are called, laid on so keenly that he actually cut his jacket to ribbons in defiance of the knife; and when the beaten and bleeding juryman made his piteous case known to his brethren, they fined him a dozen of wine for his cowardice.

'Another anecdote. A notorious offender had escaped from confinement, and, mounted on a capital horse, paraded the town where the judge resided, with a brace of loaded pistols, calling at the stores and grog-shops, and declaring he would shoot any man who should attempt to molest him. The judge hearing of it, loaded a pistol, walked deliberately up to the man to apprehend him, and on his making show of resistance shot him immediately. The ball entered the breast and came out behind, but did not prove mortal. He fell, was reconducted to gaol, escaped a second time, and was drowned in crossing the Ohio.—pp. 60—62.

These are really the only amusing passages that we could find in the whole volume. Its chief characteristic is dullness—this we did not expect from Mr. Morris Birkbeck; but he appears already to have exhausted his common-place book, and we have therefore little more than the most wearisome and uninteresting repetitions of the price of building log huts, fencing, cropping, &c., and of 'anticipations', on a grand scale, of what his estate may be worth, fourteen years hence—interlarded with a copious sprinkling of vituperation against the rents, the taxes, and the 'villainous aristocracy' of England, whose downfall he gaily announces. The 'dreadful crisis,' he assures us, 'is at hand,' p. 48. And, in generously giving some parliamentary news to a friend, only eighteen months after that friend must have learned it on the spot, he rises in his pretensions,

——— 'veluti fanaticus, œstro

Percussus, Bellona, tuo, *divina!*—

and exclaims—'I hear of a loan too, for the interest of which you must have new taxes!'

While the delighted prophet is thus viewing, in ecstatic vision, poor England involved in clouds, and abandoned to hopeless misery and despair, that elastic country is basking in the broad sunshine of peace and prosperity. Her soil, at this moment, is covered with the richest blessings of heaven; the busy hum of industry is
heard

heard in all her streets; every port is crowded; and ocean groans under the fleets that are posting towards her with every wind that blows. England, in short, wants nothing but thankfulness; nothing but a due sense of the mercies which are heaped upon her with an unsparing hand.

Sunk, however, and ruined as she is, in Mr. Birkbeck's opinion, he frankly acknowledges he would have been well satisfied to remain in her if he had *owned* the estate which he only *rented*—rented too from one of the 'villainous aristocrats.' It seems, however, by his own confession, that as long as he held it for about a third of its value, he imitated his landlord, and *lived* as if it had been actually his own; and when he at length discovered his mistake, he grew angry, railed against the government and its institutions, and quitted the country. In what manner this imitator of a *gentleman* farmer lived while things went on smoothly, is pretty broadly glanced at in one of his letters.

'Here,' (in the back-settlements,) 'I shall be employed in enlarging the circle of our enjoyments; there,' (in Sussex,) 'I was contracting it daily. My family had already made several downward movements; we had learnt to dispense with the comfort of a *carriage*; we mounted our horses instead: this was no bad exchange; but the cause of our making the exchange was irksome. From horseback my daughters cheerfully enough betook themselves to their feet: no great harm in that, only it was by compulsion. So we went down step by step.'—p. 28.

Had this man submitted, during his long course of prosperity, to a thousandth part of the privations which are now forced upon him, it is apparent, from his own statement, that he might have realized a sufficient sum to purchase the estate which he cultivated; but vanity first indulged to excess, and then mortified, joined to a want of principle, destroyed all his advantages, drove him from society, and 'settled him down' in the pestilential swamps of the Wabash; whence he looks at England (like another great 'anticipator') *with jealous leer malign*, and seeks some alleviation of his ulcerated feelings, in attempting to seduce her capitalists to follow his steps, and partake in his wretchedness.

Doctor Johnson, in his strong language, has somewhere said, that 'patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. The patriotism of Morris Birkbeck, we will do him the justice to believe, is not exactly that which is meant by the Doctor:—in fact, we know not well what it is; for he seems to disclaim the feeling, as well as the word in every sense of it with which we are acquainted.

'Our friend Cobbett,' he says, 'declaims about patriotism in sounding phrases, but I adhere to the maxim "*ubi libertas ibi patria*." What a country? the soil? Of this I was only an occupant. The government? I abhorred its deeds and its principles. The church? I did not believe
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in its doctrines, and had no reverence for the clergy. The army? No. The law? We have the same law here, with some omissions and some improvements. The people? Yes; but not the fund-holders, nor the soi-disant House of Commons; not the consumers, nor the creators of taxes.—pp. 28, 29.

Mr. Birkbeck bears hard upon 'our friend Cobbett.' The object of both is the same, namely, money; the commodities only in which they deal are different. 'Friend Cobbett' has nothing but *patriotism* to sell, and he therefore sets it off, as Mr. Birkbeck truly says, 'in sounding phrases.' Friend Morris has land to dispose of, and he naturally does the same. But both are equally sincere, equally disinterested, and—to sum up all in a word—equally to be trusted. We feel an honest pleasure in rescuing Mr. Cobbett from the invidious attack of this reformed Quaker.

On the whole, detesting, as we most cordially do, all the principles avowed by Mr. Birkbeck, moral and political, (religious, as we have seen, he has none,) we are ready to give him the credit of having written an entertaining little volume of 'Notes,' in which we are presented with an interesting and in some measure a faithful picture of the country through which he travelled, and the people with whom he had any intercourse. His 'Letters from Illinois' are of a different character: there is nothing in them that can excite the least degree of interest, except, perhaps, in those unfortunate persons whom he may succeed in seducing from the land of their fathers, in order to dispose of that property, which, with all its cheapness, is evidently a dead weight upon his hands.

One word more and we have done. Whatever 'New America' may have gained by the name of Birkbeck having ceased to be found in the list of the citizens of Old England, the latter has no reason to regret the loss. Many more of the same stamp may well be spared to wage war with the bears and red Indians of the 'back-woods' of America. For us—bad as England is represented, by such as, for reasons to which we have more than once alluded, may find it inconvenient to remain in it, we would rather possess a little cottage, with a few roods of land, perched on the skirts of a smiling common, mantled with the golden furze and the purple heath, than as many thousand acres of the 'pine barrens' and 'savannahs' of either New or Old America—well contented to exclaim with the poet,

'England, with all thy faults, we love thee still—
Our country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee.'—

- ART. III.—1. *A Treatise upon the Poor Laws.* By T. P. Courtenay, Esq. Svo.
2. *Remarks on a Course of Education designed to prepare the Youthful Mind for a Career of Honour, Patriotism, and Philanthropy.* By Thomas Myers, A. M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, &c.
3. *A Summary View of the Report and Evidence relative to the Poor Laws, published by order of the House of Commons, with Observations and Suggestions.* By S. W. Nicoll.
4. *A Letter to the Common Council and Livery of the City of London on the Abuses existing in Newgate, &c.* By the Hon. H. G. Bennet, M. P.

THE ruin of this kingdom has been predicted by shallow statesmen and malcontents rather more frequently than the destruction of the world has been announced by crazy prophets. Yet, because such predictions have proved only the presumptuousness and folly, or the malevolence and madness of those by whom they were uttered, it would be wretchedly illogical to conclude that the world will hold on its regular course through all eternity, or that the fortune of the country will always bear it triumphantly through all difficulties. The doctrine of climacterical years is justly accounted among the obsolete errors of medicine, yet there are seasons of life wherein the probabilities of disease and death are greater than at others,—and so it is in the constitution of society. It cannot, indeed, be foreknown, as in the human constitution, when such seasons are to be expected, but they may be well discovered by a judicious observer when they come; and he must have observed little, and reflected less, who does not perceive that this is one of those critical seasons—perhaps a more momentous one than that in which the restoration of letters and the invention of printing, the reformation in religion and the discovery of India and America, gave a new impulse to mankind, and affected them more or less throughout the globe. Whether the crisis shall be for evil or for good depends, under Providence, mainly upon ourselves. It must be for great good or for great evil. Let us inquire what may be done to assist the benignant indications, and counteract those of an opposite character.

In the progress of that great question, which is at this time before parliament, it may reasonably be hoped that some radical improvement will be effected in the poor laws, and in the condition of that class for whose benefit they were designed, but to whose deterioration they have unquestionably tended. The evil which these laws have produced increased slowly during the seventeenth and the greater part of the eighteenth century, because it had much to overcome

come in the habits and character of the English peasantry. There are feelings which for a while survive the institutions from which they have grown: the dependence which the feudal system created was of this kind. Long after the lord had ceased to require the service of his vassals in war, and to estimate his power by the number of men whom he could bring into the field either for or against his sovereign, the bond between them continued unbroken. They who were born upon his lands looked to him as their natural protector; the castle or the manor-house was open to them upon festival days, and from thence they were supplied in sickness with homely medicines, and that good diet, which, as old Tusser says, 'with wisdom, best comforteth man.' To look elsewhere for assistance and relief would have been equally painful to the one party and injurious to the other. The old man had no sense of degradation in accepting the bounty of those for whom he had faithfully laboured in his youth and strength; there was no humiliation inflicted or intended; it was part of the payment of his services, a debt of kindness and good-will, cheerfully paid and gratefully received. As the metropolis grew more attractive, the Lady Bountifuls and the Sir Roger de Coverlys became extinct: men mingled more with the world, and women attended more regularly at Vanity Fair. The peasantry, however, were still attached to the soil, and took root where they were born. The beneficial effects of this were that they grew up with a sense of family pride; the son did not wish to leave behind him a worse remembrance than his father; a good name was part of his inheritance, and, in case of unavoidable misfortune, it assured him relief; for charity is as much the characteristic of civilized man, as cruelty is of the savage. It is not necessary to look back beyond the memory of man for this state of things as very generally existing throughout the country. A labourer would not, without extreme reluctance, apply for parochial aid, and nothing but extreme necessity could induce him to enter a poor-house. They who were reconciled to the inevitable lot of poverty shrunk from the disgrace of pauperism, and many are the instances wherein money which could ill be spared from the scanty provision of old age has been laid aside, that there might be something to defray the expenses of a decent funeral without coming upon the parish, even after death—such used to be the character of the stationary poor.

Some price is paid for every improvement in society, and every stage in our progress brings with it its concomitant evils: if the good do but predominate it is all we can expect in this imperfect world, and all that we ought to desire, for this is not our abiding-place. In the middle rank of life, which is assuredly the happiest, (and which in this country and at this time is beyond all doubt the most favourable situation in which man has ever been placed for the cultivation

tivation of his moral and intellectual nature,) the greatest abatement of happiness arises from the dispersion of families and the breaking up of family ties. When we think of the patriarchal age, it is its exemption from this evil that constitutes its peculiar and almost romantic charm. How rarely is it that a large family is ever collected together after the years of childhood are past! the daughters are transplanted into other households, the sons go east and west in search of fortune, separated from each other and from their birth-place by wide tracks of sea and land; they are divided in youth, and when those meet again, who live to meet, the first feeling is that sinking of the spirit which the sense of time and change produces, embodied as it were, and pressing upon the heart with all the weight of mortality. There is much to compensate for this in the middle ranks of life—communication is maintained in absence, a home for the natural affections exists—a resting-place where hope and memory meet; a wider scene of action brings with it increase of knowledge, enlargement of mind, new joys and new powers of enjoyment—in most cases a manifest balance of good. But the migratory system extends lower in society where there are not the same qualifying circumstances: it has arisen, as it became needful: the state and the general good require that it should be so; it recruits our fleets and armies, it furnishes hands for our manufactures, and supplies the consumption of life in our great cities; but its moral effects upon the great majority are lamentably injurious. The eye and the voice of a parent never wholly lose their effect over minds which are not decidedly disposed to chuse the evil part; and there are always in a man's birth-place those whose good opinion he has been desirous of obtaining, and to whom he is inclined to listen with habitual deference. From such wholesome influences the uneducated and the ill-educated are removed at an age when they stand most in need of affectionate counsel and prudent controul. They go where they are altogether strangers, or at least where there are none who have a near and dear concern in watching over their welfare. Good and evil manners are both contagious; but the evil contagion is the stronger, and it is to this that they are most exposed.

And here we may notice one cause of moral deterioration which operates widely, at present, among the class of which we are speaking:—the practice among the lower order of manufacturers and tradesmen of taking out-of-door apprentices, instead of boarding them in the house, as was the old custom. Boys and lads just rising into manhood, are thus left to themselves and to each other, without the slightest controul, except that of their own good principles, if they happen to have been trained up in the way they should go: we say *happen*, because so little provision has been made

for this in our institutions, and so generally is it neglected by individuals as well as by the state, that the youth in humble life, who has been properly instructed in his duty towards God and man, may be regarded as unusually fortunate. The evil consequences of this practice are apparent; the apprentice, being thus uncontrouled, is in danger of contracting those habits which lead to idleness and want, and, perhaps, to a still more pitiable termination; and many a youth is thus sacrificed whom a careful master and the regulations of a well ordered family might have saved from ruin. They who reflect upon the course of society in this country cannot, indeed, but perceive that the opportunities and temptations to evil have greatly increased, while the old restraints, of every kind, have as generally fallen into disuse. The stocks are now as commonly in a state of decay as the market-cross; and while the population has doubled upon the church establishment, the number of ale-houses has increased ten-fold in proportion to the population.

At a time when the legislature is taking into its consideration the momentous question of the Poor Laws, it is more than ever of importance that it should be well understood how large a part of the evil arises from causes which are completely within the power of the local magistrates, and how much may be accomplished by the efforts of benevolent individuals which cannot be reached by any legislative enactment. As the establishment of inns is one of the surest proofs and accompaniments of increasing civilization, so the multiplication of ale-houses is not less surely the effect and the cause of an increased and increasing depravity of manners. It may be affirmed broadly and without qualification, that every public-house in the country, which is not required for the convenience of travellers, wayfarers and persons frequenting a market, is a seminary for idleness, misery and pauperism. We are speaking here of villages and small towns—large cities have wants and diseases of their own, of which we shall speak hereafter; but every public-house in the country, which is not necessary for the public good, is in itself a public evil and a cause of evil. To advise any sudden reduction of their numbers would be absurd. Hasty reformatations bring with them greater evils than those which they are intended to correct: but, in this case, there is an easy and unobjectionable course. No new house should be licensed without clear proof that it would be useful to the neighbourhood;—which it could only be where a new village was rising, or where there was a rapid increase of inhabitants from some local causes: that a gentleman's servant wanted an establishment, or that a brewer found it advantageous to have another tap-room opened for the consumption of his beer, ought not to be considered sufficient causes for adding to what are already far too numerous. With regard to the unnecessary number of houses
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which are already open, the licence should not be revived when the present occupier removes, or dies; one generation would then produce the desired reduction. And in every instance where habitual riot and drunkenness were suffered, or the doors kept open till an improper hour of the night, the licence should uniformly be taken away. Were the magistrates and parish-officers strictly to enforce these latter regulations, (as the law empowers and their duty requires them to do,) they would soon perceive the good effect in the amended morals of the parish, and that amendment would, slowly indeed, but certainly, be felt in the poor-rates. To punish offences is always a painful task—there is nothing painful nor invidious in preventing them: and such prevention tends so evidently to the immediate benefit of the persons whom it affects, that even their own acquiescence in the fitness and utility of the measure may be looked for. The man who finds himself in the morning without a head-ache, and with the money in his pocket which he would otherwise have squandered in procuring one, cannot but acknowledge in his heart that he is the better for the restriction, however much it may have offended him at the time. But certainly they who exert themselves to prevent drunkenness and disorder will have the women on their side: the wife will rejoice in measures which may wean her husband from habits that ensure misery and want; and mothers will pray God to bless the magistrates who are instrumental in keeping their sons from temptation.

In the time of James I. it appears to have been common even for country labourers both to eat their meals and to lodge in inns or ale-houses. Sir Frederick Morton Eden, in whose great repository of facts concerning the history of the poor this is mentioned, does not determine whether this mode of living was occasioned 'by the injudicious regulations of Elizabeth's parliament, which prohibited the erection of cottages, or by the statute of inmates, which, in the city of London, and probably in other corporate towns, limited the number of inmates in a house to one family; or whether it was the natural and intermediate step in the progress of society, from the absolute dependence of the slave on his master for both diet and habitation, to the improved condition of the free labourer, who, at present, rarely resides under the same roof with his employer.' Whatever may have been the causes of this curious system, or whatever its extent, (for it cannot possibly have been general,) the effect was much less pernicious than that which our pot-houses produce at present. The character of the house itself was widely different—the ordinary was the usual denomination; and the word *victualler*, by which the law still designates an innkeeper, implies that originally his profits were derived more from the larder than the tap. 'The Innholders Posie,' provided for him by the honest

old rhymers, shews that inns in those days were upon the same plan in this country as they now are upon the continent.

At meals, my friend, who vitleth here, and sitteth with his host,
 Shall both be sure of better cheer, and 'scape with tesser cost;
 But he that will attendance have, a chamber by himself,
 Must more regard what pains do crave, than pas of worldly pelf.

It is obvious, that the labourer, who lodged in one of these houses, would be little likely to lay by any part of his earnings: they could be no schools of frugality; but it is equally obvious, that he would not be tempted to riotous expenditure. He was, in fact, one of the family; it was essential to their comfort that his habits should be sober and decent, and it was more directly essential to his own also; because, according to his conduct in this point would be the respect and kindness with which he would be treated. The landlord counted upon his regular payments, and therefore to have encouraged him in drunkenness, for the sake of a little more immediate gain, would have been like killing the goose with the golden eggs. The landlord, we may be sure, would remember the old stave:—

Give us old ale and book it,
 O give us old ale and book it;
 And when you would have your money for all,
 My cousin may chance to look it.

But this system is entirely out of use in the country, and in large towns there are no other remains of it than may be traced in the ordinaries and the cook-shops. The eating and drinking houses are now, in a great degree, separated, the one being as useful as the other is pernicious. For the labouring man, the ale-house is now a place of pure unmingled evil; where, while he is single, he squanders the money which should be laid up as a provision for marriage, or for old age; and where, if he frequent it after he is married, he commits the far heavier sin of spending, for his own selfish gratification, the earnings, upon which the woman, whom he has rendered dependent on him, and the children to whom he has given birth, have the strongest of all claims. The diminution of these houses is one of the most practicable and efficient means of real radical reform.

The lower orders may be divided into the large classes of persons employed in agriculture, manufacturers, handicraftsmen, miners, day-labourers, and domestic servants: there is, likewise, a very numerous body in great cities, which the wants of a great city create, draymen, hackney-coachmen, porters, butchers, &c.: the army and navy are supplied from all these classes; the unfortunate, and still more, the improvident, compose the great army of paupers; while the outcasts and reprobates are those vagabonds and ruffians
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who annoy and endanger the rest of the community. The Spanish Census, which was taken before we had any thing more than mere conjecture to proceed upon in this important part of statistics, distinguishes the different employments of men with a minuteness which is highly curious, though, in our complicated system of society, it would be hardly attainable. We have however before us some tables, formed with great knowledge and singular ability, whereby it appears that the number of families employed in agriculture, throughout England and Wales, are, upon an average of all the counties, thirty-six in a hundred. Manufacturers, it is obvious, must always be exposed to great and sudden fluctuations, arising from causes over which neither they nor their employers have any controul: there is a bare possibility that those which are occasioned by the humour of fashion might be removed, if they who lead the fashions were made sensible of the severe injury which is often done to large bodies of men, by the capricious disuse of any article for which there has been a considerable demand: he, however, who should expect this, must be a sturdy believer in the perfectibility of women; and indeed, in general, the demand which ceases in one quarter is only transferred to another, and the same quantity of industry is put in motion by the same expenditure. But the stoppages which arise from political causes bring with them no compensation of this kind; they are more extensive, and they are, in their very nature, irremediable. In this respect, therefore, the situation of the manufacturers is worse than that of any of the other labouring classes, for whose services there is, generally speaking, a certain and equal demand, and that demand almost wholly independent of any but local circumstances. On the other hand the difference of wages is sufficient to compensate for this, though the chances of ill fortune do not usually enter into our calculations for so much as they ought. Wages, of course, must always differ according to the quality of the work, and the dexterity or strength of the workmen; but the wages of every handicraft man throughout this kingdom are more than sufficient for his maintenance, in ordinary times; it is only in agriculture that they are unjustly depressed by the injurious effect of the poor laws. What then are the causes of pauperism?—misfortune in one instance, misconduct in fifty; want of frugality, want of forethought, want of prudence, want of principle;—want of hope also should be added. But hope and good principles may be given by human institutions;—it is the interest, it is the paramount duty of government, to see that they are given; and if they are not followed by prudence and prosperity, as their natural consequence, the evil will be of that kind for which the sufferer has nothing to reproach himself. Weak as we are and prone to sin, it is not often that we murmur against the dispensations

of Providence. The privations, the sufferings, the bereavements which come from God, are borne humbly, and patiently, and religiously:—it even seems as if the heart were like those fruits which ripen the more readily when they are wounded. But if affliction soften the heart, adversity, too often, tends to harden it: the injuries of fortune affect men with a sense of injustice, and are resented like wrongs; and when they proceed from misconduct, any feeling is more tolerable than that of self-condemnation. Men seek to justify themselves against the inward accuser, and set up the standard of their own morality against the law. Guilt is a skilful sophist: the veriest wretch who subsists by pilfering, or closes a course of more audacious crimes at the gallows, forms for himself a system which is, in its origin and end, the same as that of Buonaparte, and the other philosophers of the Satanic school.

It is among the lower classes that those miseries, as well as those diseases are found, which become infectious to the community. The vices to which they are prone are idleness, drunkenness, gambling, and cruelty: gambling is the least frequent, and might almost wholly be prevented, were the magistrates to exert themselves, and the parish officers to do their duty. Cruelty is less within the cognizance of human laws, and yet we trust those abominable sports, which tend to foster it, will be prohibited; this indeed is a bestial principle which no moral and religious alchemy can transmute into any thing good: the others are only perversions of the great springs of human action; which, when they have their proper direction assigned them, operate immediately to the benefit of the individual and the public. They proceed from self-indulgence, or that love of excitement which man retains as a distinguishing characteristic from inferior animals, when, in all other respects, he has, as far as possible, degraded himself to their level. Where this is the case it is not always the fault of the individual, even in civilized and Christian countries—even in our own. Animals go rightly, according to the ends of their creation, when they are left to themselves; they follow their instinct, and are safe: but it is otherwise with man; the ways of life are a labyrinth for him; his infancy does not stand more in need of a mother's care, than his moral and intellectual faculties require to be nursed and fostered; and when these are left to starve for want of nutriment, how infinitely more deplorable is his condition than that of the beasts who perish!

Herein it is that our Reformation was left imperfect. No blame for this is imputable to those good and admirable men by whose learning and labour it was effected, by whose martyrdom it was sealed. They felt and urged the necessity of providing good education for the people; and that most excellent prince, Edward VI., reckoned it first among the medicines which must cure the sores of
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the commonweal: he reckoned it 'first in order, as first in dignity and degree.' 'Men,' said he, 'keep longest the savour of their first bringing up; wherefore, seeing that it seemeth so necessary a thing, we will show our device herein.' Every thing* indeed which a good and judicious mind could desire as tending most surely to the improvement of his country and his kind, seems to have been contemplated by this extraordinary youth—1. Good education. 2. Devising of good laws. 3. Executing the laws justly without respect of persons. 4. Example of rulers. 5. Punishing of vagabonds and idle persons. 6. Encouraging the good. 7. Ordering well the Customers. 8. Engendering friendship in all parts of the commonwealth. These be the chief points that tend to order well the whole commonwealth.—'Nevertheless,' he says, 'when all these laws be made, established, and enacted, they serve to no purpose except they be fully and duly executed. By whom? By those that have authority to execute; that is to say, the noblemen and the justices of peace. Wherefore I would wish that after this Parliament were ended, those noblemen, except a few that should be with me, went to their counties, and there should see the statutes fully and duly executed; and that those men should be put from being justices of the peace that be touched or blotted with those vices that be against these new laws to be established: for no man that is in fault himself can punish another for the same offence.' With due allowance for the little which is not applicable to our present state of society, every thing is here noted which is required for a thorough reformation of the people,—sound instruction for all, wholesome chastisement for the dissolute, wholesome encouragement for the well-disposed, and the watchful execution of those minor laws, upon the proper observance of which the general weal is not less dependent than domestic comfort and happiness are upon the minor morals. Time passes on, manners and customs change, institutions are modified; some ripen in the course of age, and others fall to decay; but the great principles of politics and ethics, of public and private morality, are fixed and immutable,—fixed as the order of the universe, immutable as its Creator.

The platform of general instruction was not laid (as it should have been) when we passed from popery to protestantism. Funds wrested iniquitously from the church, and which, if justly applied, would have provided for this most important object with a munificence of which no age or country has ever yet seen an example,

* 'I could wish,' says King Edward, 'that when time shall serve, the superfluous and tedious statutes were brought into one sum together, and made more plain and short, to the intent that men might the better understand them; which thing shall much help to advance the profit of the commonwealth.'—If this were to be desired in his days, how infinitely more needful must it be now!

were dilapidated by the profuse expenditure of Henry VIII., and the rapacity of his favourites: and perhaps if his saintly son had attained to longer life, he might have found his best intentions frustrated by the opposition which they would have experienced from selfishness, cupidity, and contending parties. But unhappily while little was done, the easier work of undoing had proceeded with its natural rapidity. Such as the instruction of the Romish church is, it was amply provided by the Romish establishment: its outward and visible forms were always before the eyes of the people; the ceremonials were dexterously interwoven with the whole habits of their usual life; the practice of confession, baleful as it is, and liable to such perilous abuses, had yet the effect of bringing every individual under the knowledge of his spiritual teacher, while a faith, blind indeed, and grossly erroneous, was kept alive in the most ignorant of the populace by superstitious observances, the scaffolding and the trappings, the tools and the trinkets of popery. In addition to all these means, the country was filled with itinerant preachers, actively employed in co-operating with the secular clergy to one general end, (however opposed to them in individual interest,) and in supporting and strengthening the influence of the church establishment. Under that state of things, every person in the kingdom was instructed in as much of Christianity as his teacher, erring himself and ignorant of its true nature, thought necessary for salvation. He was well taught in certain legends, and knew perfectly the romance of his patron saint, and the fable of his favourite idol: he had a lively faith in purgatory, and had learnt when to kneel and when to cross himself at a mysterious and unintelligible service; and he could repeat certain prayers, with a full persuasion of their devoutness and of the utility of repeating them, though he did not understand the meaning of one syllable. Great superstition was inculcated, and implicit faith, and it has been wisely and charitably observed by John Wesley, that ‘God makes allowance for invincible ignorance, and blesses the faith notwithstanding the superstition!’

This was the religious state of our common people before the Reformation; the point of instruction was reached at which their teachers aimed, and which their rulers thought necessary. And this is the condition of the common people in Catholic countries at this day, where they have not been infected by the pestilence of revolutionary impiety. Its effect in attaching them invincibly to the old institutions of their native land has been nobly exemplified in La Vendée, in Portugal, and in Spain. It is accompanied every where with a lamentable ignorance of the real nature of Christianity, and with a most adulterated system of morals as well as of faith; but if the same diligence had been used in these kingdoms for in-structing

structing every person in the pure faith and pure morals of the English church, can we doubt that it would have been equally successful?

We shall not surely be suspected of any disposition to favour the abuses of the Romish church; and therefore, without apprehending censure, we may express our regret, that, when those abuses were shaken off, it was either not found possible, or not thought convenient, to reform the regular clergy, instead of abolishing them altogether. Every person who has seen these orders in countries where they yet exist, must know with what scandal they are attended in their unreformed state, though the crimes imputed to them in England, as a pretext for the violent and iniquitous measure of their dissolution, were beyond all doubt grossly exaggerated. But here we have felt, and still feel, and perhaps shall one day feel yet more severely, the evil consequences of having disbanded the whole auxiliary force of the church; who did *for* it what the Methodists and other proselyting sectaries are now doing *against* it; and performed duties which the parochial clergy have never been numerous enough to discharge in all places, had the zeal in every case existed, and which, however zealous, it is not possible that they should discharge in populous places. Their institution, by rendering poverty a part of their religious profession, effected in their behalf the difficult point of making it perfectly compatible with general respect. These preachers were taken away, and at the same time the parochial clergy, who till then had lived in a certain and proper degree of affluence, were impoverished, the necessary effect of making them poor being to expose them to contempt.

The evil consequences to the clergy and to the church are frequently noticed by the writers of Elizabeth's and the succeeding reign:—'Politick men,' says one, 'begin apace already to withhold their children from schools and universities; any profession else better likes them, as knowing they may live well in whatsoever calling, save in the ministry.'—'They have taken away the unction and left us nothing but the alabaster box, the shreds, the sheards, the scrapings of our own.'—'As for the ministers that have *livings*,' says Thomas Adams, (and his marginal note says *leavings* not *livings*, Thomas Adams being addicted to the sin of punning,) 'they are scarce *live-ons*, or enough to keep themselves and their families living; and for those that have none, they may make themselves merry with their learning, if they have no money, for they that bought the patronages must needs sell the presentations.

'Vendere jure potest, emerat ille prius.'

'And then, if Balaam's ass hath but an audible voice and a soluble purse, he shall be preferred before his master, were he ten prophets. If this weather hold, Julian need not send learning into exile,

exile, for no parent will be so irreligious as, with great expenses, to bring up his child at once to misery and sin.'

The condition of the inferior clergy, though it still requires improvement, has been greatly improved during the last century; but the effects of this long continued evil are still felt. For while the means of religious instruction were thought insufficient, the population has doubled upon those means, and the consequence has been that the populace in England are more ignorant of their religious duties than they are in any other Christian country. 'It would make any true Christian's heart bleed to think,' says Bishop Croft, 'how many thousand poor souls there are in this land that have no more knowledge of God than heathens; thousands of the mendicant condition never come to church, and are never looked after by any; likewise thousands of mean husbandry-men that do come to church, understand no more of the sermon than brutes. Perchance in their infancy some of them learnt a little of their Catechism, that is, they could, like parrots, say some broken pieces, but never understand the meaning of one line; but afterwards, as they grow up to be men, grow more babes in religion, so ignorant as scarce to know their Heavenly Father; and are admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, before they are able to give account of the sacrament of baptism. Thus it is generally in the country, and in the city as bad; partly for the reason before specified, and partly by reason the number in many parishes is far greater than any one pastor can have a due care of; he cannot know half the names or faces of them, much less their faults and behaviour, which is requisite that he may both instruct and reprove when there is need.' At this day the case is worse than when the good Bishop of Hereford thus represented it; the increase of population, were there no other cause, would unavoidably have made it worse. But we must also regard the growth of large towns during the last threescore years; the progress of manufactures, and the vices which unhappily both the one and the other generate, feed, and foster. Thus, even in the natural course of things, darkness has in this respect been gaining upon light, just as weeds and brambles spread themselves, where cultivation is neglected. And what is to be looked for, if, while we have been remiss in sowing good seed, the enemy has continued to sow tares, with that pestilent activity by which mischievous and malignant natures are distinguished, — what indeed but such an increase of pauperism, profligacy, and crimes of every kind, as that to which the poor-rates and the courts of law at this time bear frightful and formidable testimony!

It has been well argued by Stillingfleet, that God exercises a particular providence with respect to the condition of kingdoms and nations, making it better or worse according to the moral and religious

religious condition of the people. For the moral order of the world is not less immutable than its physical laws. The seasons are not linked together in more inevitable sequence than human actions and their consequences; and trees do not more certainly bring forth fruit after their kind than good and evil are attendant upon virtue and vice. For individuals, indeed, the day of reckoning may not always be in this world—the greater their misery when it is deferred: but communities, existing only in time, cannot escape from their temporal account. There can be no permanent prosperity unless it be founded upon industry, virtue and religion; the public weal, as well as the welfare and happiness of individuals rests upon these, and rests upon them wholly; in proportion as the people become idle, immoral, and irreligious, the state becomes insecure, its base is undermined, and it is well observed by Mr. Walpole, that ‘in policy, as in architecture, the ruin is greatest when it begins with the foundation.’

In the miserably misgoverned Turkish empire men are at this time retrograding from the settled to the nomadic state of life; the wandering population is continually increased by those who desert to it from the oppression which they endure; and thus the last remaining wrecks of civilization, in what was once the most civilized, the most intellectual and the most flourishing part of the whole habitable earth, would one day be destroyed, if it were not reasonable to believe that Providence will bring about a great and beneficial change in its own good time. Those who thus prefer the wilderness to the city, and the tent to the fixed habitation, are in some respects bettered by the exchange; they are less in danger of the plague, and if they leave none of their vices behind them, they acquire at least manly habits to which they were strangers before. The change which has been going on among us has none of these qualifying circumstances for the individual, while it tends to the direct and immediate detriment of the commonweal. With us, they who withdraw themselves from the service of society are enlisted instantly against it. As soon as they cease to support themselves by their own earnings, they begin to consume the property of others. Hobbes, in the frontispiece to his *Leviathan*, has delineated his commonwealth as a crowned and armed human image, whose body is composed of individuals; the magistrates form the breast, the military are its arms, and if the figure had been given at full length, the peasantry and mechanics would have been seen constituting the feet and legs. We have had occasion to notice elsewhere the apt similitude which he has found for the libellous and seditious members of the community. If he had contemplated the present effect of the Poor Laws, he might have devised one not less appropriate for the paupers of the state, and the body of his personified

sonified Commonwealth would have appeared as much infested with extraneous and injurious life as that of a beetle with its annoying parasites, being of all creatures the one which is most tormented by such attendants.

The remedies for this great evil are what King Edward indicated, good education ; the due administration of good laws ; coercion for the idle, the profligate, and the wicked ; encouragement for the well-disposed.

Much has, undoubtedly, been done for educating the children of the poor in these latter years, but it wants a firm and permanent foundation. The schools which have hitherto been established are supported wholly by voluntary subscriptions. It may be hoped that the liberality, which proceeds from a sense of duty towards God and man, will not abate, though it should no longer be provoked by the excitement of hostile views and interests : but it would be unreasonable to expect that the funds which are thus raised shall be considerably increased ; and it is impossible that they should be commensurate with the necessity that exists. At this time it is stated, upon the best authority, that there are in London from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty thousand children, between the ages of six and sixteen, without the means of education ; and that from two to four thousand of these are hired out to beggars and employed in thieving.

The prodigious increase of youthful criminals is an effect of the enormous increase of the metropolis, though so direct and obvious a cause seems to be overlooked by those who have written upon the subject. Great cities do not with more certainty generate foul air, and condense contagion, than they assist the propagation of moral diseases. And yet, under a good police, medical and moral, the means, both of prevention and remedy, may be applied with far greater celerity, and therefore with more likelihood of success, than in places where the population is scattered. Accordingly, in all Utopian romances, the perfect model of policy, according to the author's notion of this wide subject, is always exhibited in the capital of his ideal commonwealth ; and in the only attempt which has ever been made for exhibiting such schemes in practice, the people were all collected into inclosed towns. Here, it may be observed, that in all ideal schemes of government a greater superintendence is supposed on the part of the magistrates, and a greater interference with the actions of individuals and the occupations of private life, than has ever been exercised under the most despotic monarchies. And so surely is this passion for interference found in those persons who seat themselves in imagination, or in reality, in the seat of the lawgivers, without having any legal pretensions or natural qualification for the place, that both in our own history,

and

and in that of France, the men who were loudest in demanding the most unlimited liberty for themselves, in thought, word, and deed, have no sooner been in possession of power, than they have laid the severest restrictions upon the thoughts, words, and deeds of all except themselves and their own party.

There is no danger of our tending toward the same extreme ; but we shall err wickedly and perilously on the other side, if we allow the evil, or any evil which we possess the means of controlling, to take its course uncontrolled. Children are daily to be seen, in hundreds and thousands, about the streets of London, brought up in misery and mendicity, first to every kind of suffering, afterwards to every kind of guilt, the boys to theft, the girls to prostitution, and this not from accidental causes, but from an obvious defect in our institutions ! Throughout all our great cities, throughout all our manufacturing counties, the case is the same as in the capital. And this public and notorious evil, this intolerable reproach, has been going on year after year, increasing as our prosperity has increased, but in an accelerated ratio. If this were regarded by itself alone, distinct from all other evils and causes of evil, it might well excite shame for the past, astonishment for the present, and apprehension for the future ; but if it be regarded in connection with the increase of pauperism, the condition of the manufacturing populace, and the indefatigable zeal with which the most pernicious principles of every kind are openly disseminated, in contempt and defiance of the law and of all things sacred, the whole would seem to form a fund of vice, misery, and wickedness, by which not only our wealth, power, and prosperity, but all that constitutes the pride, all that constitutes the happiness of the British nation is in danger of being absorbed and lost.

The sternest republican that ever Scotland produced was so struck by this reflection, that he did not hesitate to wish for the re-establishment of domestic slavery, as a remedy for the squalid wretchedness and audacious guilt with which his country was at that time overrun. No sooner was a system of parochial education established there, than a change began to operate. The roots of that huge overspreading evil were cut, and Scotland, which was then as lawless and barbarous as Ireland is now, became the most orderly part of the British dominions. The growth of manufactures, the abuse of distillation, and the infidelity with which some of the Scotch schools have spawned during the last half century are great counteracting principles, whose influence must be lamentably felt. These principles are common to both countries ; and the striking advantages which Scotland possesses on the score of general morals can be ascribed only to two causes, its parochial education and the management of its poor. We have before us a Table of the proportion

portion of persons committed for criminal offences in different parts of Great Britain to the population of those parts, formed upon an average of the five years from 1805 to 1809. In London and Middlesex it was 1 in 854; in the midland circuit 1 in 5414; in Scotland 1 in 19,967. That there is any thing better in the Scotch character than in our own, we should not acknowledge, nor would they pretend; the difference can only be caused by the care with which the people are trained up in moral and religious habits, —this being, perhaps, the most important part of policy, and without which all other measures of good government are imperfect and insecure. The Utopians understood this well:—‘*summam adhibent industriam, ut bonas protenus opiniones, et conservandæ ipsorum Reipublicæ utiles, teneris adhuc et sequacibus puerorum animis instillent; quæ ubi pueris penitus insederint, viros per totam vitam comitantur, magnamque ad tuendum publicæ rei statum (qui non nisi vitiis dilabatur, quæ ex perversis nascuntur opinionibus) afferunt utilitatem.*’

The quack in politics, like the quack in medicine, prescribes one remedy for all the maladies of the commonweal: it is a sure criterion of quackery to do so. Education alone will not do every thing, but it is the base upon which every thing must rest, and unless we lay the foundation here, we are building upon sand. Are we contented with our institutions, civil and religious? have we risen and thriven under them, with God’s blessing, and by their means? have they been tried and sifted in controversy, proved and approved by experience, purified, and matured and sanctified by time? why then do we omit any possible means of engrafting them upon the hearts of every succeeding generation, of amalgamating them with their moral and intellectual being,—

‘That generations yet to come might to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same, and they again to theirs!’

So well are the Jesuits aware how much depends upon laying the foundation deep, that they insist upon having their pupils left wholly to their care during the whole time of their education: ‘the progress and happiness of the young student, not less than the discipline of collegiate life, require that he should not be removed, even at the times of vacation.’—So it is said in the terms of the college which the Jesuits have established in Ireland. The same principle was laid down by the founder of the Methodists as a fundamental law for his school of the prophets. A catechism was prepared by Buonaparte’s orders, to be generally used throughout his extensive empire, wherein the chief principle inculcated was the duty of a devoted obedience to the Emperor. Wherefore should we be less wise in our generation, when the means required for accomplishing a better end are as unexceptionable as the object? Little more than the due observance

observance of good laws and customs is necessary here; and this may be accomplished by well-directed zeal and benevolence, without any legislative interference. Let us suppose that the suggestion of the committee were adopted in some parish where the circumstances should be favourable to its adoption, and that instead of relieving poor families by an allowance for the maintenance of their children, it were determined that the children themselves, above the age of three years, should be taken, educated, and maintained. Whether every child so supported would, by the time it attained the age of fourteen, have indemnified the parish for the whole cost of its maintenance and instruction, is a subordinate consideration. Locke supposed that this would be the case, and so did Berkeley. That they might do so is certain, and the obstacles would arise not from the children themselves, but from the difficulty of finding fit persons to direct their industry. But however much the economical part of the scheme might fail, the greater object would be accomplished, that every child would be instructed in its duty, trained up in orderly and decent habits, and taught some useful employment.

Mr. Courtenay has discussed this subject with that good feeling and good sense which distinguish his *Treatise upon the Poor Laws*.

‘The instruction and maintenance of the poor in charity schools, is not a speculative project for bettering the condition of society; there would perhaps be no question but that a residence at home, with affectionate and independent parents, would in that point of view be preferable; but the question now is, whether, where that independence has been destroyed, and the virtuous feeling greatly endangered,—where the parent is unable to feed his child and incapable of teaching him,—the state may not ensure a moral education to the being which it preserves. It is not proposed to compel the separation of the child from the parent, where the parent undertakes to maintain it; or, in all cases, to prohibit the public authorities, from assisting the parent without that condition. It is simply intended to enact, that when a parent declares himself unable to maintain those whom the laws of nature have made dependent upon him, his neighbours should have a right to say to him, “we will not supply your deficiencies, but we will protect your child against the effect of your neglect.”

‘The measure is assuredly one of the mildest which we can adopt if we retreat at all from the present system. It may, indeed, be deemed too little of a reform, and censured as “a solecism against the simple and powerful policies of nature;” inasmuch as it involves, equally with the present mode, the undertaking to feed all the children of the poor.

‘It is much for the law to say, that no man’s child shall starve;—it is certainly too much, that it should also provide that the child shall be subsisted in the mode most agreeable to the parents, and so that no more inconvenience shall be sustained on its account, than if the parents had fulfilled

fulfilled their natural duties towards it. To enable them to do this, by an adequate addition to their income, is to put a pauper in a better situation than any other member of society, since some inconvenience, deprivation, or degradation follows in almost all but the very highest ranks, the birth of a numerous family. Inconveniences, and afflictions indeed, of the very nature of the present suggestion, are felt by parents in the middling classes; many of the public establishments, of which persons of moderate incomes are desirous of availing themselves, require separation at a considerable distance, and submission to rules offensive and irksome. At an age somewhat later, a banishment to distant and unhealthy climes is often the only resource. Few fathers can ensure to their children a continuance in the rank of society in which they were born. In the case of the very poorest, there would be no lower degree but actual starvation; *that* the law attempts to prevent,—not because this lowest class has a right to be exempted from the general inconvenience, but because in such a case, the evil would be more severe than humanity allows us to contemplate.

‘Yet I cannot but think it most probable, that much less of misery would be sustained by children in the proposed schools, than the most liberal administration of the Poor Laws would otherwise prevent by money payments. Large as are the sums allowed, there is still unquestionably much of squalid poverty, and much suffering from disease amongst numerous families in general. In the schools, attention would doubtless be paid to the health and personal cleanliness of the children, and much more of filth and misery withdrawn from the habitations of the poor than the pecuniary allowance now averts. The inexpediency of the proposal might perhaps fairly be grounded, rather upon its mildness and consequent inefficiency, than upon the harshness of its pressure upon the people.’—pp. 54—56.

Even in an Utopian parish it would only be needful to suppose a regular inspection of the school by the salaried overseer, or the select vestry, and a little of that notice and that attention toward the children, on the part of the clergyman and the wealthier inhabitants, which kind hearts could find a pleasure in bestowing. A parish where this measure should be adopted and properly conducted, would not find itself burthened with too many children in the present generation, and in the next, the number of those who required its aid would begin sensibly to diminish, for the Saving Banks will then have a visible effect, and they who have been thus trained up will acquire a spirit of independence, a habit of industry, a sense of prudence, and a feeling of principle which will prevent them from marrying till they have some provision in store. Away then with all silly theorems concerning population,—the battology of statistics, ‘with many words making nothing understood.’ Population cannot be discouraged, and must not be interfered with by legislative regulations—you might as well attempt to regulate the seasons. The one thing needful is to give the lower classes that knowledge

knowledge and those principles which shall make them understand that moral restraint is a duty, and that their duty and their interest are the same; teach them this, and put within their power the means of bettering their own condition, (which the Saving Banks will do,) and there may perhaps be more reason to apprehend, as in the educated ranks of life, that marriage will be thought of too late, than too early.

Give us an educated population,—fed from their childhood with the milk of sound doctrine, not dry-nursed in dissent,—taught to fear God and honour the king, to know their duty toward their fellow-creatures and their Creator,—the more there are of such a people, the greater will be the wealth and power and prosperity of a state: for such a people constitute the strength of states,—

Ου λίθοι, ἔθνη ξύλα, ἔθνη
Τεχνη τικτοῦσιν.

To suppose that we can have too many such inhabitants while tracts of improvable land are lying waste at home, or while any portion of the habitable globe is in possession of wild beasts, or wilder men, is to suppose that statesmen will always be incapable of deriving lessons from the past, and of making provision for the future. As if there were no means whereby human policy could provide for the most inevitable and most obvious consequence of improved civilization! As if we were living without God in the world, and that Providence, which regulates inscrutably, and yet with perfect fitness the proportion of the sexes, (that single and universal fact being a perpetual manifestation of its presence,) had not made the earth capacious enough for all the creatures whom it was intended to support! And let no man be deluded into an approbation of this *plerophobia*, by the mistaken notion that it affords an unanswerable objection to the theories of equality, and all visionary schemes of revolution founded upon the perfectibility of man. It is not by a treatise upon statistics that this spirit is to be laid,—though you were to read the book backward instead of forward,—according to an approved form of exorcism. He who should trust to this argument would do worse than if he leant upon a broken reed: he would find the weapon turned against him; an Agrarian of three hours standing in the school, would beat (and brain him too if that were possible) with his own staff.

But such families as would require the proposed support for their children are happily as yet by far the smaller part of the population, and their proportion will diminish as the condition of the people is improved by better education, better morals, and the temporal benefits which these will produce. There is a much more numerous class of children upon the next step in society, who are supported by their parents in the proper course of things, but whose

instruction is not less an object of public concern. The rudiments of religion are best learnt at our mother's knees:—it is in the order of nature that where we receive our natural life, there we should receive our spiritual being also; that the same affectionate solicitude by which our bodily frames are nurtured should first develope in us those finer faculties whereby we are made heirs of immortality. Were the children catechised in the church at stated seasons, according to the good old custom, a few trifling rewards to the children themselves, and a few marks of encouragement and approbation to those parents who deserved it, would produce greater and better effects upon both, than those persons may believe who have yet to learn how easily the human heart is affected by kindness, especially when it bears the character of condescension.

The neglect of this important duty has been long complained of. 'Considering,' says one of our old prelates, 'how this necessary work of catechising hath been neglected for many years past, it is much to be feared that the aged need it as much as the youth. But would parents and masters well consider the great advantages that would accrue to them even in their worldly concerns, they would be very zealous to come themselves, and both see and hear their youth catechised and bred up in piety and godliness; the want whereof hath bred that great undutifulness in children, that sloth and falseness of servants which we sadly behold in this degenerated age. The example of some would be followed by others, and so by degrees the number would increase; and when catechising by this means begins to grow in fashion, it would quickly be taken up by all. God be merciful to us,'—pursues this pious writer, 'that religion in many is chiefly for fashion sake! yet, I hope, by God's assisting grace, religion, beginning though but in fashion, would end at last in true devotion, at least in many, if not in all.' It was Dr. Hammond's custom, during the warmer season of the year, to spend an hour before evening prayer in catechising; the parents and elder persons were wont to be present, and he used to say they reaped more benefit from this than from his sermons. Upon this subject his biographer has a remark most applicable to existing circumstances: 'If,' he says, 'in those times catechetical institutions were very seasonable, it will *now* be much more; when principles have been exchanged for dreams of words and notions, if not for a worse season of profane contempt of Christian truth.' 'For my part,' says Bishop Hall, 'I have spent the greater half of my life in this station of our holy service; I thank God, not unprofitably nor unprofitably. But there is no one thing of which I repent so much, as not to have bestowed more hours in this public exercise of Catechism, in regard whereof I would quarrel with my very sermons,

mons, and wish that a great part of them had been exchanged for this preaching conference. Those other Divine Discourses enrich the brain and the tongue; this settles the heart. Those other are but the descants to this plain song. Contemn it not, my brethren, for the easy and noted homeliness; the most excellent and most beneficial things are most familiar.'

It is not presumed here that men may be made good Christians, in the higher meaning of that holy appellation, by those ordinary cares which it is in the power of an establishment to take, and which it is the duty of the state and of the rulers of the church to see taken. But the foundation may certainly be laid by those ordinary cares; such knowledge may and ought to be given as that no man perish for ignorance, and the state will find those men good subjects whom it makes only decent Christians; thus far their neighbours and the community are concerned; all beyond this is between themselves and their God. Let us suppose a country parish, containing from two to three thousand inhabitants, where the simple and easy measures of which we have spoken should be adopted:---the children of the paupers, instead of being suffered to grow up in filth and pauperism, would receive a wholesome education both for body and mind, and be trained up, from their earliest childhood, to habits of industry, decency, and good order. The children of the other inhabitants would be examined in the elements of religion on stated days in the church, and receive from the clergyman, after the final examination, some little reward proportioned to their deserts, with especial reference to the general good conduct of the individual; some remuneration of that kind, which is acceptable to all, being, however, distributed to all who had attended regularly, without distinction, as the means of rendering attendance a thing desired by the children themselves. Suppose that a prayer-book or a Bible were given to such as had merited some especial mark of approbation; he must know little of the human heart and of its finer workings, who should hesitate to believe, that a Bible or a prayer-book, thus obtained, with the salutary lessons and recollections that it would bring to the mind, might not sometimes save one that was tottering, and sometimes contribute to recover one that had fallen. Such rewards would be to the rising generation what medals and stars are to men engaged in a military life—objects of proper ambition, proofs of good desert, and motives for further exertion in well-doing. Nor would the beneficial effect of these things upon the parents be too inconsiderable to be taken into the account of good. The commendation bestowed upon their children would become to them a source of laudable and useful pride, and they would themselves be in no slight degree benefited by the performance of a

duty which would often be neglected, if no such motive for its performance were held out. While good offices were thus rendered by the clergyman on his part, a feeling of good-will and gratitude towards him would spring up, and that sense of individual importance would be gratified in its proper place, which is not one of the weakest inducements whereby so many are led to separate from the church in which they were born, and enrol themselves among the Methodists.

We are supposing a possible case, such as in part already exists in some places, and such as a zealous clergyman, with the assistance of a few worthy and intelligent parishioners, might realize anywhere, except in those places where the diseases of crowded civilization require a stronger interference. The next and final step in that religious education, which the establishment is called upon to provide, is the rite of confirmation. When the church of England was purified from all superstitious or superfluous ordinances this ceremony was wisely retained, as being well adapted to make a lasting impression upon young minds properly prepared for it. Yet there are great numbers who never receive the rite, because it is performed only in the larger towns, and persons in humble life are deterred by considerations of expense and inconvenience, from sending their children, if the distance (as it often is) be such, that the journey there and back cannot be performed in a single day. That this is the case we know, and in pointing it out, we are assured, that when it is known, it will be remedied. If indeed the bishops were occasionally to visit the smaller towns for this purpose, and even the larger villages, their presence might produce a beneficial effect, operating silently, and unseen, yet such, that it would be felt by individuals, and perceived hereafter in the amended state of public morals.

The apprehension of ridicule, and the certainty of slanderous misrepresentation, will not deter us from again and again repeating that religion is the one thing needful for young and old, and all intermediate ages, for individuals and for communities. It is more than ever needful to proclaim this at a time when profane and impious ribaldry (to use no harsher term) is protected by juries, huzzaed by mobs even in the very seat and sanctuary of the laws, and rewarded by public subscriptions. At such a time, it is more than ever needful to proclaim that neither the virtue nor the happiness of individuals can rest upon any other sure foundation,—all else is fleeting, all else is mutable, all else is insecure. This is the only permanent good, a good which will endure through life, and in death, and after it. This it is which should be the Alpha and Omega of our existence. Here is the right basis of education; here we have an unerring principle of conduct; here we have
safety

safety in temptation, consolation in sorrow, support in infirmity, and hope and joy in death. Weak and frail and fallen as we are, here we have our strength and our salvation. And not only the welfare, but the very existence of the state depends upon the same cause. It was truly remarked by Lord Clarendon that 'there can be no possible defection in the hearts of the people, whilst due reverence is paid to the church:' and it has been with equal truth observed by Burke, that a predominant inclination toward Jacobinism appears in all those who have no religion, when otherwise their disposition leads them to be advocates even for despotism.

Let us pursue the picture of what might be the condition of a parish, well regulated under the existing laws. The maintenance and education of the poor children, and the religious instruction of all the rising race, has been provided;—there remains the more difficult task of correcting and improving the existing generation, which is to be effected by the steady administration of good laws. And here the proper means would be to bring the public-houses into good order, and reduce their numbers wherever it can be done; to repair the stocks; and to put an end to those habits of Sabbath breaking, such as gambling in public places, which are offensive to public decency, and disgraceful to the magistrates wherever they are suffered to prevail. A notice that these offences would be punished would prevent the greater part of such assemblages; a reprimand on the second Sunday to those who were found offending, would probably preclude the necessity of ordering any person to the stocks on the third; but if an offender should afterwards be apprehended, one such exhibition would be an effectual cure.

Mr. Vivian was asked by the Poor Law Committee, whether he thought that limiting the number of public-houses in parishes generally, would be a measure that would tend to diminish the poor-rates. This gentleman, whose opinion is entitled to great weight, replied,—

'I think very much. I think the difference between three public-houses and six would turn many drunken men into sober. When publicans are poor, from being numerous, they are supposed to do anything to get men into their houses. Cockfights, and other riotous and barbarous amusements, often originate in such motives, a cause of corruption which was long since pointed out by the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor.'

In the Reports of that meritorious Society, it is observed, that a law which should give to the women the complete disposal of the earnings of their own labour, would add a considerable increase to the industry of the kingdom.

'It is an ancient maxim,' says the old author of "England's Wants," *'interest Reipublicæ ut re sua quisque bene utatur'*; it is the interest of the commonwealth that every subject should make a right use of his own

estate. Wherefore, amongst the fundamental laws of the ancient Romans, (those laws of the Twelve Tables, observed by them almost as sacredly as the Two Tables or Ten Commandments of the Jews,) it is especially provided, that a guardian should be set over the person and estate, not only of idiots and madmen, but of all prodigal persons. This law hath been derived from them to all our neighbouring nations, and enjoyed by them ever since they enjoyed civility, even to this very day. To England only this law is wanting; not that England is without such unreasonable creatures, for it hath been observed, that the English nation is naturally as much or more addicted to prodigality than any nation in Europe, the sad effects whereof are every day before our eyes,—wives that have brought great estates left poor needy widows; children of noble illustrious families, brought to a morsel of bread, and to do base ignominious things, unworthy of their noble ancestors, and dishonourable to the very degrees of honour which their fathers purchased by their merit, and maintained by their laudable frugality. Where this forementioned law is in use, the prodigal person is thus defined—*is qui neque modum neque finem habet in expensis*—one that spends without limits or bounds. Any man being proved to be such, is declared incapable of managing his own estate, or of making a will, or of entering into bond, or of being a witness, &c.; and thereupon a guardian is put over him and his estate, to allow him necessities out of his own estate, and to preserve the rest to his next kindred. Now the king of England hath his *breve de inquirendo de idiotâ*, and his *breve de inquirendo de furioso*; and can any solid reason be produced why his majesty should not have also his *breve de inquirendo de prodigo*, directed in like manner to the escheator of the county, to be tried by a jury of twelve men?

Blackstone, when he notices this provision of the Roman law, says that the propriety of the practice seems very questionable, 'for although it is doubtless an excellent method of benefiting the individual, and of preserving estates in families, it hardly seems calculated for the genius of a free nation,* who claim and exercise the liberty of using their own property as they please. *Sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas*, is the only restriction our laws have given with regard to economical prudence.' Perhaps Blackstone has not regarded the provision in its true light; it is not designed for the benefit of an individual, whom it treats in some degree as a criminal, and on whom it fixes a mark of reproach and public shame, but for the protection of his helpless family, who are dependent upon his mercy; and if in consideration of them the maxim of our own law which he cites had been extended to em-

* While we are writing this, the newspapers copy from the American paper a proof that such a law is not thought 'inconsistent with the genius of a free nation' in republican America.—'Notice is hereby given, that the subscribers have been duly appointed guardians of Hezekiah Allen, yeoman and a *spendthrift*—and all persons are hereby forbidden from trusting or dealing with the said Hezekiah.—Josiah Sandford, Robert Wilson, Guardians.'

brace such a restriction, there are instances enough in the common practice of our courts, which would have justified a more violent strain of its construction. The law which the Society requires for the purpose of protecting the earnings of industrious women from their wasteful husbands, is precisely in the spirit of the Roman law, to which Blackstone objects. The most obvious objection is, that it would occasion domestic discord, and introduce into a family two independent wills where on the one side obedience has been declared a duty;—but this is greatly or wholly invalidated by the circumstances under which alone it would be applicable. Whether the evil be sufficiently frequent to require a correcting law, may perhaps be justly questioned; though few persons can have been conversant with the lower classes without having observed some cruel examples. There is, however, this argument to be urged in its favour, that the legal condition of those women for whom this relief is desired, is at present worse than that of their superiors; and certainly it appears a hard injustice, that while the fortune of a portioned wife is secured by marriage settlement from the husband, the earnings of one whose whole means of support are derived from her own industry, should not have an equivalent protection. On the other hand it is to be remembered that no laws can protect us against our own imprudence; and that they who make an ill choice in marriage, hastily entering into an engagement which is to last till it be dissolved by death, must take the consequence of their election for better for worse, and know that they must do so, for it is in the bond.

But the establishment of Saving Banks will create frugal habits, as well as encourage them. Opportunity may be expected to make economists,—not perhaps as often as it makes a spendthrift,—yet more readily than it makes a thief, though it be proverbially noted for teaching larceny.

‘The grand object,’ says Mr. Colquhoun in his evidence before the Committee upon Mendicity, ‘is to prop up poverty, and to prevent persons falling into indigence. Indigence is a state wherein a person is unable to maintain himself by his labour: poverty is that state where a man’s manual labour supports him, but no more; the other is when there is a surplus from his labour. But I conceive the Provident Banks would give the community at large what would be most invaluable in society, provident habits;—that the pride of having money in the bank, and the advantage arising from having their interest, would induce many persons to put in small sums, that would otherwise spend them. This has been found to be the practical effect; and a very slight knowledge of human nature will shew, that when a man gets on a little in the world, he is desirous of getting on a little farther. This is an object of the first consideration for ameliorating the condition of the poor.’

So certain indeed is the growth of provident habits, that it has
been

been said, if a journeyman lays by the first five shillings, his fortune is made. Mr. William Hale, one of those persons who have bestowed most attention upon the state of the labouring classes, and exerted themselves most for their benefit, declares that he never knew an instance of any one coming to the parish who had ever saved money.

‘Those individuals,’ he says, ‘who save money are better workmen: if they do not do the work better, they behave better, and are more respectable; and I would sooner have a hundred men who save money in my trade, than two hundred who would spend every shilling they get. In proportion as individuals save a little money, their morals are much better; they husband that little, and there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better from knowing they have a little stake in society.’

In agricultural parishes, where the children of the indigent should be properly educated and instructed in their duties, the public-houses strictly superintended, the dissolute corrected, and the best encouragement given to industry, by affording it ready and safe means of placing its earnings to account, it would seldom happen that those who are able and willing to work would be in want of employment. A remarkable example of the effect that one of these remedial means is by itself capable of producing was stated in evidence to the Committee. A school was established a few years ago at Hoxton, where there were a great number of very depraved poor; since that time, the moral improvement in the neighbourhood has been visible to all the inhabitants, and it is asserted that many instances have been pointed out of the most complete reformation in the morals and conduct of the parents, arising from the circumstance of the children having been introduced into the school;—some of these children have actually taught their parents to read,—a fact, which if it be less picturesque than the story of the Grecian Daughter, is not less affecting. As a branch from this school, another was established at Haggerstone, a place inhabited chiefly by bricklayers of the very lowest class of society, and some of them, it is said, perhaps of the very worst character. So proverbial was this place for depravity, that no man or woman in the dusk of evening would walk across to Hackney that way, though it was the nearer path; and if a thief was pursued and ran to Haggerstone, no constable or runner would go beyond a certain line;—so that with reference to ruffians and criminals of every description, it was called the ‘city of refuge.’ It is affirmed, that the face of this neighbourhood has been completely changed in the last year or two, and the change is ascribed by all to the establishment of the school there. The benevolent persons by whom these schools have been instituted have formed societies for visiting children that are sick,
and

'and the poor have expressed such surprize at the interest taken in their welfare, and the welfare of their children, that it has had the best possible effect.' These facts are stated to the Committee as 'positive proof of the good resulting from such institutions.'—If so much has been effected under circumstances the most unfavourable, the good effect may be calculated upon with certainty in places where there is no concentration of wretchedness and guilt.

How much then in this good work of reform, of real radical reform, that reform which beginning in the root of the state would be felt through the trunk and all its limbs even to the minutest ramification, in every leaf and germ,—how much might be effected by individuals exerting themselves in their own sphere, for the immediate good of others, and for their own almost equally immediate advantage! And how encouraging is it to perceive that all this may be accomplished so easily, and with so little change in the existing Poor Laws! Lord Falkland used to say, that all great mutations are dangerous, even where what is introduced by the change would have been very profitable upon a primary foundation. The greatest and most beneficial of all changes may be produced gradually and surely with the least possible innovation, and by the easiest and most unobjectionable means. It is for the minister to look well to the religious instruction of all his youthful parishioners, and for the gentry to assist him, as Sir Roger de Coverley aided his chaplain in the performance of this office. It is for the magistrates to enforce the observance of the Sabbath, to diminish the number of alehouses, and to insist upon good hours and orderly conduct in those which are suffered to continue. It is for the more respectable class of inhabitants to establish Saving Banks, and to see that the sums raised for the relief of the aged and helpless poor be not perverted to the support of idle and dissolute persons. It is for parents and masters to perceive the consequences of letting out-door apprentices live without restraint; and to alter a practice so certainly productive of evil. It is for the benevolent and religious, (and here it may confidently be expected that the higher class of women will not be found wanting,) to form societies for administering to the wants of the sick, and the consolation of the aged.

Is there any thing impossible in this?—is there any thing difficult?—is there any thing visionary?—Yet wherever these things were done, the poor-rates in a few generations might be farmed for a groat in the pound. And nothing more is required for effecting this in any parish throughout the whole agricultural part of the country, than that one person in the proper sphere of life should lead the way. Only let an impulse be given to this will, and the power will be found surely to follow it. There is benevolence
enough

enough in the world—there is activity enough—there is zeal enough. ‘Old impossibilities,’ says Burke, ‘are become modern probabilities, and the extent to which evil principles may go when left to their own operation, is beyond the power of calculation.’ Two-and-twenty years have added woeful proof in confirmation of this opinion! But although evil principles are, generally speaking, more active than good, because they are in their nature restless, the good are found strongest when they are brought out, and in their nature they are the more enduring;—this is as certain as that there is a God who hath made heaven and earth. And to restrain evil principles, that they may not be left to their own operation; and on the other hand by every means of aid and encouragement, to foster good principles, and bring them fairly into action, is one of the main ends of civilized society, and ought ever to be one of its first objects. In large cities, and more especially in the metropolis, there is much to be done which cannot be accomplished without parliamentary assistance; but throughout the country the means of lessening the quantity of misery by removing some of the causes and most of the occasions of vice, are in our own hands. Hercules will help us, if we put our shoulders to the wheel.

To work the same reformation in the metropolis, indeed, is a task that might dismay Hercules himself,—a huge Augean stable, which whole Thames hath not water enough to cleanse! Yet the greater the evil, the more urgent is the necessity and duty of setting about the great business of removing it as far as we may. The points to be considered are, in what manner we may hope to effect the greatest alleviation of human misery, to mitigate the sufferings of the poor, to amend their morals, and to redress their wrongs. Let no man think the expression is overcharged. If any human creatures, born in the midst of a highly civilized country, are yet, by the circumstances of their birth and breeding, placed in a worse condition both as physical and moral beings, than they would have been had they been born among the savages of America or Australia, the society in which they live has not done its duty towards them: they are aggrieved by the established system of things, being made amenable to its laws, and having received none of its benefits: till this be rectified, the scheme of polity is incomplete,—and while it exists to any extent, as it notoriously does exist at this time, in this country, the foundation of social order is insecure. The sagacious Berkeley asked long since, ‘whether the lowest of the people are not to be regarded as the extremities and capillaries of the political body, and whether, although the capillary vessels are small, yet obstructions there do not produce great chronical diseases?’

‘Give us funds,’ said Mr. Walmsley to the Committee on the
Education

Education of the Lower Orders; 'Give us funds, and I will undertake to say, that in three years there shall not be a child in the metropolis to whom the benefits of education shall not be offered.' What then may be the amount of the funds necessary for this great purpose, taking the number of children who are at present destitute of these benefits, as stated by the committee, at 130,000? One master in the school upon the Madras system is fully competent to the superintendence of one thousand children. Suppose the annual expense of each school to be £200, which is making a liberal allowance for the master or mistress, (persons whom it would be miserable economy to under-pay,) the yearly sum required for educating every poor child in London would amount to £26,000. If it were necessary to raise that sum by a specific tax, is there man or woman throughout England upon whom it might be levied that would not cheerfully pay the assessment for this specific purpose? Against such a grant there would be no dissenting voice, not even from the most rigid economists, not even from the most acrimonious opposers of every ministerial measure. In a few years it might be reasonably expected that a sum equal to the annual charge would be saved in the expenses of criminal justice; it is even more than likely that there might appear a positive saving to the state.

'We spare neither expense nor pains,' says Lord Sheffield, 'to meliorate the breed of our cattle of every sort; surely it would be a nobler object, and worthy of our utmost diligence, to meliorate, by education when young, the character of the most depraved of our own species. At present, a great part of all the rent of the land is employed in rearing the offspring of improvidence and vice;—it may be added, and in rearing them to be as improvident and as vicious as their parents. But the remedy is obvious—Dr. Bell's discovery for the multiplication of power and division of labour, in the great business of education, has been so timed, that it may hereafter be appealed to as one among the many impressive facts which prove that as new circumstances of society occasion new wants, provision is always made for them in the order of Divine Providence. Schools might be established throughout the whole kingdom upon his system, with the utmost economy. Nor is there any difficulty now in forming arrangements, nor any hazard of delay, and loss from inexperience. The mechanism is ready, tried, proved, and perfect. There exists a society under whose auspices it may immediately be put in action with an absolute certainty of success; and the benevolent inventor, never weary in well doing, is yet able to direct the machine, and see the consummation of his long labours,—the reward and final triumph of his most disinterested and honourable life. It has not unfrequently been observed that
minds

minds which have laboured under long derangement have had an interval of sanity vouchsafed them before death, the bodily disease whereby reason was overpowered disappearing as the bodily powers gave way. If the education of the poor be provided for without delay, upon a national establishment, the well known wish of our Sovereign may so soon be accomplished,—that he may possibly yet live to understand its accomplishment, and bless God before he dies. Truly may it be said of that statesman, whoever he may be, by whom this great object shall be carried into effect,

‘ Beato è ben chi nasce a tal destino.’

A national establishment of such schools might be made serviceable in another way, by licensing the school-room for a place of worship,—as is done at the central school of the National Society in Baldwin’s Gardens. It has been forcibly said by Sir Thomas Bernard, that it is ‘ mere mockery to give the name of accommodation to the space which is left for the poor in the aisles of our churches in London and Westminster,’—an accommodation, as he elsewhere observes, ‘ improper, indecent, and unfit for the sacred and solemn service thus attended, and such as, even if decent in itself, would not be adequate to the admission of one hundredth part of those who ought to have seats in their own parish church.’

When, therefore, we spoke of the *wrongs* of the poor, the word was neither lightly nor unwarrantably used. It is said among the precious fragments of King Edward, that ‘ when prayers had been with good consideration set forth, the people must continually be allured to hear them;’—instead of this, a great proportion are actually excluded, for all the churches in the metropolis, with all the private chapels and conventicles of every description added to them, are not sufficient to accommodate a fourth part of the inhabitants, upon the present system of conducting public worship. This great evil has at length been taken into consideration by the legislature, but in aid of the legislative measures which have been so properly provided, it is evident that a considerable diminution of it may be effected by licensing the proposed school-rooms, and it might perhaps be advisable that some regard should be had to this consideration in their dimension and structure.

Supposing that government should take those comprehensive measures for educating the poor, which they are called upon by every motive of duty and policy* to delay no longer, there appear only

* If any, says Sir Henry Wotton, shall think education (because it is conversant about children) to be but a private and domestic duty, he will run some danger, in my opinion, to have been ignorantly bred himself. Certain it is, that anciently the best composed estates did commit this care more to the magistrate than to the parent;—and certain likewise, that the best authors have chosen rather to handle it in their politics than in their economics,—as both writers and rulers well knowing what a stream and influence

only two obstacles to be overcome. A great number of the children belong to Irish parents, and perhaps the futility of attempting to conciliate religious differences by courting with concessions those whom it is hoped to soothe, was never more completely evinced than by the evidence which has been given concerning the Irish Free Schools in St. Giles's. These schools were founded by the exertions of Mr. Ivimey, a distinguished minister among the Baptists, a body of Christians having among their ministers both at home and in the East, men of such true zeal, piety, erudition, and eloquence, that they may justly be considered as doing honour not to their own denomination only, but to their age, their country, and their Christian profession. The schools were established upon what is called the liberal principle of introducing no creed, catechism, or confession of faith,—and the children were left to attend such places of worship as their parents might profess, and to be instructed in their peculiar modes of worship by their own clergy. What has been the effect? The Bible is used in the schools, and the Roman Catholic clergymen will not allow this.

'The parents,' says the master of the school, 'entirely approve of it, and wish their children to be taught to read the Scriptures; but the Catholic priests oppose it, and threaten the parents to deprive them of their religious privileges, if they suffer them to read the Scriptures;—and they have done so in many instances. The violence of the priests is incessant—they go from room to room, endeavouring to persuade the parents not to send their children. As soon as the plan and design of the schools were made known, their opposition immediately commenced. One of the priests entered the school room, and demanded permission to teach the Roman Catholic catechism in the school. This was objected to. The Sunday following he preached against the schools, addressing a Roman Catholic congregation, and the effect of the sermon, says the master in his evidence before the Committee, was, the windows of the school house were broken, my wife and I pelted with mud, and a few days after my child so beaten as to become a cripple, and remain so to this day. The usual epithet whereby we are designated is, the Protestant Bible * School, as a term of reproach.'

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influence it hath unto government.—'That which must knit and consolidate all the rest, is the timely instilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion.'

* The Roman Catholics in London have an Association for Sunday Schools,—and the reader may be edified by the title under which it has been instituted, and by some of its rules. It is called, 'A Spiritual Association in honour of the Most Holy Trinity, and under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for the Relief of Souls in Purgatory, and Instruction of the Ignorant.'

'All monies acquired by this Charity, from subscriptions or otherwise, shall be destined to provide that the holy sacrifice of the Mass be offered for the intentions of the Society, and for the support of the School.'

'At the death of any member, Mass shall be said three times for the repose of his (or her) soul: Masses shall be said every month for the deceased members of this sodality

If the circumstances of this case be strictly as they are stated, (which there appears no reason to doubt,) the conduct of the Catholic priests will be censured by every discreet member of their own communion. There seem, however, no means of removing the obstacles which such bigotry presents : but it relates only to the children of Irish parents, and whether the intolerance of the priests, or the interest and common sense of the parents, shall preponderate, must be left to themselves. All that could be done by positive law would be to provide, that no parents shall receive relief for a child above a certain age, unless it were certified that such child was in regular attendance in some school or other. The shallow arguments for leaving out the national faith in a system of national instruction have been already exposed in this journal;—this fact alone might confute all declamation in behalf of that insidious scheme. A school is established, wherein expressly in condescension to the Roman Catholics, no catechism is taught, and the Roman Catholic priests insist that their catechism shall be introduced. It is not because of their zeal for their own tenets that we condemn these priests, it is for the manner in which that zeal is displayed, and their intolerance of all other communions ; this indeed is the indelible character of their corrupted church, though undoubtedly there are some among its members who have emancipated themselves from such bigotry, and are men of true Catholic charity, in the true Catholic sense of the expression.

The matter of religious instruction is settled, as it ought to be, in the schools of the National Society : the principles of the national church are taught there, but no question is ever put to any children concerning their religion ; the consequence is that they are strictly and truly *schools for all* ; ‘many are dissenters, and dissenters of every description ; one third,’ says Mr. Johnson, in his evidence concerning the Central School, ‘if not one half ; and at this time we have seven Jews.’ Upon this point there is no obstacle to be apprehended from any quarter except the Roman Catholics. There is one of a different kind arising from the habits of the depraved poor. In the parish of St. Clement’s Danes, the rector says, where there are a great many mendicants, the children of these wretched people cannot be got to the Sunday Schools, because they get more by begging on Sundays than on any other day

lity in general. The standing intentions of this Society shall be—1st. The soul most in need.—2d. The deceased members.—3d. The welfare of the living subscribers.

‘A member may enter the names of his departed parents or friends on the books of the Society, and such deceased persons shall be deemed members of the same, and partake of its spiritual advantages, as long as their subscriptions continue to be paid.

‘The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary shall be said daily for the intentions of the Society, and on no account whatever be omitted.’

The Association was formed in 1810!

in the week : ' the more children they have, the more success they meet with in begging, and they keep them in that way.' Two children employed in begging about Great Russell street were recommended to a Catholic free-school in St. Giles's ; they were soon removed, and when the master inquired of the mother why she could not let them attend, she made answer, ' God bless you, sir, these children earn eight shillings a day for me.' It appears by other evidence that some children are let out to beggars at half-a-crown a day, and others sent out by their parents, and punished if they return without bringing home a certain sum.

The notorious existence of this evil is another proof how totally the Poor Laws have failed to produce the object for which they were enacted. The parents are receiving relief from the parish for every child who is thus miserably employed, and the children are kept in a state ' dirty beyond description,' wilfully made loathsome and wretched, for the purpose of imposing upon the charitable; many of them undoubtedly perish in consequence of diseases produced by the cold and sufferings to which they are thus inhumanly exposed,—and they who perish in childhood by this slow murder are happier than those who live through their hardships to be trained* up in filth, falsehood, blasphemies, obscenities and crimes of every kind. The greater part of the money which their parents obtain both from the parish, and the humanity of individuals, is generally spent in spirits. ' I have known them,' says an overseer, in his evidence, ' come up to the table at the workhouse and take a shilling, when we were sitting there to relieve them, and just as they were going out they would say, " I will drink your health with this!" to the officers as they were sitting round the table.' From this abuse of the funds which were intended to alleviate human wretchedness,—this waste of private and public charity, it has followed as a natural, but not therefore a less lamentable consequence, that adequate relief is not and cannot be bestowed in cases of real misery; the meritorious sufferer receives no more than the worthless and culpable, and sometimes is confounded with the impostor. Hence those shocking instances of persons dropping down in the streets, or crawling to brick-kilns, and dying from inanition, cases which make us shudder when we read of them, which can scarcely be regarded

* ' About two years ago,' says Mr. Finnigan, in his evidence before the Committee, ' there was an old woman who kept a night-school, not for the purpose of instructing children to spell and read, but for the sole purpose of teaching them the street language—that is, to scold; this was for females particularly. One girl, according to this curious declaration to me, would act the part of Mother Barlow and the other Mother Cummins; these were the fictitious names they gave. The old woman instructed the children in all the manœuvres of scolding and clapping their hands at each other, and making use of the sort of infamous expressions they use: this led them into the most disgraceful scenes. When these children met, if one entered into the department of the other the next day, they were prepared to defend their station, and to excite a mob.'

otherwise

otherwise than as a national disgrace and sin whenever they occur, and which could not happen in a country where so many laws have been enacted, and such heavy imposts are raised for the relief of poverty, unless there were something radically erroneous in the system of administering that relief, something that increases the very evil that it was intended to remove.

Human beings could not thus expire from mere want in the streets of the most populous, the most wealthy, and (it may be added) the most charitable city in the world, if a proper system had been established for the suppression of mendicity. For this evil is completely within reach of a well regulated police, and if impostors were deterred from the trade of begging, by the certainty of a due allotment of hard work and low diet as a corrective, they who deserved compassion would, by the same system, be assured of finding inquiry and relief. While alms are indiscriminately bestowed, it is certain that they produce more mischief than good in the distribution; but it is not less certain that as long as mendicity is suffered, it will be thus encouraged; for though the cases of imposition may be most numerous, there are very many of real and deplorable distress, and it is neither to be expected nor desired that we should harden our hearts. 'Better relieve twenty drones,' says Sir Mathew Hale, 'than let one bee perish.' If the Society which has been formed for the removal of this evil should persist in its meritorious undertaking, with that zeal which, from the known activity and beneficence of its conductors there is reason to expect, a great step will be taken toward the reformation of the lowest and most degraded class. Any aid from the police, and any legislative assistance which might be required would surely be granted. How large a portion of the rising generation in the metropolis may be saved from physical suffering, guilt, and destruction by this institution, and by the general establishment of schools—too long delayed and now so generally desired, and so easily practicable!

The increase of youthful criminals (which these measures more than any other would effectually prevent) has of late years excited considerable attention; though perhaps it is not more than may naturally be explained by the growth of the metropolis, in the utter want of any preventive care. The larger the vessel, the greater will be the quantity of the lees. The enormous increase of murders is a more frightful feature of the age, for that this crime is much more frequent than it was formerly is notorious. Forty or fifty years ago, murder was so rarely committed in this country, that any person who has amused himself with looking over the Magazines or registers of those times, might call to mind every case that occurred during ten or twenty years; more easily than he could re-
collect

collect those of the last twelve months; for now scarcely a weekly newspaper comes from the press without its tale of blood. And as the crime becomes more frequent, it has been marked, if that be possible, with more ferociousness, as if there were not only an increase of criminals, but as if guilt itself was assuming a more malignant and devilish type.

To what must we impute this frightful symptom of the age? Perhaps the newspaper press, which is guilty of so much direct and intentional mischief, may indirectly and unintentionally have contributed to this. Every murder is now laid before the public at length, with its minutest circumstances in shocking detail, when it were better on every account that all memory of such deeds should, if it were possible, be blotted out. Publication of them can do no good. Right minds shudder at the recital; tender ones turn from it with fear and loathing; to them it is painful and revolting, but there are others upon which it excites a contagious influence. It operates as example rather than warning upon those who, according to Dr. Spurzheim's philosophy, have the organ of murder strongly developed,—in wiser language, upon that disease of the heart and the soul which renders it possible for man to perpetrate this dreadful crime. In that state, the guilty imagination feeds upon examples of horror, and assimilates the poison which it extracts. These are not merely fine-drawn speculations, the gossamer threads of theory. The man who is possessed with an appetite for guilt finds the same aliment in such things as the hypochondriac for his malady in treatises upon medicine, or as the books of Aretine minister to a thoroughly depraved imagination. However unwillingly it may be acknowledged, crimes as well as madness are contagious. Mr. Godwin, who delights in the morbid anatomy of the heart, might produce a novel in illustration of this psychological fact. It is, we fear, in vain to express a wish that less publicity should be given to such cases: for while any thing is to be gained by making them public, that consideration will prevail over every other. Looking however to those causes which are within reach of discipline and law, certain it is that the increase of crimes is attributable in no slight degree to the abominable state of our prisons, which, for the most part, have hitherto been nurseries of licentiousness and schools of guilt, rather than places of correction, so that the young offender comes out of confinement in every respect worse than he went in.

A frightful picture of the state of Newgate has been laid before the public by Mr. Bennet. That gentleman, by his exertions upon this subject, and in behalf of those miserable children who have been called the white-negro slaves of England, is entitled to the thanks and the respect of all good men: the more is it to be re-

gretted that one whose feelings are so good, and whose intentions are so benevolent, should blindly pursue a course in politics which, if it were successful, would revive in London and Manchester the prison-scenes of Paris and Lyons. There are men whom it is better to have against us than with us,—men whose hearts and understandings are so tainted, that some evil motive may reasonably be suspected whenever, by any apparent eccentricity, they happen to take the right side. But it is a melancholy thing when benevolence is duped into an alliance with that principle of evil which is at work night and day for the destruction of laws, monarchy, religion, and social order.

It was very long before the prisons attracted any of that charitable feeling with which England has at all times abounded; nor is this to be wondered at, for the innocent and the meritorious have assuredly a stronger claim in their misfortunes upon sympathy and benevolence, than those who have drawn their wretchedness on themselves by chusing the evil part, and attempting to prey upon society. The first persons in this country who appear to have felt any compassion for the sufferings of guilt were the Methodists. Their founders at the beginning of their career visited the prisons. Afterwards one who had been connected with them was condemned for some petty robbery, and sent for a woman, remarkable for enthusiastic charity, to assist him with her prayers. Her name was Sarah Peters, and it deserves to be honourably recorded; for though the jail-distemper was at that time raging, she attended him and the other poor wretches who were under sentence of death, regularly for about three weeks, till they went to execution rejoicing in a full belief that their sins were forgiven; then she sickened and died of the infection to which she had exposed herself. Silas Told, a credulous and weak-minded but well-meaning man, accompanied her on these visits, and as long as he lived, which was about five and twenty years, he used to preach and pray with the condemned malefactors and accompany them to Tyburn. Since that time the Methodists have occasionally followed these examples, but it has not been a part of their economy to visit the prisons, and no institutions analogous to the *Misericordia* of certain Catholic countries has ever been formed in this. Indeed this kind of charity when confined to condemned criminals, though eminently meritorious in the individual, dies with its object, and effects little or nothing by example. It is at once the most painful and most unprofitable manner in which charity can be employed; the zeal which expends itself upon cases thus lost to society has frequently strayed into indiscreet and mischievous language, both in administering consolation, and in boasting of its success.

Of that charity which, tending directly to amend the guilty, is beneficial

neficial to the public as well as to its immediate objects, a memorable example has been given in Mrs. Fry and those other generous Quakers who have effected so great a change in the condition of the female prisoners in Newgate. Their zealous and well-directed benevolence is beyond all praise, and as it proceeds from the most exalted of all motives, true Christian charity—so beyond all doubt it carries with it the highest of all rewards. An army officer, one who was what the world calls a man of pleasure, was asked by some of his free companions what was the greatest pleasure he had ever felt. After pausing awhile, he replied—‘ When we were on our march in Ireland, in a very hot day, I called at a cabin by the road side, and asked for a little water. The woman brought me a cup of milk. I gave her a piece of silver—and the joy which that poor creature expressed gave me the greatest pleasure I ever had in my life.’ ‘ Now,’ says Wesley, by whom this story was related in one of his sermons, ‘ if the doing good gave so much pleasure to one who acted from natural generosity, how much more must it give to one who does it on a nobler principle, the pure love of God and his neighbour !’

But as heroic virtue will not always supply the want of military discipline in war, so neither should it be depended upon for remedying the defects of civil institutions ; nor indeed ought there to be a call upon the sublimest charity for a purpose which may be perfectly well effected by the machinery of good regulations. Separate the prisoners, according to their different degrees of criminality and hardihood in evil ; provide instruction for all, with more or less of solitary confinement, according to their deserts ; let no spirits or fermented liquors enter the prison ; suffer no gambling there, or sports of any kind ;—it is a place of penance,—a lazaret-house of guilt,—a hospital for the treatment of moral diseases. Toward those who evince a desire of amending their lives, let there be as much kindness and encouragement shown, as is consistent with their situation. Let the prison-fare be a penitentiary regimen, any improvement of which the patients must deserve by good conduct, and earn by their labour ; and let a portion of their earnings be carried to account, and paid them when their confinement is at an end, and they leave the prison with habits of industry, regularity, sobriety, and temperance. However unpleasant their abode may have been, the greater part of the persons who have had these virtues forced upon them will look back upon the infirmary with gratitude, and will respect those laws by which they have been chastised in mercy, and saved from wretchedness and utter destruction. The prison at Philadelphia affords a model for such regulations, and they may be introduced wherever they are needful, with little difficulty, and sure success.

When the measure of punishment exceeds the offence, the laws are in contradiction to our natural sense of equity, and a hostile feeling towards them is excited, innocent and even honourable in its origin, but dangerous in its consequences. On the other hand, the laws are brought into contempt when they neither tend to reform the offender, nor in the slightest degree to prevent him from repeating the offence. It is not our present intention to inquire how far our laws are faulty in either respect, but we will venture to point out a very easy, and at the same time a very necessary and material reform. We venture to ask whether it be absolutely necessary that so many loop-holes should be left for the escape of guilt? Whether the purposes of justice are not sacrificed to the technicalities of law, which is sacrificing the end to the means? and whether the weight which is allowed to flaws and informalities in the practice of our courts, and the importance which is attached to things so utterly insignificant in themselves, be a whit more honourable to the profession of the law, than the grossest quackery is to the science of medicine?

The evil will be more clearly understood by general readers, and may perhaps strike professional ones more forcibly, if a few cases be stated to exemplify it. Some years ago a man was tried for forgery; the fact was proved against him, and his condemnation would have been certain, had it not been perceived just in time that his Christian name, which happened to be Bartholomew, had been abbreviated in the indictment. It was one of those cases, we believe, in which no person, not even the prosecutors themselves, could be sorry that the prisoner escaped; this however was merely accidental, and matters nothing to the point before us. There was no doubt of the man's identity, there was no doubt of his guilt; and what did it signify in the eyes of justice, or of common sense, whether his Christian name were written at full length or not? In a more recent case, a flaw of the same kind, and if possible still more contemptible, sufficed to save an offender from punishment, where there was certainly no room for compassion. The crime was the odious one of writing letters to threaten the life of a timid and defenceless woman, for the purpose of extorting money from her, and that too under circumstances of peculiar aggravation; and the guilty party was acquitted because the phrase *by-nights* in the letter had been written *by night* in the indictment! It might be expected that so flagrant an instance as this would have excited the attention of the legislature, and that paltry pedantries would no longer have been suffered to disgrace our courts by frustrating the very purpose for which laws were instituted. It is not long since an attempt was made to invalidate an indenture, because, though perfect in all its parts, the paper upon which it was
written

written was straight at the top! The judge, upon hearing the objection, desired to look at the deed, and taking his scissors from his pocket, he quietly zigzagged it, and returned it to the party by whom the quibble had been started, as a valid instrument. Is there any imaginable reason why such flaws as those which we have instanced, should not in like manner be amended upon the spot, or overlooked, as unworthy even of the expense of time in amending them? Let us also be permitted to hint, as an additional reason for correcting this abuse, how possible it is that such flaws may not always be accidental.

Connected with this subject, there is another point which requires notice. Any person who can invent a new method of defrauding either individuals or the public may, in the present state of things, enjoy the fruits of his ingenuity with perfect safety, till a law be made, declaring the new invention to be criminal. The reader will recollect the case of Mr. Aslett. A more recent one is that of a stationer who prepared paper of extreme thinness in such a manner that when it was stamped, one stamp sufficed for three sheets, and the sheets being afterwards separated, the revenue was thus defrauded of two parts in three: when the trick was detected, it could not be punished, because no such fraud had been foreseen. And in the case of that nefarious manufactory of tea which has lately been brought to light, the persons upon whom the wholesale stock of this poisonous preparation was found, were liable to no punishment, because it could not be proved that they traded in the article. Surely such cases might be reached by some general provision. Nice points of casuistry are entrusted to our juries, such as were never contemplated when juries were instituted; cases of fraud are too palpable to be mistaken by them; and all minor degrees of punishment might safely be left to the discretion of the judge.

These indeed are not the reforms by which popularity is to be courted, and which the professors of humanity are ambitious of bringing forward; but they are among the means by which the only real reformation is to be effected; they are among the means by which the laws may be made more effectual, and criminals more sure of conviction and correction. Nor can it be doubted but that real reformation would be facilitated by the preventive measures upon which we have enlarged, and which it is in the power of the magistrates, the clergy, and the parochial officers to execute. From such measures, simple and easy as they are, the greatest good may be expected;—but more especially from general education, and most of all from careful religious instruction, without which education will be worse than useless. It is our business to sow the seed, and weed the ground well; we may then look with full assurance for the harvest. Let us do our duty in enacting new laws

where they are needful, and enforcing those which the wisdom of our ancestors has provided: we may then, to use the happy language of an old chronicler, trust 'that all things may continually amend from evil to good, from good to better, and from better to the best.'

ART. IV. *Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq. from the year 1736 to 1770.*

WE have here another volume of Letters, from an author who may decidedly claim pre-eminence for ease and liveliness of expression, terseness of remark and felicity of narration, above almost all the letter-writers of Britain. The peculiarities and even the foibles of Horace Walpole's character were such as led to excellence in this style of composition; and, although his correspondence has not always taught us to respect the man, the writer seldom fails to amuse us.

We know little of Horace Walpole's character but what his works and his letters lead us to infer, and these present extraordinary and strangely blended features. He was in politics, by principle, personal and hereditary, a determined Whig; yet no man seems to have held the profane vulgar in such sacred and aristocratic horror. In this particular, as in some others, he seems rather to have felt like a French noble than like an Englishman of rank. This contempt for the vulgar would naturally have been associated with the corresponding ambition of a man of family and fashion to distinguish himself at court; and it may be esteemed a contradiction, that Horace Walpole, the son of a prime minister, vain of his rank in society, should have spent the greater part of his life in the lists of opposition. Here, however, his Whig principles thwarted a strong natural propensity to breathe court air; for while he expatiates with ill-concealed complacency on the necessity of attending the Princess Amelia, and receiving the Duke of Cumberland or Duke of York, he finds it necessary to veil the glow of satisfied vanity with an affectation of ruffled philosophy and disturbed retirement.

'I will tell you how the calamity befel me, though you will laugh instead of pitying me. Last Friday morning, I was very tranquilly writing my *Anecdotes of Painting*—I heard the bell at the gate ring—I called out, as usual, "Not at home;" but Harry, who thought it would be treason to tell a lie, when he saw red liveries, owned I was, and came running up, "Sir, the prince of Wales is at the door, and says, he is come on purpose to make you a visit!" There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help, *insanum cœtem aspiciet*—and down I went to receive him. Him was the duke of York. Behold my breeding of the

the old court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down, and kissed his hand. I beg your uncle Algernon Sidney's pardon, but I could not let the second prince of the blood kiss my hand first. He was, as he always is, extremely good humoured; and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful.—p. 210.

Upon reading these and similar details, we are tempted to doubt the latter part of the author's assertion, that his behaviour at court consisted in mixing 'extreme politeness with extreme indifference,' and that, instead of the manner of the ancient philosophers, who knew not how to be disinterested without being brutal, he piqued himself on founding a new sect, who 'should tell kings, with excess of attention, that they don't want them, and despise favour with more good breeding than others practise in suing for it.' Notwithstanding protestations so earnestly and ostentatiously repeated, it requires but little knowledge of the human breast to observe that the 'royalties,' as he calls his intercourse with those illustrious persons, came much more home to his bosom than he was willing his correspondents should perceive. To this indeed it may be replied, that Walpole's rank, as well as the society in which he lived, made this intercourse with royalty both a natural occupation of his time and a fitting subject of his correspondence. But he was not satisfied to mention these things simply and without affectation, assigning them just the weight and importance which they deserve, but by labouring to persuade his correspondents that he regarded them with contempt, he took the strongest mode of shewing that he set too high a value on them. We think, too, that his principles of liberty would have been as purely illustrated without his perpetual and cold-hearted sneers at the death of Charles I. or that of Mary Stuart, for the last of which the warmest apologists have only rested their plea on that foundation of all political crimes, state-necessity.

There is something similar to this inconsistency in the affected contempt in which Walpole pretended to hold authors and men of learning, while he himself panted to share the honours they aspired to, and was perpetually on the stretch to obtain them. In this struggle he made great exertions, and evinced respectable talents. But the same affectation of contempt for what he really valued, which we have already noticed in another part of his character, prevented him from giving them fair play. He appears to have longed to step on the stage like Nero, clothed in purple, and holding a harp wrought with gold and ivory, and to have desired to arrogate the prize as due to the condescension which induced *un homme tel que lui* to give himself the trouble of making an effort to obtain it. Vanity, when it unfortunately gets possession of a wise man's head, is as keenly sensible of ridicule, as it is impossible

impassable to its shafts when more appropriately lodged with a fool. Of the sensitiveness arising out of this foible Walpole seems to have had a great deal, and it certainly dictated those hard-hearted reproofs that repelled the warm effusions of friendship with which poor Madame du Deffand (now old and blind) addressed him, and of which he complained with the utmost indignation, merely because, if her letters were opened by a clerk at the post office, such expressions of kindness might expose him to the ridicule of which he had such undue terror.

The same sensitive vanity dictated his conduct as a literary character. He affected to whistle his fugitive pieces down the wind to take their fortune, while in fact he watched their fate with all the jealous feelings of authorship. His correspondence with David Hume, on the subject of his 'Historic Doubts,' as he modestly entitled his curious remarks on the History of Richard III., is a remarkable example of this duplicity. He commences by inviting strictures and commentaries with an air of the most insidious modesty and gentlemanlike indifference for literary character; but when his hypothesis is impugned, he defends it not only with vigour but with obstinacy, and manifests considerable irritation at the opposition of the historian. In short, his predominant foible seems to have been vanity—a vanity which unfortunately required to be gratified more ways than one, and the appetite of which for popular applause was checked by a contrary feeling, similar to that ridiculed by Prince Hal, when he asks Poins whether it doth not shew vilely in a prince like him, to thirst after the poor creature small beer? It was perhaps in order to indulge both his love of rank and literature, without derogating, (as Cloten has it,) that he wrote his 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,' a work which might have diminished one article of his vanity, for to no equal number of writers, selected upon any other given principle, can there be ascribed such abundance of *platitude* and inanity.

Vanity is generally selfish, and we cannot altogether acquit Horace Walpole of this additional foible. As he loved learning, with a contempt, real or affected, for those who make it their pursuit, so he admired art without any wish to befriend or encourage living genius. The present work, as well as the former volumes, present too many instances of narrowness on this subject. In the following passage there appears a whimsical struggle betwixt the desire to possess a copy of a picture in enamel of the Duchesse de Grammont and the wish to screw it out of an artist of eminence at as low a rate as possible:—

'I am disposed to prefer the younger picture of Madame Grammont by Lely, but I stumbled at the price; twelve guineas for a copy
in

in enamel is very dear. Mrs. Vezey tells me his originals cost sixteen, and are not so good as his copies. I will certainly have none of his originals. His—what is his name? I would fain resist this copy; I would more fain excuse myself for having it; I say to myself, “it would be rude not to have it now Lady Kingsland and Mr. Montagu have had so much trouble.”—Well, *I think I must have it*, as my Lady Wishfort says, *why does not the fellow take me? Do try if he will not take ten.*’—p. 282.

This wretched haggling did not, we believe, arise from general avariciousness of disposition. Horace Walpole seems to have been far from penurious; and when called upon to make some sacrifices to the necessities of the country at the expense of his patent offices, he met the investigation with a liberal and independent spirit. In his correspondence with General Conway, in which his character is seen to greater advantage than in any other series of his letters, he evinces himself to be capable of the most generous exertions, and repeatedly insists upon his friend's accepting a portion of an income certainly not more than sufficient for a person of his rank and habits. The paltry spirit which he frequently suffers to appear, when about to purchase the productions of modern art, the harshness and unkindness which he sometimes shows to Bentley, whose pencil and genius had rendered him so many services, place him almost in the anomalous situation of a man who, liberal to all others, was only penurious towards a beautiful and beloved mistress.

It is natural to suppose that the habits natural to celibacy and solitude may have increased this disposition towards the conclusion of his life. But in truth it was less the parting with the money than the jealousy and dislike which he entertained towards the actual professors of those arts of which he himself was an *amateur* practitioner, which closed, on this occasion, his hand, his house, and his heart. Upon his quarrel with Muntz, a painter of merit, whose talents he had engrossed at a butler's wages [100*l.* a year], and whose sole offence seems to have been discovering that he could do better for himself, he observes,

‘Poets and painters imagine *they* confer the honour when they are protected, and they set down impertinence to the article of their own virtue, when you dare to begin to think that an ode or a picture is not a patent for all manner of insolence.’—p. 183.

If we are tempted to inquire why ‘sharp-judging Adriel, himself a muse,’ did not complete the character as given by Dryden, and be ‘the muse's friend,’ we may find the reason in the fantastic aristocracy of Mr. Walpole's character. He would willingly have rendered genius and learning as dependent upon fortune and rank as in his day they existed in France; characters for whom the notice of the great and of the fashionable was sufficient reward—

oranges

oranges whose rind was worthless when the juice was sucked—wranglers to whom, when disturbed by the paltry squabbles of which he complains, an earl's brother, who had a Gothic plaything of a castle and six acres of ground, might cry, like the French officer to the Parisian pit, *Accordez vous, canaille*—danglers to be kept in attendance in the anti-chamber, and called in, at the intervals afforded by music and cards, to make sport, like Sampson before the Philistine nobles. He lived, however, to learn by experience that Sampson might pull down the temple on the heads of the lordly audience; and that there is no child's play in confining the power of a steam-engine to turn a lathe for a toy-shop, or in barring the powers of intellect from aspiring to their proper rank in the system of society.

In Britain the opinion of an individual, however distinguished, can be of little consequence, save to himself; and it is accordingly upon Mr. Walpole's own genius that his narrow and jealously-aristocratic feelings produced their natural effect. He was born with talents to have distinguished himself in the higher departments of literature, of which the 'Mysterious Mother,' however disgusting the subject, must always be a splendid monument. It is true, to use one of his own expressions in the volume before us, that when chusing a topic so dreadful it seemed as if he had loved melancholy till it palled on his taste, and was obliged to dram with horror. But the good old English blank verse, the force of character expressed in the wretched mother, and in several of the inferior persons, argue a strength of conception and vigour of expression capable of great things, and which involuntarily carry us back to the earlier æra of the English drama, 'when there were giants in the land.'

This composition however is the principal, if not the only proof which Walpole has bequeathed us of the great things which he might have performed, had he been left at liberty, instead of being immured within the imaginary Bastile of his rank, the airy yet impassable walls of which, like the operation of a magician's spell, condemned him to such a mincing pace, and trifling tone, as suited the petty circle to which he was limited by his imaginary consequence. His Castle of Otranto, notwithstanding the beauty of the style, and the chivalrous ideas which it summons up, cannot surely be termed a work of much power. In his *vers de société* we perpetually discover a laborious effort to introduce the lightness of the French *badinage*, into a masculine and somewhat rough language. His Lives are in the style of French *Mémoires*, and the criticism much of the same superficial and slight cast. In short, all the writings published in his lifetime were such as in Charles the Second's time might have suited 'a man of wit and pleasure

pleasure about town;' or rather a French marquis of a later period, to whom it might indeed be permitted to take up a pen for an idle hour, but not to retain it until it soiled his fingers. And, we say it with some regret,—except in his letters, of which we shall presently speak,—our author seems, in these occasional compositions, to have ceased to possess the strong and sound feeling of an Englishman, without acquiring the light and graceful elegance of the rival country. What he would have wished to be thought may be conjectured from the following passage:

' You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr. Seward, a learned clergyman was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber room with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder writing on a picture; and half an hour afterwards lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise when he saw me walk in to dinner dressed and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttleton was there, and the conversation turned on literature: finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of a man I really was, for he had never met with any thing of the kind.'—160.

Walpole probably wished Mr. Seward to infer that this versatility of employment indicated a man who only needed to give himself the trouble of study to become a second Admirable Crichton, but whose rank and station rather inclined him to 'daff the world aside and bid it pass.' But most of our readers will regret to see a man of real genius frittering away his time in trifles to 'astonish the natives,' and say of the passage, with Sir Hugh Evans, 'Why this is affectations.'

It must however be allowed to Horace Walpole, that if he was so much deceived by his imaginary importance as to rest his literary ambition on becoming rather the Hamilton or Saint Simon, than the Fletcher or the Massinger of the age, he has fully attained his end, and left us one, and only one literary name to oppose to those of France

'Who shine unrival'd in the light memoir.'

His *Reminiscences* of the reigns of George I. and II. make us better acquainted with the manners of these princes and their courts, than we should be after perusing an hundred heavy historians; and futurity will long be indebted to the chance which threw into his vicinity, when age rendered him communicative, the accomplished ladies to whom these anecdotes were communicated.

cated. In this point of view, his character, as given by Madame du Deffand, is likely to prove as true in the future as in the past. 'Vous avez du discernement, le tact très-fin, le goût très-juste, le ton excellent; vous auriez été de la meilleure compagnie du monde dans les siècles passés; vous l'êtes dans celui-ci, et vous le seriez dans ceux à venir.'—His certainty of success with posterity indeed will rest upon his letters and his Reminiscences. The last partake of the character of his correspondence, being written without study, arrangement, or that embarrassing constraint which usually attends an express purpose of publication, especially in a character like that of Walpole, who was internally solicitous about the general opinion of the public, which he affected to despise, and would at any time rather have struck out a beauty than have hazarded the encounter of a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. In his epistolary correspondence he was under no controul—he wrote to his selected friends without fear of derogation—that miserable apprehension which haunted him on other occasions, and which he endeavoured to propitiate by the use of the limited edition and the private press, like amateur actors who secure a favourable audience by taking no money at the door.

The Letters of Horace Walpole accordingly are master-pieces in their way. He never indeed touches upon important subjects of discussion either in science or in the fine arts; he was too much of a gentleman to take the trouble of it; neither is he so superfluous as to trouble himself much about the right and wrong in national measures. He only details the political changes of the times to indulge the curiosity of his correspondents, or his own talent for acute and satirical observation. Far less are we to look in his letters for any traces of deep or agitating passion, for fashion frames as many stoics as ever were trained by philosophy. The sorrows for a friend's death, or for the robbery of his pond of gold fishes, as they are expressed in his letters with becoming philosophy, may be read without violent sympathy. But that in which Walpole's letters shine unrivalled, is their accurate reflexion of the passing scenes of each day, pointed by remarks equally witty and sarcastic. A new Democritus seems to have assumed the pen, to sneer at the grave follies of the human species.

The variety of these letters, as well as their peculiar and lively diction, renders them very entertaining, and as the correspondence extends from 1736 to about 1770, it embraces many changes of scene both political and fashionable. The narratives of remarkable historical events, told without the form of history, and with those circumstances which add an interest and authenticity which history, dignified and fastidious as Walpole himself, sometimes discards too readily, come upon us unexpectedly, with an air of
novelty

novelty and veracity which reminds us that we hear the testimony of an eye-witness. We should look in vain to history for such traits of character as those which our author records of stout old Lord Balmerino when under sentence of death. When the death warrant came down he was at dinner, and his lady fainted. 'He said, "Lieutenant, with your d——d warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach!"' In the same tone of resolution, 'at getting into the coach he said to the jailor, "take care, or you will break my shins with this d——d axe!"'—p. 31.

We have also an odd illustration of the truth of the first line in the following couplet, which begins an epigram ascribed to Johnson.

'Pitied by *gentle* minds Kilmarnock died,
The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side.'

'It will be difficult to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my lady Townshend carries her passion for my lord Kilmarnock, whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders. She has been under his windows, sends messages to him, has got his dog and his snuff-box, has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night; and then goes to Greenwich, forswears conversing with the bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on lord Hervey's promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my lord Kilmarnock, "and in return," says she, "never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him." She said gravely t'other day, "Since I saw my lord Kilmarnock, I really think no more of Sir Harry Nisbett, than if there was no such man in the world." But of all her flights yesterday was the strongest. George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage, told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him, and with a thousand other reproaches flung up stairs. George coolly took Mrs. Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle: "and pray, sir," said Dorcas, "do you think my lady will be prevailed upon to let me go see the execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before." My lady has quarrelled with Sir Charles Windham for calling the two lords malefactors.'—p. 35.

George Selwyn's passion for attending executions is as well remembered as his wit. Mr. Walpole has preserved many ludicrous instances of both.

'You know George never thinks but *à la tête tranchée*: he came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal.'—p. 39.

This reminds us of another story of the same facetious person. When upbraided by a lady with the barbarity of going to see Lord Lovat's head cut off, he replied, that if he had been guilty of

of impropriety to his lordship in that respect, he had done what he could to make amends, for he had gone to see it sewed on again.

The characters of those who played remarkable parts in the political drama during this correspondence are marked with characteristic touches. The *hubble-bubble* Duke of Newcastle, who, by dint of endless shuffling, cutting, and dealing, contrived, betwixt greatness and meanness, and without one atom of merit, to hold a conspicuous station in almost every administration of the period, is admirably sketched in one or two passages.

‘Those hands that are always groping, and sprawling, and fluttering and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person; but there is no describing them but as Monsieur Courcelle, a French prisoner, did t’other day. *Je ne sçais pas, dit il, je ne sçaurois m’exprimer, mais il a un certain tatillonage.* If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him.’—p. 17.

The conduct and appearance of the same personage at his old master George the Second’s funeral is also admirably described; we are tempted to insert the whole passage, which is very striking, the grave part as well as the comic.

‘Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t’other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince’s chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest chiaro scuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *man that is born of a woman*, was chaunted, not read; and the anthem,

anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected too one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance.

'This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of N———. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and, turning round, found it was the Duke of N——— standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble.'—pp. 222, 223.

The description of the figure and demeanour of our revered monarch when he first appeared as sovereign among the circle of his nobles, we now read with a natural feeling of the melancholy contrast. He was the first of the Brunswick line who united with the dignity of his situation the frank manner of an English gentleman. How his example has been followed since his retirement reminds us of the lines which Shakspeare places in the mouth of the gallant and graceful Henry V.

'This is the English not the Turkish court,
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry.'———

'For the king himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy every body; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levée room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well.'—p. 222.

There are readers to whom Henry Fielding may be a more interesting personage than princes, or statesmen, or men of fashion. The following anecdote of his *vie privée* is more remarkable than pleasing. Rigby and Bathurst had carried a servant of the latter, who had attempted to shoot him, before poor Fielding in his degrading vocation of a trading justice.

'He sent them word he was at supper, that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they

they found him banquetting with a blind man, a w——, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized.'—pp. 58, 59.

In the account of his own pursuits in the minor branches of antiquity, landscape-gardening, and literature, which Walpole made the subject of his study, these letters are equally lively and instructive. He had indeed in these particulars, as in others, lowered and restrained his natural taste and genius by drawing a tacit comparison between his own labours and improvements upon the Liliputian scale of Strawberry Hill and the gigantic productions of nature and art elsewhere, and giving a preference to the former out of habit perhaps, as much as personal vanity. His taste was exquisite, but degraded and narrowed by the limited sphere in which it was exercised; he lost sight of truth and simplicity, and by imitating in little that which derived its character and importance from existing on a grand scale, his buildings have come to resemble the '*make-believe*' architecture of children. Thus he lost his sense of the magnificent, and saw in Blenheim only Vanbrugh's quarries, 'a place as ugly as the house, and the bridge that, like the beggars at the Duchess's gate, begged but a drop of water, and was refused.' We own, therefore, we tremble at the consequences of his transformations when he describes himself as a travelling Jupiter at Philemon's cottage, at a friend's family seat, where he demolished the paternal trenchments of walls and gardens, to substitute Kent-fences and white rails of his own designing, and completed the landscape with the transformation of a cottage into a church, by the elevation of a steeple upon one end of it!

Yet with this acquired rather than natural incapacity of estimating the picturesque *sublime*, Walpole's descriptions of the old mansions which he visited, with his enthusiasm for their towers and turrets, halls and battlements, chapels and china-closets, wainscot cabinets and enamelled pairs of bellows, 'for such there were,' (p. 322,) place every scene he chooses to represent in a lively manner before the reader's eyes.

The reader will easily conceive that it is not in the letters of Horace Walpole engaged either in the whirlwind of fashionable dissipation, or in the limited and somewhat selfish enjoyment of his own trivial though elegant pursuits, that he is to look for moral maxims. His observations on human life, however, whenever such happen to drop from his pen, are marked by strong sense and

and knowledge of mankind. When he tells us that 'moral reflexions are the livery one likes to wear after real misfortune,' or cautions us 'against beginning a course of civility with those who are indifferent to us, because at length we cannot help showing that we are weary of them, and consequently give more offence than if we had never attempted to please them,' we recognize the keen penetrating man of the world. But our most useful lesson will perhaps be derived from considering this man of the world, full of information, and sparkling with vivacity, stretched on a sick bed, and apprehending all the tedious languor of helpless decrepitude and deserted solitude.

'I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures, but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs.'—p. 363.

There still remains another view, in which these letters may be regarded as the entertaining and lively register of the gay and witty who have long fluttered and flirted over the fashionable stage till pushed off by a new race of *persifleurs* and titterers. The following is a diverting instance of the *tale of the day*, narrated by one man of fashion for the benefit of another.

'You must know then,—but did you know a young fellow that was called handsome Tracy? He was walking in the park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty; they followed them, but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. (There are now three more guns gone off; she must be very drunk.) He followed to Whitehall gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven-street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. "Aye," says she, "but if I should, and should lose him by it." However the measures of the cabi-

net council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing: she would go no where. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven-street; the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May-fair. The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the king, but that he had a brother over the way, who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house; and the next day they went to their own palace. In two or three days the scene grew gloomy; and the husband coming home one night, swore he could bear it no longer. "Bear! bear what?"—"Why to be teased by all my acquaintance for marrying a butterwoman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and will leave you a handsome allowance."—"Leave me! why you don't fancy you shall leave me? I will go with you."—"What, you love me then?"—"No matter whether I love you or not, but you shan't go without me." And they are gone! If you know any body that proposes marrying and travelling, I think they cannot do it in a more commodious method:—pp. 51—53.

The revels of the gallant and the fair are described in such lively colours as lead us to believe that our own period has gained something in decency, if not in virtue. No wit of the present day would, like George Selwyn, set down Mrs. Dorcas, to assist him with her conversation when the lady had left him in a pet. And the scene of the stewed chickens at Vauxhall, where three or four women of fashion and their gallant attendants call in Betty the orange-girl to sup at a little table beside them, is much too scandalous for modern decorum.

The names of the performers in these gaieties are in the published work only marked by initials. A key, however, with the names at length, is in private circulation, not unnecessarily certainly, since without it posterity might find some difficulty in explaining the innuendo. Even in the present day, it would seem, the interpretation of several initials is doubtful or erroneous. Thus the 'little B——,' mentioned p. 81, is explained to be *Booth*, whereas upon looking at the context, which refers to the improvement of Warwick Castle, it appears plainly to stand for *Brooke*, the second title of that family. Alas! Oblivion has already laid him down in the houses of the fashionables of the eighteenth century! The *dandies* and the dowagers commemorated in these letters, 'the apes and the peacocks from Tarsus,' to borrow a phrase from Yoric's sermons, 'are all dead upon our hands,' and little

is preserved of them, even by the report of those who mingled in their society. Of the person to whom the letters are addressed it is only remembered that he was a gentlemanlike body of the *vieille cour*, and that he was usually attended by his brother John, (the Little John of Walpole's correspondence,) who was a midshipman at the age of sixty, and found his chief occupation in carrying about his brother's snuff-box. On the present occasion this lesser Teucer may be compared to the black and white cur with one ear, by whose constant attendance some persons of strong memory were enabled to recal to mind the important 'P. P. clerk of the parish,' almost five years after he was dead. The same may be said of many other heroes and heroines mentioned in these epistles. To these persons, and to their forgotten loves, foibles, and intrigues the genius of Walpole has given a kind of reminiscence, and enabled them to float down to posterity with the belle Stuart, the Warmesters, the Jennings, and the Wetenhalls of Grammont. Like the stag of the fable, he mistook the qualifications which did him most honour. That he lived in the first fashionable circles, or rather that he set an undue value upon his advantages in this respect, was a decided obstacle to his success as a man of literature: but that he was, notwithstanding, still distinguished by literary talent will be the means of preserving the names of that worshipful society on which he prided himself, and which would otherwise have been long since forgotten.

ART. V.—*A Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia, in the year 1817.* Fourth Edition. pp. 208. London. 1818.

THERE are some spirits so strangely constituted, that though zealous and able allies in the hour of danger, they cannot bear to witness a too complete success of the cause in which they have laboured. If we desire to retain their friendship we must submit to be always in need of their help, since the first moment of our triumph will be the last of their good-will, and we may think ourselves fortunate if they do not thenceforth seek to pull down the edifice which they themselves have toiled to raise. Like the Brownies of rural superstition, they will clean a dirty house and arrange disordered furniture; but, if nothing good or useful is left for them to do, their morbid activity begins to seek for aliment in the work of subversion and defilement.

To this description of goblins, or something like it, we are inclined to refer the gallant and ingenious person, whom, on authority which his present predilections render decisive, we are instructed

to consider as the author of the present treatise. There are some, indeed, of his new political connexions, who (by their elaborate recapitulation of his ancient services, and their strictures on the supposed neglect which those services have met with) would seem to insinuate another and a less amiable cause for the singular turn which his politics have lately taken. *Robin Goodfellow*, it seems, (to preserve the parallel of Milton's 'drudging fiend,') when he had swept the house and helped to thrash the corn, did not find 'his cream-bowl duly set' in the chimney corner; and has, therefore, not only deserted his ancient post, but sends forth these doleful shrieks which alarm the peaceable neighbourhood. '*While covered with orders from all the foreign sovereigns who had been the eye-witnesses of his exploits, he never once received a simple knighthood from the dispensers of honours in his own country.*' Of such an omission (which we, perhaps, regret) we cannot pretend to know the cause. But it is morally impossible that a ribband more or less can have so weighed with a British major-general, as that the fancied or real ingratitude of his country should have rendered him thus envious of her laurels, and transformed him from the zealous and faithful advocate of her good name into the prophet of her approaching fall, and the public accuser of her supposed injustice and tyranny. Of Sir Robert Wilson, above all, we hope far better things; and great as is the change which has taken place in his sentiments and conduct, we would willingly ascribe to no worse cause than energy deprived of its natural and accustomed vent, that disease of the soul whose unfortunate symptoms it is our present duty to consider.

The present volume professes to be a review of the political and military power of the Russian empire, and it was occasioned, as its author tells us, by two anonymous articles in a German and an English newspaper, the one extolling the strength of Russia at the expense of all the other states of Europe: the other contending that, great as she doubtless is, she has not the means, even if she should hereafter manifest the disposition, to reduce Austria, Prussia, France and Britain to slavery. Sir R. Wilson is too well read in journals to let such important documents escape his attention. He invests, forthwith, these squabbles of editors with an official and national character; he is apprehensive that 'Russia must regard this *gratuitous* publication' (why gratuitous, when, on his own shewing, the article in the English newspaper was in *answer* to an attack commenced in the Frankfort periodical work?) 'of opinions hostile to her professions, and admonitions insulting to her power, as a proceeding *indecorously* expressive of jealousy and apprehension.'—(p. 5.) And, accordingly, he not only republishes, at full length, the obnoxious article, so as to give it all the in-
creased

creased circulation which his work could obtain for it, but subjoins two hundred pages of commentary, of which the whole purport is to let loose again the dogs of war, and to sow dissension between nations which hitherto have fought side by side, and each found cause for joy in her comrade's glory and prosperity! A commentary in which he tells Russia that England is a helpless and easy prey; and England, that Russia is already gaping wide to devour her; in which the one is animated to aggression, and the other goaded on by the strongest motives of despair and indignation, to what Sir Robert himself regards as useless distrust and hostility! And all this because an English journal has expressed itself with better hope of the final safety of our country! How many people are there in Europe who have seen the article in question, except in Sir Robert Wilson's pages? In the recollection of how many of those who had seen it would it have been preserved for a week, if he had not thus embalmed it?—How can the greater part of the European or English public be confident that such an article has ever existed except in his work—or that he has not himself contrived it as a peg to hang his treatise on; like the garrulous hero of the well-known tale, who pretended to hear a gun go off, that he might the better introduce his gun-powder disquisition?—We do not say this as thinking disrespectfully of the passage which Sir Robert has thus rescued from oblivion, but the positions maintained in which he has by no means succeeded in refuting; we say it to prove how absurd, even on his own principles, the gallant officer's conduct has been, and how little suited to the character of a practised statesman or an enlightened patriot.

It is true that he has subjoined some observations, of which the professed purpose is to deter us from provoking Russia, by telling us that she is above our match. The purport of his Essay is not to *recommend war*, (marry, heaven forbid!) nor is it to point out any other means of escaping ruin. He only writes to tell us that we have sealed our doom; that we have ruined ourselves beyond redemption, and that the orb of our glory is gone down for ever, amid the hatred and curses of mankind. With these agreeable suggestions he comes to comfort our last moments, as the ordinary of Newgate consoled Jonathan Wild by the assurance of his final reprobation! or, at best, for, to do the gallant general justice, he has dropped some hints of the nature of that extreme unction which he would yet prescribe to us,—we have only to bring back Napoleon from St. Helena,—to re-establish him in all the possessions which he occupied in 1810,—and begin the work anew which we have now done so much *too thoroughly*. Thus, indeed, with Sir Robert Wilson's friends in the cabinet, and himself, instead of the Duke of Wellington, at the head of our army, it is highly probable

that we shall not, a second time, depress France so much, as to be again in danger of the overwhelming power of Russia. All this he seems to hint, for we do not know how to explain his expressions of 'restoring France to Europe,' unless it be that Europe is to be restored to France. But he hints it in a manner which implies that he has little confidence in his own nostrum,—that the patient, in his eyes, already wears the 'faciem Hippocraticam,'—and that the only renown which a physician can derive from her is to have foretold her approaching dissolution.

Is, then, the gallant author ignorant of the effect which such prognostications ordinarily produce on an individual or a community of high spirit and no contemptible remains of vigour? If he were himself roused from his slumber by the agreeable intelligence—'A strong man is breaking into the house to bind you,—but, lie quiet for your life!—do not attempt to cock your pistols or to draw your sword!—do not venture so much as to bolt your chamber door, or lift your head from the pillow,—for he is very strong,—and his intentions are alarmingly hostile!—Hark!—he is coming up stairs,—and shortly it will be a mere joke to think of resistance.—But, I would not advise you to resist even now;—for he is very strong,—and you are a weak and pitiful fellow, without a friend in the world!—would the Sir Robert Wilson whom we once knew have been lulled into acquiescence by such an harangue; or would not every word which called in question his powers of preserving his honour and freedom have inflamed him with fresh desire to encounter his vaunted adversary? And is a high-minded nation like ours to be told of plans now gradually maturing for her overthrow; and to be exhorted, at the same time, to hold herself still, till those plans shall be fully developed and irresistible? or is there any British officer who would refrain from the exclamation of our ancient warrior on an occasion almost similar—

'What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said!—Forage and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh!

As a lover of peace, then, this author's conduct is sufficiently inconsistent and absurd. But there are, we grieve to say it, anomalies still more revolting and still less consistent with his former self, in the volume now before us. A transfer of affections from one political party to another, is an event too common to excite surprise, and may be so completely justified by a man's change of opinions, that it can with still less reason be made a subject of bitter censure. But there are some changes of sentiment to which no extenuation can apply, inasmuch as they do not refer to the persons
by

by whom our country is governed, but to the country herself, and her national renown and prosperity; no less than to the eternal distinctions of right and wrong, and the principles of justice and humanity. We can understand and tolerate the feelings of those Englishmen, who, while they sincerely rejoice in Buonaparte's fall, and in the laurels won by their country, have felt a wish that the guidance of measures so successful had rested with their own political favourites. We can tolerate those old-fashioned whigs

'Who greatly venerate our martial glories,
And wish they were not owing to the tories.'

But we, certainly, were somewhat surprized, to find an English historian of Napoleon's overthrow, omitting all mention of the British army and the Duke of Wellington among the causes which led to it. We did not anticipate the possibility that a British soldier, of whatever political party, could have mentioned or alluded to the field of Waterloo in terms of depreciation and indifference; or that Sir Robert Wilson, above all, should become the eulogist of Buonaparte, and the apologist of those very actions which his own pen was the first to point out to general horror and execration!

For a change like this last no tolerable excuse can be pleaded. It is not a change in *opinion* occasioned by the discovery of *facts* before unknown; it is not the amends which an honourable mind is ever forward to make to a person whom he had unknowingly *misrepresented*. The *facts* remain the same, now that he seeks to extenuate them, as when he roused, against the massacre and poisoning of Jaffa, the indignation of the civilized world. Yet it *then* never occurred to him that Buonaparte was justified in the murder of those prisoners from whom he could apprehend no possible danger, because, in a barbarous age,—amid the confusion of a doubtful victory, and the alarm of a renewed attack on his already exhausted army,—our Henry the Fifth issued (but, be it recollected, immediately *recalled*) an order of the like bloody character.—p. 68. It is the *heart*, not the *opinion*, which has been, in this instance, changed; the feelings which are perverted, not the judgment which is convinced;—he is angry with his own country; he mourns for Buonaparte; and to sentiments of this kind, his sentiments (for what reason he best knows) of right and wrong are accounted but a trivial sacrifice.

Over infirmities like these it would be the part of ancient friendship to draw a veil, and we owe so much to Sir Robert Wilson's former exertions in the cause of freedom and civil government, that we should have gladly passed over the present work in silence, did not the degree of notoriety which it has excited, and the momentous importance of the questions discussed in it, compel us to examine more closely what, in itself, deserves but little attention, and would

hardly have outlived the monthly packet of 'Tristia' from St. Helena, if it had not been universally ascribed to the historian of the Egyptian war.

It is not unworthy of notice that, while these observations are addressed to England, in English, against the exorbitant power of Russia, the Abbé de Pradt (to whose former work on the Congress of Vienna, Sir Robert Wilson is very much obliged) is deafening Russia and the other continental powers with outcries against the irresistible navy and intolerable monopoly of England. We once thought of bringing these worthies face to face, and allowing them to confute each other. But on the Abbé de Pradt we have already bestowed enough of our time, and, in truth, but little would be gained by exposing the inconsistency of clamours intended for different ears, and calculated to stimulate the evil passions of opposite parties. What do the jacobins care for the agreement or disagreement of those authors, who, whether intentionally or not, are serving their cause, and giving currency to their malignant insinuations? It is enough for them to make Russia and England hate and distrust each other,—but it would be glorious indeed if they could persuade the watchman to let in the wolf for fear of being bitten by the mastiff, or induce the guardians of St. Helena, out of pure regard for the peace of mankind, to recall those good old times and that approved detester of bloodshed, under whose gentle rule the nations were gathered together, till the flowery band was broken by Blucher and Wellington!

Sir Robert Wilson, having explained the motives for his publication, begins by certain awful truisms with which every one was previously acquainted, such as that Russia is comparatively a new power in Europe,—that Peter the First was the founder of her greatness,—but that the Empress Catherine made considerable conquests,—and then proceeds to state with equal confidence, that the partition of Poland was a contrivance of Russian policy, and that Prussia and Austria were only panders to the ambitious views of their mighty neighbour,

'Poland was a central bulwark, which, by connecting Stockholm and Constantinople, and indenting itself into the Russian military line of defence, rendered successes obtained still precarious, and a subjugated people restless subjects. Favourable moments were seized. The most important position in Europe for her preservation was occupied (two great European powers assisting, whilst the others remained supine spectators), and a warlike independent nation, which formed the garrison, was partitioned as lawful spoil amongst the pretended guardians "of her safety and tranquillity."

Now all this is the mere vulgar error of those coffee-house politicians of Paris, and those borough patriots of Southwark, who have

have never ceased to hate and calumniate Russia as the most formidable antagonist of their idol Buonaparte; and who, even now, can hardly forgive Sir Robert Wilson his former exertions in her favour. Poland, at the time of its partition, was *not* the bulwark of Europe; she was not even, in any thing more than name, an independent nation. For twenty years before she had been as effectually under the tutelage of Russia, as Holland and Spain, notwithstanding their nominal kings, were under that of Buonaparte. The 'warlike' spirit of Poland was only formidable to her own citizens; the republican party was dispersed or dispirited; the king was surrounded by Russian guards; the leading members of the diet were avowedly in the interest and the pay of Russia; Stanislaus Poniatowsky was the creature of that court, and a discarded minion of the Empress Catherine; and the real effective sovereignty resided in the person of the Russian ambassador. Under such circumstances, of which it is absurd to suppose Sir Robert Wilson ignorant, it is something strange to maintain that Russia could desire the partition of a country of which the whole was, to almost all necessary objects, at her disposal,—or the extinction of a nominal kingdom which she has since taken the earliest opportunity of reviving. And it is a fact, we believe, as well known as any other in the modern history of Europe, that the plan of partition originated *exclusively* with Prussia, that it was proposed to Russia in the last instance, and after the concurrence of Austria had been obtained; and that Russia was induced, with great reluctance, and by the pressure of the Turkish war, to an arrangement obviously intended to raise a stronger barrier to her influence than was afforded by the mock independence of Poland. That all the three powers behaved most infamously, there can be no question; but, so far from accelerating, it is probable that the partition has retarded the subjection of the entire Polish kingdom to Russia. What Sir Robert Wilson has written, however, on this subject, is no insufficient specimen of the historical accuracy and political reasoning of the present volume.

There is one fact, which Sir Robert Wilson has mentioned in this stage of his treatise, and which, though not new, (indeed which of his facts are new?) we shall beg our readers to bear in mind, namely, that 'Suvorof never could bring into the field an army of 40,000 effective men.'—p. 8.

Sir Robert Wilson proceeds to furnish us the important intelligence that the Emperor Paul had laid a plan of marching to India—that he was assassinated by his nobles and soldiery—that the Emperor Alexander was brought up by La Harpe, and was a prince of great promise—that the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, &c. were gained by Buonaparte,—and all this idle prattle, which might have been heard in every bookseller's shop, and read in every newspaper

paper on the continent, is plentifully interspersed with *italics*, as if the facts disclosed were of momentous interest and novelty.

We are now, however, advancing to more recent times, and times in which the information of the author might, if ever, be expected to be really original and valuable. And here, we confess, we were a little surprized to learn that, in the campaign of Moscow, Buonaparte was really successful!—that his ‘gigantic project was executed in all those parts which opposed, as had been presumed, insurmountable obstacles to his success;’—that ‘he had rendered the re-establishment of Poland an optional measure;’—that ‘his advance on Moscow, which vanity dictated, to commemorate the glory of the conquest, could have been attended with no disaster or even inconvenience, if political speculations had not induced a continuation in that capital beyond twenty days;’—and that, after all, ‘the French army would have regained their position on the Dwina and Boristhenes without any serious injury, had it not been for a sudden intense frost, and a total neglect to provide horse-shoes suitable to the climate, excepting for Napoleon’s own horses!’—pp. 23, 24.

If Buonaparte had really, as is here supposed, the option of re-establishing Poland, it is manifest that the half measures which he pursued, and the manner in which he trifled with the expectations of that unfortunate country, were unworthy of a great and liberal politician,—no less than an advance to Moscow, dictated by vanity only, was unworthy of an experienced captain. Again: to advance to Moscow without an object, and with the previous intention of retreating immediately, was a strange way of administering to the vanity of his troops; since the world, we believe, is generally apt to suspect some ulterior views in all such forward movements,—and to construe a return of the kind contemplated by Sir Robert Wilson into something like defeat and discomfiture. When Massena retired from Portugal, we believe the vanity of his soldiers was not very greatly elevated by their having advanced to the neighbourhood of Lisbon,—nor did he venture to tell the world that, when he commenced his invasion of that country, he had never calculated on doing more. There was an ancient king of France, whose prowess to this effect is celebrated in the songs of our childhood. But, to ‘march up a hill’ with the express and sole intention of marching ‘down again’ was surely far less absurd than the act of conducting an army three hundred miles, from Wilna to Moscow, for no better reason than to say that he had been there. Nor do we think so meanly of Buonaparte’s abilities as to suppose that, if he had really set out from Poland with the intention of returning thither before the winter shut in, he would have neglected to provide magazines for the support of his retreating army; or that

that so obvious a precaution as *proper horse-shoes* would have been forgotten, if his retreat, when it took place, had been an expected or even a *voluntary* measure. Of course we cannot contest, with an officer of Sir Robert Wilson's experience, the question how far an army, *infantry and all*, may be destroyed for want of being rough-shod;—we will not even stay to inquire, whether the author would have himself suggested King Lear's 'delicate stratagem,' of using *felt* for that purpose, over icy roads. But it is somewhat strange that, if the want of horse-shoes had been so total and calamitous in the French army as he supposes, not one of the different military writers, who were partakers in its sufferings, should have enumerated this among the causes of its exemplary destruction.

To a sudden, though not, as Sir Robert Wilson supposes, an unusually *severe* or *early* frost, we are as fully disposed as he can be, to ascribe the completion of that ruin which overthrew the hopes of the mighty. But we must also persist in joining to this awful interposition of Heaven, the infatuated and overweening confidence of Buonaparte in his own power and destiny, an infatuation which led him to aim at the overturn of Russia when he ought to have applied all his efforts to the renovation of Poland, and which induced him to linger in a dismantled city, at a season when every hour was valuable, and when at every moment that frost might be looked for which found him, at last, unprepared.

There is yet another cause of Buonaparte's overthrow, to which Sir Robert Wilson attaches less importance than we do—we mean the admirable discipline and bravery of the Russian army; backed, as it was in the whole extent of country which the invader traversed, by the loyalty and zeal of a hardy and, on the whole, (as Sir Robert Wilson truly states,) a happy and prosperous peasantry, with whom his troops found it impossible to establish a friendly communication, and who were as warmly interested for the honour of Russia as the proudest nobles of Moscow. Where our author picked up his rumour of proposals made to Napoleon, and refused by him, for exciting a servile war, we cannot tell. No doubt there are, in all countries, men of disappointed hopes and desperate characters, who are ready to undertake or suggest any scheme, however wicked or preposterous, in behalf of a public enemy. But, we will venture to say, the author of this proposal (if such a proposal were really made) was as ignorant as the French themselves were of the Muscovite character, if he believed that their peasants, even the most oppressed and discontented among them, would join the cause of a *Niemetsky* invader.*

As

* *Niemetsky*, a term of reproach applied to all who cannot speak Slavonian.—We cannot

As to the various anecdotes which follow of misconduct on the part of the Russian commanders at that period, we are inclined, for the following reasons, to attach but little weight to them :—As, by the author's own statement, they were pretty nearly counter-balanced by the oversight of the horse-shoes, and various other blunders in the French army,—they can prove, and are, apparently, intended to prove nothing more than a position which we are not called on to combat,—that Sir Robert Wilson himself is a more skilful commander than either Kutusoff or Buonaparte. Nor, allowing to the utmost extent, the facts alleged, can we think it by any means unusual or extraordinary that, in operations so extensive and so hurried, many opportunities may have been lost, and many errors committed, which, though they might not escape the eye of an acute bystander, would not very materially affect the issue of the war, or the military reputation of either general. We are, too, a little in doubt whether a bye-stander is always a competent judge of the details of a campaign, or the movements of armies, with whose wants and the obstacles with which they have to contend, he is often imperfectly acquainted. We are men of peace ourselves, but we are not so ignorant of the usual chit-chat of head-quarters, as to attach any implicit faith to all the *curious facts* which a foreigner is sure to pick up there, or to be blind to the extreme difficulty with which authentic information is to be obtained even by those best qualified to make inquiries. Sir Robert Wilson is, we believe, himself acquainted with an officer of high rank and of considerable reputation as ‘an able partizan,’ who, nevertheless, thought fit to enliven a period of inaction during the Spanish war, by dispatching to head-quarters a false report of a victory gained by the corps under his command; a circumstance which, to say no more of it, has had a considerable effect in making us incredulous as to military details derived from extra-official sources.

We are next presented with an idle story of a *private conversation* between the Emperor Alexander and the Crown-Prince of Sweden, in which the former is said to have expressed himself favourably to certain views of the latter on the succession to the French throne. (p. 38.) We call this an *idle* story because, if true, it is nothing to the purpose of the present volume :—it does not shew either ambition or treachery on the part of Russia, since it amounts to no more than that, if the will of the French people had called Bernadotte to the throne, Alexander would not have

not agree with our author in stating the comforts of a Russian peasant to be greater than those usually enjoyed by an Englishman. But he has, certainly, given a more accurate representation of their condition than Dr. Clarke, and we would wish him, therefore, to reflect, how improbable it is that they whom he speaks of as the happiest clowns in the world, should yet be eager to adopt the wildest schemes of a revolutionary war.

opposed

opposed their choice. But where was Sir Robert Wilson when these words were spoken, or from what better authority than the booksellers' shops of Paris and Vienna has he received them?—or how is it to be endured that a conversation in its nature most private, and which neither of the parties concerned were, for their own sakes, likely to communicate to an Englishman, an accredited bookmaker and a retailer of secret histories, should be as confidently given between inverted commas, as if it were extracted from their published correspondence or avowed state-papers?

Due praise, and no more than due is given to the admirable firmness and unwearied activity of Alexander, during the invasion of his territories and his subsequent advance into Germany; and a fact is stated, respecting the amount of the Russian forces, which we must again request the reader to bear in mind—namely, that the whole number of troops which, under circumstances peculiarly stimulating, the undivided energies of their empire could supply to act in Germany, was, including Cossacks and Bashkirs, a hundred and forty thousand men. (pp. 41, l. 4—42, l. 7.)

On the account here given of the battle of Lutzen we have no observations to make. In speaking of the operations which followed, Sir Robert's zeal for Buonaparte's reputation has, we conceive, outrun his knowledge:—thus he tells us (pp. 45, 46) that the allies had been completely unsuccessful in all their enterprises down to the 16th of October inclusive; and that the retreat and concentration of Buonaparte's troops, *in the neighbourhood of Leipzig*, was only in consequence of his having learned, through General Meerfeldt, that Bavaria meditated defection. But (p. 54) we are also told, that, at the time of his retreat from Dresden, and the concentration of his troops near Leipzig, he was '*ignorant of the Bavarian defection*,' and therefore '*left St. Cyr in Dresden with nearly thirty thousand men*.' To such strange inconsistencies are those idolaters of Napoleon reduced, who will not allow that their deity has experienced defeat, and must yet account for measures which defeat only could render necessary or advisable.

Still more remarkable, however, are Sir Robert's lamentations for the treatment which his favourite received from the government of Switzerland, who permitted the allied troops to advance through their territory. '*That a free people*,' he exclaims, '*the descendants of William Tell, enjoying their independent neutrality, allowed to preserve it, and in a position to maintain it*, should abandon, yield, or negotiate away a right so important for their country, and so solemnly declared to be inviolable, was only to be conceived by those who hold that public virtue is but an Utopian theory.' (p. 59.)

How strangely can faction and a few months' conversation with the Jacobin coteries of Paris corrupt even the best understanding!

The

The Sir Robert Wilson of former days would have been himself the first to reply, in answer to such idle cant as this, that it was precisely because the Swiss *were* the countrymen of William Tell that they exulted in the deliverance of Europe from a far heavier yoke than that which Austria had in former times endeavoured to impose on their ancestors. He would have shewn that it was because they really desired to be 'in a condition to *maintain* their independent neutrality' in the quarrels of Europe, and not merely to be '*allowed* to preserve it' at the pleasure of an overbearing neighbour; that they rejoiced to see that conqueror humbled whose gigantic empire girt in their small domain. He would have shewn that it was because the Swiss had not forgotten the recent heroism of Reding and his fellow-patriots that they were anxious to see the consummation of that great work in which those brave men had shed their blood, and to shake off that subjection to the dictates of France which their author calls independence. Does Sir Robert Wilson seriously believe that, if the government of the Swiss confederacy had ventured to oppose the passage of the allies, the Swiss nation would not have behaved as the Saxon and Prussian nations had already done, and either compelled their rulers to a change of policy, or, in spite of those rulers, have followed the bent of their own enthusiasm? Is he not well aware (however it may now suit his purpose to forget the fact) that in all these countries, and in every country of the continent, it was with *the people*, not with their government, that the spirit of opposition to the French power began?—or what Lethe has washed out of his brain the many circumstances of aggravation and injury, the extinction of commerce, the suppression of public feeling, the undesired interference, the intolerable protection, which in Switzerland, as in Holland and Germany, made the great body of the commonalty detest Buonaparte and his empire with a degree of bitterness which no former conqueror has provoked from the victims of his ambition?

Of the days which followed, and which ended in the capture of Paris and the treaty of 1814, 'the transactions,' as Sir Robert Wilson observes, 'are familiar to the public recollection;' and he has therefore thought fit to give a view of them, not only entirely at variance with the general impression of Europe concerning them, but, we will venture to say, with the impressions of some of the best informed military observers of the time, and who, instead of receiving their details from the orators of the Palais Royal, were really with the armies, and sharers in their glory and anxiety. The following is Sir Robert Wilson's statement of Buonaparte's conduct of that memorable struggle:—

'With *sixty thousand* brave and indefatigable men he baffled the operations

rations of two hundred thousand for more than six weeks; obtained victories which obliged Alexander to seek the Austrian commander in his bed, at four o'clock in the morning, "*to desire he would instantly expedite a courier to Chatillon, with orders for the signature of the treaty of peace, as agreed to by the French negociator,*" until he heard, unfortunately for his master, Napoleon, of those very successes, which made the *Emperor of Austria*, with one nobleman and one servant, fly, in a German droska, for safety to Dijon, and remain there thirty hours virtually a prisoner, and strictly one if any Frenchman had done his duty—victories, which threw the allied army, then only one hundred and twenty thousand strong, with the sovereigns between the city of Paris and his cannon, without any line of communication with the Rhine, or any intermediate magazines, &c. without any ammunition, and without any stores, except such as were in movement with the army itself—victories which screwed them, as it were, in a vice, from which, if defection had not extricated them, they were unable to secure their escape, and yet obliged to make the attempt.

The measures, which it was believed had been long in preparation, were consummated at the very instant Napoleon's success seemed beyond the power of misfortune; and the movement on St. Dizier, which merited empire, lost him his crown.

Ten thousand men of the allies had been killed or wounded in the attack on Montmartre, chiefly from the artillery served by the boys of the polytechnic school. The acquisition of this post assured only the destruction of buildings, if the experiment of bombardment had been made. The army was too weak and too ill-provided to attempt a forcible occupation of the city, which must have expended so many men and so much ammunition, as to have rendered the possession untenable, when Napoleon approached with his army to its relief, and the sallying force too weak to hazard battle in the open field.

'Such was the conviction on the minds of those charged with the conduct of the allied army, that a retreat was already resolved on, in case the promised co-operation in the city had not been accomplished.'—pp. 60—62.

Now we have not the smallest desire (as indeed the attempt would be ridiculous) to deny that Buonaparte has shewn himself a consummate captain, both in the general course of his campaigns, and more particularly in that of Paris; but it so happens that the facts on which this author chuses to ground his fame are almost all of them incorrectly stated. As to the idle anecdotes, in italics, of Alexander's alarm, and the manner in which Francis fled to Dijon, we know nothing of them, and are extremely incurious concerning their truth or falsehood. But what does the gallant author mean by 'victories which threw the allied army between the city of Paris and his cannon—which screwed them in a vice,' &c. &c.? If he means the movement of Buonaparte towards St. Dizier, in the beginning of February, when he attacked Marshal Blucher at Brienne, we must beg him to recollect that at that period Buona-

parte

parte *carefully covered his capital*, and that the allied armies, so far from being 'thrown between Paris and his cannon,' never *could* get into such a position. If he means the final movement at the end of March, his account is equally fallacious. Buonaparte's success had arisen from the separation of the allied armies, and from the bringing his whole force on one point, so as almost to ruin them in detail: But, from the moment that their armies were in communication with each other, the same manœuvres were no longer practicable; and it was then that he resolved on the desperate and ruinous expedient of a movement in their rear. What might have been the result of this movement had the allies remained quiescent, we certainly cannot say. But, from the moment that these last commenced their march on Paris, Buonaparte saw and confessed that the game was over. From that moment he displayed nothing but irresolution. While it might have been yet possible, by an immediate countermarch, to save the capital, he still continued to draw off his troops to greater distance; and, before any single good effect had resulted from this movement, but when all the evil had happened which might have been apprehended, he again returned, by forced marches, with his guards to Fontainebleau; and this is what this author thinks proper to describe as 'screwing the allied armies in a vice'!

It is equally incorrect that the allies, after their arrival in front of Paris, ever meditated a retreat, or that Paris can be defended after the fall of Montmartre; we might say, that it can be defended at all, for we have the experience of 1815 to prove, that, even without losing Montmartre, a larger army than Marmont possessed in 1814 found it impossible to save Paris from the flames, except by capitulation.

There was one region of the war which was indeed of an importance only secondary, but on which Sir Robert Wilson, from his situation with the Austrian army, might have been reasonably expected to furnish us with accurate and interesting information; we mean the campaign against Eugene Beauharnois in Italy. Against the accuracy of his information we have nothing to object,—but as to its novelty or interest,—inasmuch as we have had the pleasure of reading the very same details in a pamphlet published by an officer of the French staff,—we certainly see but little reason for the tone of importance which is here assumed in communicating facts already known, and not, so far as we have heard, contradicted. We will only say, that General Beauharnois acted with the same good sense and moderation which has always distinguished him, when he declined the foolish parade of garrisoning Mantua after the fall of Buonaparte.

But, if the narrative of the Italian campaign abounds in *truisms*,
this

this is certainly not the case with the account which our author furnishes of the restoration of the Bourbon family.—

‘ Talleyrand, on being asked to name the *government* and *governor* most agreeable to the French *senate* and *people*, answered, “ A constitutional monarchy and Louis.”

‘ Alexander had for some time been obliged to relinquish the proposed arrangements in favour of Bernadotte, who had loitered at Liege, and who in fact had done too much for his *character* in France, and too little for his *interests* with the allies.

‘ Alexander, personally, as it was believed, ill-disposed to the Bourbon family, reluctantly acquiesced in the proposition. The King of Prussia did not object ; but Schwartzenberg, for a few instants was silent, and Talleyrand was uneasy if not alarmed. Schwartzenberg, however, probably unwilling to charge himself with the responsibility of a refusal, (his sovereign and Metternich being absent,) did not finally withhold his assent: and thus by two *foreign* sovereigns, a *foreign* marshal, and an *ex-minister*, was Louis *chosen*—King of France!”—pp. 63, 64.

Now, it is not too much to say, that there is no single anecdote in Sir Nathaniel Wraxall’s ingenious romance more egregiously mis-stated or misconceived than this is.—The fact was simply, that, in a council held at the quarters of the Emperor Alexander, on March 31st, (the day on which the allies entered Paris,) the opinions of Talleyrand, Baron Louis, and several others were asked as to the wishes of the French people. *They*, not Talleyrand *only*, distinctly stated that France was weary of war and anxious for a restoration of the ancient dynasty, but that the royalists were prevented from declaring themselves by the apprehension of fresh conferences like those of Chatillon. A declaration was in consequence issued, in the name of the allied sovereigns, for the express purpose of allowing public opinion to shew itself, stating that they could not again treat with any branch of the Buonaparte family. From that moment the royalists came forward ; in three days the *déchéance* of Napoleon was carried through by the senate and the legislative body, and in a week the restoration of the Bourbons was decided by the same assemblies, and hailed, as Sir Robert Wilson well knows, with the utmost joy through all the departments of France ; and this proceeding, than which we challenge even the philosophers of the Palais Royal to point out any thing more rational, more candid, more liberal, Sir Robert Wilson describes as choosing a king for France ‘ by two foreign sovereigns, a foreign marshal, and an ex-minister.’ Verily, the hardihood, no less than the understanding of the gallant bookmaker has been augmented by the society with whom he has lived in Paris.

We have no time nor inclination to follow Sir Robert Wilson step by step, through his various lamentations, over every measure which has been adopted by the several powers assembled in the

Congress of Vienna. His objections, such as they are, may be more advantageously considered when we examine that which, though it occupies the least part of his work, is the avowed object and theme of the whole,—the present state of Europe, and its alleged dangers from the power of Russia. There is only one circumstance in the proceedings of the congress on which we shall say a passing word. For the story of the unfortunate and vacillating Murat we are referred to Count Macironi. As this is not the only occasion on which the authority of that gentleman has been quoted for the purpose of vilifying England, it may be well to see to what degree of credit he, on his own shewing, is entitled. Mr. Macironi acknowledges himself to have been empowered by the Emperor of Austria to offer Murat a retreat 'if he agreed to reside in the Austrian states as an individual.' To this effect he was furnished with a passport for *himself* as envoy of the allied powers, and a passport for Murat under the name of Count Lipona. Mark the conduct of this 'Englishman.' (Mr. Macironi too, it seems, is an Englishman :) he arrives in Corsica, General Murat declines his proposal, and confides to him his desperate project on Naples,—and this honest envoy, thereupon, furnishes him with that very passport to be used against the allies which the allies had confided to him in case Murat should accede to their terms! For Murat we cannot feel respect, but we feel very considerable pity. Of Mr. Macironi we are tempted to predict that he has little reason to apprehend the honourable mode of death which was inflicted on his master. *His* vocation seems to be to another kind of exit.

Buonaparte at length returns, and the following is the manner in which an English major-general describes the short campaign which hurled him a second time from his throne.

'The arrangements of Napoleon were so well made that he obtained all the advantages of a surprise. Victorious over the Prussians, he would, on the same day, have gained a success decisive of the fate of Belgium, if the corps destined to support Ney had not been withdrawn to join the grand army, *without orders*, from a mistaken zeal of the commander, who conceived, by the weight and continuation of the cannonade, that Napoleon stood in need of succour.

'The battle of Waterloo, fought with only *eighty thousand* men, and the loss of which may be attributed to the non-arrival of Grouchy with *thirty-six thousand*—to the *revivifying* powers of the Prussians—and the obstinate valour of the English army, annihilated all his military projects and political negotiations.'—pp. 87, 88.

It is really amusing to find so many misstatements included within so few lines.

1st. Sir Robert Wilson is not correct in supposing that if Ney had compelled the Duke of Wellington to retire from Quatre Bras, that success would have decided the fate of Belgium, since the Duke

Duke of Wellington, as is well known, would equally have taken up the position of Waterloo.

2d. He is not correct in stating that Grouchy had 36,000 men. Nor, even supposing that this general had actually joined Buonaparte with that number, would the event of Waterloo have been different, since, in that case, the Prussian army of double the force, which Grouchy kept in check, would have, on the other hand, effected an earlier junction with their allies.

3d. He is most incorrect in saying that '*the revivifying powers*' of the Prussians won the battle of Waterloo. We appeal to the brave men who fought on that great day whether the enemy were not beaten back on every point before the Prussians appeared; but we confess, with joy, that to their gallant and well-timed advance Europe is indebted for the total rout of the French army, and for the wonderful results of that unparalleled victory. The author has also omitted *one cause* of that victory which, we trust, few Englishmen besides himself have yet forgotten;—that the British army was commanded by one who never knew defeat,—whose heroic example stimulated the zeal no less than his tried abilities conciliated the confidence of the soldier,—whom all loved and all were, therefore, 'swift to follow.'

From the specimens which we have already given, our readers will not be surprized to find the restoration of the Royal Family of France, and the other measures of the allies, exclaimed against in the wildest terms of jacobinical fury. They will not be surprized to find the honourable names of 'the French senate,' and 'representatives of the people,' given to the old revolutionists whom Buonaparte collected round him during the hundred days; the restitution to their right owners of the works of art which France had accumulated by the most flagrant injustice, designated as 'the plunder of the Louvre;' and Alexander himself described as 'no longer the Alexander of the year 1814;'

'but as a member of that confederacy, which has at length converted this quarter of the globe into one common prison, where innocence can command no safety, and misfortune find no *inviolable* asylum—a confederacy, which seems to propose by inquisitions, standing armies, censors, treyotal courts, police ministers, spies, informers, proscriptions, alien bills, laws of suspicion and suspension, to extinguish the spirit of liberty in *each* hemisphere, and brutalize mankind.'—p. 111.

Oh wicked confederacy! But what 'inquisitions' has the said confederacy either established or countenanced? or what has it done towards extinguishing the spirit of liberty in America? Would Sir Robert Wilson have had the allies go to war with Spain in order to reform that system of religion which, he himself well knows, the majority of her people prefer? On what grounds of justice or hu-

manity would he have wished them to interfere in that colonial war which the belligerent parties may reasonably expect to be allowed to settle for themselves, and where both have behaved so ill that a lover of liberty can wish success to neither? What but *non interference* in such a quarrel can he lay to the charge of the allies; and by what rare alchemy can he extract, from the fact of *doing nothing*, a design 'to extinguish the spirit of liberty?' But the confederacy is charged with all 'the standing armies, censors, prevotal courts, police ministers,' &c. of Europe!—Mild and peaceful Napoleon! In thy reign such things were unknown! What '*innocence*' is that which can now-a-days '*command no safety*?' What is that *misfortune* to which 'an inviolable asylum' is denied? Because some half-dozen of those who were most active in driving the King of France from his throne have been brought to a legal and open trial; because the greater part of his most inveterate enemies have been allowed to retire to foreign countries, and meditate there fresh plots and vent fresh libels against the friends of peace and rational liberty, they sigh, it seems, for a different system of proceeding. We should rejoice to know what precise system they would prefer. Would they rather be tied face to face and flung into the Loire or the Seine, as they themselves served the emigrant priests and nobles? Do they wish for an ambulatory guillotine after the manner of that government of which M. Carnot was a member? Will a fusillade please them? Do they prefer to an open trial, with the choice of their own counsel, and every advantage which public sympathy and the sympathy of a *jury* can bestow, the being executed by the sentence of a *foreign court-martial* like Palm or Hofer, and by torch-light like the Duke d'Enghein? Shall we furbish up for their use the *rack* which tortured Captain Wright and Madame Toussaint, or the tourniquet which put an end to Pichegru? Is a residence in Belgium, Russia, or St. Helena, with or without '*surveillance*,' worse than being deported to Cayenne; than being confined for life in a dungeon, *without trial*, like Toussaint L'Ouverture; without the *possibility of guilt* like the unhappy Dauphin? God in his mercy forbid that the revolutionists should be '*rewarded as they have themselves served others*.'* But God forbid also, in his mercy

* There is another mode of *gaol-delivery* which is not unworthy notice. The readers of Miss Baillie's admirable tragedies have all of them shuddered at the '*witty cruelty*' of the prelate in '*Ethwald*,' who by executing, every day, one out of a large number of captives, prolonged the fear and suspense of all the rest, and multiplied the bitterness of death to the last survivor in proportion to the number of times that death had been brought near to him. But they will be surprized to learn that so closely has that great mistress of the passions followed nature, that what she only ventured to represent as the cruelty of a barbarous age, was really put in practice in our own times by the general of a civilized army. The fact itself is abundantly curious, and we particularly recommend it to Sir Robert Wilson for insertion in the next edition of his *Egyptian narrative*. It was related,

to the loyal and peaceable part of mankind, that we should be gulled a second time by their pretence to moderation and philanthropy, or forget what manner of men those are who now presume to talk to us of their 'innocence' and their 'misfortunes!'

But there is one charge brought against the allies to which a more formal answer is required;—the charge, we mean, of having suffered Ney to be executed in defiance of a treaty entered into by the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher. As we believe that the work before us is the first which has ventured to record so gross a calumny, we are the more anxious to take this opportunity of replying to an opinion which was first taken up in the spirit of party, but which, we verily believe, has, in many instances, received an undue degree of countenance from those who were actuated by something much better than a party feeling.

The fitness of Marshal Ney's condemnation (not the character of his crime—for of that there can be no doubt) depends solely on the question whether the King of France was or was not a party to the convention on which Paris capitulated, and whether the assurance therein contained, that individuals were not to be molested on account of their political conduct, were or were not confined to those military securities which a victorious army has it in its power to inflict. If the allies were right in their construction of this article there is no one, we apprehend, who can deny that Ney suffered justly. He had, beyond all doubt, been guilty of an act of atrocious treachery in abandoning a king whom he had just sworn in the most public and ostentatious manner to serve faithfully; he had drawn his sword and led an army against that king and his allies; and it is merely absurd to plead, that Ney may have been induced to commit this act of perfidy and rebellion by weakness or vanity more than by worse motives, or that, in the history of the world, other revolutions have offered instances of similar treason. It is no excuse, either in law or morality, for a glaring

related, at the table of an eminent banker in Paris, by a gentleman who, for many years, held a high place in the service and confidence of Napoleon, and who gave it, in the simplicity of his heart, as an instance of the address and inflexible firmness of his late master. Several persons, both French and English, of the first distinction, heard him, and, we have no doubt, will bear testimony to the general correctness of the minutes which fol-

General Buonaparte, while in Cairo, had succeeded in quelling a very formidable insurrection, the signal for which had been given from the minarets of the city by the Muzzeins, while professing to call, in their usual manner, the faithful to their devotions. The great body of insurgents were driven into one of the chief mosques, and obtained quarter on surrendering to punishment 600 of their ringleaders. These last were immediately conducted to a spacious court, where they were guarded by French soldiers. At midnight Buonaparte visited them in person, and selected fifteen for execution, who were bound up in sacks and thrown into the Nile. For forty successive nights these visits were repeated! 'Prince Eugene and myself,' said the narrator, 'fell on our knees night after night, imploring the lives of these wretches, but he said it was absolutely necessary, and remained immovable.'

and acknowledged crime, though it is one to which popular advocates are somewhat too fond of reverting, that other men may be found as bad as the criminal before us, or that men of reputation, otherwise illustrious in the course of their lives, have been betrayed into an equal baseness. We do not even conceive that it was in the power of the King of France, as guardian of the public justice, (supposing Ney to have been justly tried,) to pardon him, inasmuch as it was high time to put some check on that monstrous and shameless principle or abandonment of principle, which held that a soldier might change his allegiance as a servant does his livery, and that no government had any further hold on the fidelity of its subjects than it had power to reward their duty or punish their defection—a principle which would have been finally established if such men (however otherwise estimable or pardonable) as Labedoyère, Ney, or Lavalette had been pardoned, and which, if once established, would have made every ruler a tyrant, and fear alone the basis of civil authority. But, indeed, we do not conceive that the allied powers, as such, are either answerable for the precise manner in which the sovereign whom they have restored may exercise his legal and constitutional authority, or that they can be justly blamed because the French court does not think fit to pardon whatever criminals may excite the benevolent interest of Sir Robert Wilson. The question is simply whether the allied sovereigns had a right to interfere, which they only could have if the case of Marshal Ney fell within the provisions of that capitulation which they had concluded with the people of Paris.

Now we conceive that the real meaning of every treaty must be decided by the acceptance of the contracting parties, not as collected at a distant period, when other interests may have thrown a veil over the truth, but as proved by those actions which closely follow and immediately relate to it. What then was the acceptance in which those who signed the convention of Paris appear by their actions to have understood it? If Ney, Labedoyère, &c. had believed that a convention had been signed which was equivalent to an amnesty, which was sanctioned by their offended sovereign, and guaranteed by the faith of Prussia and of England, and by the presence of a general who is respected by, at least, all his foreign enemies, would they not have seized the first moment of the entry of the allies to claim the protection of the Duke of Wellington, especially if, as this author says, they suspected the intentions of their own government? Yet the fact was that Ney and Labedoyère both left Paris with passports under false names, furnished them by Fouché. Fouché was himself a party to the convention. Would he have taken this indirect method of saving his friends had he conceived them to be protected by the twelfth article? But, still more,
Labedoyère

Labedoyère was arrested, tried, and put to death. Had he no friend, no counsel, no acuteness of his own to discover or plead such an amnesty? or does not his silence on the subject, no less than the silence of his numerous and zealous advocates, sufficiently prove that neither he nor they ever supposed such a pledge to have been contained in the article under discussion? Ney, too, was many weeks in prison; was brought before a court-martial; was the theme of conversation in all societies; yet until the moment of his last trial before the house of peers, neither he himself nor any one for him thought of claiming the benefit of the convention. We believe, indeed, that we could ourselves (if it were necessary) communicate to Sir Robert Wilson the name of him who at length discovered the new version of that state paper, and turned its language to the purpose of his political friends. But surely that could not be the real intention of a treaty which, like the secret of a riddle, was so long overlooked by the parties most concerned to understand it?

Marshal Davoust, however, and the other French commissioners who signed the convention, are reported to have declared, on their examination before the house of peers, that they considered the twelfth article as binding not the allied armies only, but any future government which might be established. That, at the time when they thus spoke, they had adopted the new explication of that article we must, on their asseveration, believe; but that such was the sense in which it was originally dictated we have already given some cogent reasons for doubting; and, we confess, when we recollect the strong esprit de corps which was called forth, throughout the French army, in favour of the brave and unfortunate traitor in whose behalf they were then giving evidence, we can easily believe (what might be pardoned without much difficulty) that the opinions of these officers were somewhat warped by the desire of saving a comrade.

But it was also urged that the allies could have neither right nor inclination to punish political opinions or conduct; and, therefore, that the 12th article could not possibly be intended to prevent any persecution at their hands. Now, in answer to this objection, let us inquire what had been the conduct of the French army in whose favour that convention was concluded.

In Spain, Sir Robert Wilson is well aware, the most arbitrary measures were invariably pursued, and the most studied vexations put in practice towards those whose opinions or conduct were supposed to have been hostile to King Joseph. We have heard instances of *women* who had soldiers quartered in their houses to be maintained at their expense, for having failed to attend a ball or fête given by the French general. We have heard instances of

persons in civil capacities who were arrested, or put under surveillance, for having carried a very little farther their dislike to the new order of things. In Prussia, it is well known, the same system was pursued to a much greater extent, and a still harsher controul was exercised by the French military over the politics and predilections of individuals. In Swabia, the bookseller Palm was shot, by sentence of a French court-martial, for political papers published in a city of which, at the time of the alleged offence, the French armies had not even military possession, while, in Moscow, Buonaparte had put some hundred persons to death for *having obeyed the orders of their own government in setting fire to that city* on the entrance of the French army.

Is it possible then to imagine a more natural cause for the insertion of the 12th article into the capitulation of Paris, than the approach of a Prussian army with all their long arrears to receive of public and private vengeance? Is it not plain that the first precaution of a French army, conscious of their own conduct on similar occasions, would be to guard against the operation of the '*lex talionis*,' and protect their own capital against the being obliged to drink of that cup which the other cities of Europe had drained to its very dregs of bitterness? What good reason, then, have we for supposing that the French nation understood the article in question to provide for any other than military forbearance?

But, further, it is well known that, after the signature of the capitulation, a meeting of several distinguished persons was held, at which the ministers of the King of France attended, and among them M. Fouché himself, who had signed the treaty in question, to deliberate whether or no an amnesty should be granted by the King. And, is it not plain that this would not and could not have been done if they *then* conceived that the king had already granted an amnesty? Yet this he must have done had he been considered as a party to the capitulation of Paris. What further proof can we require that the opinions of all parties concerned, at that time, coincided with that of the Duke of Wellington, whose honour no man has yet ventured to call in question, and who has publicly declared, that he regarded the convention as wholly military?

But, says Count Macironi, '*Talleyrand, the minister of Louis,* was present on the morning of the 4th of July, when the Duke of Wellington, Sir C. Stuart, and Pozzo di Borgo were *assembled in council*; and Talleyrand, turning to the Duke, requested him to read to the Count *the capitulation which they had just concluded.*' p. 102. On the degree of respectability, which, on Count Macironi's own shewing, attaches to his character, we have already spoken; and Sir Robert Wilson may judge how far a man of honour may think his assertions worthy of a direct 'contradiction.'

But,

But, whether true or false, this anecdote goes a very little way to prove that Talleyrand was a party to the convention, inasmuch as, 1st, Even supposing that Talleyrand, while in the camp of the allies, had spoken of himself as a part of their army, the word '*we*,' thus used in conversation, could not with any degree of fairness be quoted as implying his official participation in an instrument to which neither *he* nor any one else *for him* signed his name. 2dly, Macironi's statement does not even go this length; since, for all that appears, the word '*they*' in his narrative may apply to the plenipotentiaries of the allied armies. And that it did thus apply is plain from the simple fact that this conversation is said to have taken place at *Gonesse*; and since we know that the capitulation was signed not at *Gonesse*, but at *St. Cloud*; neither by Talleyrand nor Pozzo di Borgo, but by General Muffling, on the part of the Prussians, and Colonel Hervey, on that of the British. The '*on*,' or '*vous*,' or whatever other word M. Talleyrand employed, had clearly, therefore, reference to the abovementioned officers and the generals by whom they were deputed. The question, in fact, may be said to lie in a nutshell. In whose name was the capitulation concluded? Can any prince or power be a party to a capitulation in which neither he nor any one deputed by him has joined? And till Sir Robert Wilson can give an answer to these questions favourable to his present views of the subject, we shall continue in our opinion, that the English and Prussian armies only were bound by the Convention of Paris.

But these are not the only crimes of the allied powers. Those powers are accused, in general, and, as we gather from certain expressions in Sir Robert Wilson's work, more particularly the British government, is accused of injustice and perfidy, in adding Norway to Sweden, a part of Saxony to Prussia, Dalmatia and a part of Italy to Austria, and Genoa to the territories of Sardinia. They are accused of gross tyranny in supporting by their army an unpopular and oppressive government in France; and they are accused of folly and weakness in having consented to and forwarded the increase of Russian greatness to a degree which must inevitably overpower the weak, and disjointed, and mutually disaffected confederacy, which Prussia, Austria, England, and France can now oppose to her. On all these points we shall say something, inasmuch as they are connected, (as far as any connection can be found,) in Sir Robert Wilson's reasoning, which adduces the misconduct of the allies to the states under their controul, as one principal cause of that weakness and inability to resist an invader, which he thinks proper to ascribe to them.

That the case of many of those regions which have been united to foreign states was sufficiently unfortunate and pitiable we have
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not the smallest inclination to deny. Their connection with France, which was thus severely punished, had been, in almost every instance, compulsory; and it seemed hard that they who had been among the principal sufferers from French preponderance, should be involved also in the disasters of that country. Hard, however, as their fortune was, it was the common fortune of war, in which no distinction can be made between the different degrees of heartiness or reluctance, with which the allies of our enemy have served him, so long as their power has been applied to his service and our detriment. If the men and money of Norway, Saxony, and Italy, had been employed by France for the ruin of Russia and England, they unquestionably exposed themselves, if unsuccessful, to whatever punishment the victors might impose on them, whether to take them themselves, or to use them as means of rewarding their own allies or dependents. It might have been very generous if the victors had entirely forgiven them, and it would have been wise to have observed such a generous line of conduct, if it had been compatible with the future tranquillity of Europe, and the future safety of the victorious nations themselves. But this was a question, not of justice, but of expediency on the one hand, and feeling on the other; and both generosity and feeling were necessarily to give way to that which can be postponed to justice only, the law of self-preservation, and the duty which every government owes, in the first place, to its own subjects, and their future happiness and security.

Now, in the case of Norway, there is no doubt that the general interests of Europe, and more particularly of England, called for its union with Sweden, inasmuch as it would give to the latter power a compactness and strength which no other measures could have given it, and by which alone the Baltic could be preserved from being in reality what such writers as Sir Robert Wilson have sometimes called it, a bay in the Russian dominions. It is easy to say that Russia influences Sweden, and that, therefore, every accession of power which Sweden receives is an addition to the power of Russia. The question is, was not Sweden without Norway more completely at the feet of Russia, than Sweden now that she is strengthened by a million of fresh subjects, and by getting rid of an enemy in her rear? Is it not easier for England or France, in case of future rupture with Russia, to defend Sweden *and* Norway against their colossal neighbour, than it would have been to defend Norway singly, with its enormous length of frontier and its numerous passes, against Russia with Sweden at her disposal? And was it not perfectly evident that, had the politics of Russia been so ambitious and interested as this author supposes, she would have preserved a more absolute controul over *both* Norway and Sweden, by keeping them distinct states and playing off the resources and jealousies of each

each against the other than she can do now that the whole peninsula is united under the same sovereign? It follows that the sacrifice of Norway, however painful, was necessary; and, as its brave inhabitants have already experienced, *beneficial* in its consequences to their own country no less than her new-found sister. The same arguments, both of abstract justice and political necessity, will apply with still greater strength to the case of Saxony. No matter how Saxony had first been dragged into an alliance with Buonaparte—his ally she was—the entire resources of her government, her revenue, the produce of her rich soil, and her valiant and admirably disciplined army, had been expended in the invasion of the Russian empire, and in covering the retreat of Napoleon. Her sovereign had adhered to the last to his cause with a steadiness which merits respect, indeed, but of which the foreseen and necessary tendency was to commit his own crown to the same hazard with that of his liege lord. And what right has the King of Saxony to complain that, when all his states were overrun in open war, a portion of them only was returned to him? That it was *wise* to strengthen Prussia, Sir Robert Wilson cannot deny, since, according to his own statement, she is even yet so weak as to be at the mercy of Russia. And from what quarter but Saxony was an accession of strength attainable, unless by a measure which our author would surely not have recommended—a fresh partition of Poland?

As to Italy, it is still less apparent what right she has to complain of injustice on the part of her conquerors. Our author himself extols the laurels which her troops had previously gained at their expense. Her provinces were not the allies only of France, but actually appendages of her empire, and the worst which has befallen them is simply a change of masters. It has been usual, indeed, with the admirers of Buonaparte, in recapitulating the benefits which he is supposed to have conferred on this fine country, to speak of the '*Kingdom of Italy*' as an '*independent*' state, to lament, as Sir Robert Wilson does, her return to a state of '*provincial dependence*;' to remind us that the kingdom of Italy, though 'a fief to Napoleon,' was 'not to France,' and that 'the two crowns, after his decease, were never to be placed on the same head.' Now it is, in the first place, evident from this very statement, that the vaunted '*independence*' of Italy was *prospective* only, not *actual*; that, however it might hereafter be destined to become a free state, it was, for the present, as much a province to France, as 'the kingdom' of Bohemia is to Austria, or the 'kingdom' of Algarva to Portugal, inasmuch as it was subject to the French emperor, protected and controlled by French armies, and administered by a French viceroy. But it was a little too much to call on Europe to recognise an independence which existed only in reversion, and
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whose solidity, when the farce of a separate government should at any time interfere with the ambition or caprice either of Buonaparte or his successors on the throne of France, might be calculated from the fate of Holland, Berg, Etruria, Piedmont, and Liguria, all 'independent' states, all carefully '*guaranteed*' from subjection to France, and all shortly after *incorporated* with France with no other formality than a decree of the French senate, and an expression of the pleasure of the French ruler. But, what is meant by 'the kingdom of Italy,' which was hereafter to enjoy this glorious independence? There are those, we verily believe, among Buonaparte's admirers, who understand, by this well-sounding term, that all the fertile and populous regions from Venice to Monaco, and from Duomo d'Ossola to Rome, were united by Buonaparte under one powerful government, able to maintain its own liberty, either against Austria or France, and which it might, therefore, have been not only generosity in the allies to have spared, but wisdom to have preserved entire. Those persons will be more accurately informed as to the nature and extent of Buonaparte's *benefits* to the Italians, when they learn that Piedmont, Liguria, and all the west of Italy, as far as Rome, were not parts of 'the kingdom,' but absolutely *departments of the French empire*, whose frontier was thus extended to within a few leagues of Milan, the capital of that feeble remnant which was subject to 'the King of Italy.' That the provinces united to France were, on the whole, energetically and wisely administered, that those over which General Beaulharnois was viceroy experienced, in the mildness and good sense of his character, no small abatement of the necessary evils of dependence; that Buonaparte himself had patronised some men of letters, and commenced some handsome buildings, (at the expense, be it remembered, of the Italians themselves;) that the youth whom his conscriptions dragged to foreign and distant wars, were well-drilled and manufactured into tolerable soldiers; that the pictures and statues, which he took away from a people who almost adored them, were placed in good lights at Paris, and were accessible to all those Italians who chose to journey thither; and that, the military roads, by which he rivetted their subjection to his power, are exceedingly convenient to gentlemen and ladies making the grand tour: all this we readily allow; but all this is something very different from making Italy free and independent.

When, therefore, Sir Robert Wilson so feelingly laments the '*dismemberment*' of Italy, we can join with him in his concern; but we cannot refrain from asking him at what time, since the fall of the Roman empire, Italy has been *united*? When he speaks of her being reduced to a *provincial* dependence, we share his indignation; but, for the sake of common justice, let him place the burthen

burthen on the right shoulders. It is a lamentable thing, no doubt, to see a country so well calculated to make one great nation divided into many petty and feeble governments: but was it the allies, or the Heruli and Lombards, who thus divided her? It was a shameful oppression which destroyed the independence of Genoa, Lucca, Venice, and that poor little Ragusa,* which 'even the Turks had spared.' But who was, in these cases, the *destroyer*?—that very Napoleon to whom Sir Robert Wilson 'gives' so much 'honour;' and who 'must and always will be remembered by Italy with affection.'

The countries in question were gained by France under circumstances of unprovoked aggression and audacious perfidy; of this we hear nothing: they were reconquered from France by fair fighting; and because they are not restored to an independence which experience had shewn them unable to preserve, the crime of their subjugation is laid on Austria, Russia, and England. And this is justice, this is candour, this is an impartial and philosophical review of the conduct of the allies and the present state of Europe! If, indeed, the viceroy of Italy had imitated his royal Bavarian connexions by seceding from a cause the success of which was incompatible with the safety of Europe;—if his subjects, like those of Prussia or Spain, had risen with one accord against the common enemy of mankind,—there would then have been a strong plea for respecting the integrity and providing for the future safety of his dominions. But what claim on the justice or forbearance of the allies had General Beauharnois, whose whole military life had been spent in active and inveterate, though (doubtless) honourable hostility against them?—What claim had his subjects, of whose 'laurels' gained at the expense of the allies, Sir Robert Wilson speaks so highly?—What claim had the Genoese, whose injuries are loudly complained of, but whose good-will to the cause was no otherwise shewn than by a little popular murmuring?—Or where would have been the wisdom in suffering a French party to remain at the head of the Milanese government, or in suffering Genoa to become once more what in former days she always had been, the tool of France and a thorn in the side of the king of Sardinia?

* It might indeed have been possible to do that which Buonaparte did not do, to unite the whole of Italy into one powerful state, under a common sovereign. It might have been done without injustice to any party, and there is certainly a possibility that its consequences would have been beneficial to Italy. But before we blame the allies for not having done this, let us candidly consider whether it was not more important to Europe that Austria should resume her

* We join Ragusa with Italy, both because her manners and language were the same, and because she formed a part of Buonaparte's Italian kingdom.

ancient rank and power, than that an experiment of this sort should be tried for the advantage of those who had literally no claim upon us—and whether Austria, who had lost so much in the contest with France, and to whose timely defection from France the cause of Europe is so much indebted, had not some reason to expect from the gratitude of her allies permission, at least, to reconquer, for her own benefit, territories of which all had been once guaranteed to her, and of which the greater part had been, for many centuries, her hereditary property? Will these gentlemen, who deafen us with their fears of Russia, deny the policy of reinforcing, by all just and honourable means, that state which is, from its situation, the advanced guard and barrier of Europe on the side whence the danger is anticipated?—or, was not the future *possible* advantage of Italy, on every principle both of policy and self-preservation, to give way to that general peace and prosperity of Europe in which Italy itself must always be a partaker?—And, after all, are we sure that either the Italians themselves or their advocates would have been satisfied with such an union of the different states as we have mentioned?—Would Genoa, which is said to have been so ill used in being assigned to the king of Sardinia, have been a whit better pleased if she had been handed over to a central government at Rome or Milan?—Is a distinct sovereignty, the want of which is said to have ruined Venice, no advantage to Turin or Florence?—Is it not evident that, whatever course had been adopted, there must have been many complainers? Or had not these *frondeurs* better candidly confess at once that they themselves would have been satisfied with no possible arrangement of which their idol Buonaparte was not the contriver and the administrator?—We, certainly, do not think ourselves called on to maintain the absolute perfection or pervading consistency of every arrangement adopted by the congress which has settled the divisions and international policy of Europe. But it is sufficient for our present purpose to have shewn, in opposition to Sir Robert Wilson and his party, that the measures then pursued were not of a nature to call down on their authors the execration of posterity, or to brand the sovereigns of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, as the enemies and oppressors of the world.

As to the charge of supporting, by force, an odious government in France, we have already, on former occasions, answered it.—If it were even true, which we are persuaded it is not, that the dynasty of the Bourbons was odious to the majority of the French people,—yet would the allies, as guardians of the common peace of Europe and of the safety of their own subjects in particular, have been justified in maintaining it as the most effectual way of excluding those men and those measures which had been found, by
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sad experience, so dangerous to all around them. But are there any fair and reasonable people who still doubt that 'a constitutional monarchy and Louis' was really the wish of the nation; who, with the debates of the Chambers before their eyes, can still deny that 'a constitutional monarchy,' a system of genuine and national liberty is established in that country, or assert that, in any single instance, the army of the allies has been employed to influence the votes or discussions of the legislative bodies?

But where, it may be said, if the government of the king were really parental and popular, was the necessity or the propriety of supporting it by a foreign army?—is it not a contradiction in terms to call that the choice of a nation, which requires an armed force to induce them to accept it?—We answer—1. That the maintenance of the house of Bourbon on the throne was not the only, perhaps not the principal object to be secured by the continuance of the allied troops on the French frontier.—They who hold a contrary language forget, as it should seem, the absolute necessity of providing, till the Flemish fortresses were restored to a defensible state, for the safety of the new kingdom of the Netherlands. It would have been worse than idle to have reconquered Belgium from France if its frontier had been immediately left naked and exposed to the violence of a too powerful neighbour; nor could any measure be more just than the calling on France to pay the expense of a guardianship which her own aggressions and spoliations had rendered necessary.—But, 2dly. For the sake of France herself, and to defend her peaceable majority against the violence of a faction which had long oppressed them, the measure was as consistent with reason and justice as it was with policy. It is not necessary that a party should be the most numerous to render it the most powerful in the state.—It is enough that it should be the most active, the most clamorous, the most vindictive, the least scrupulous and conscientious,—that it should be in possession of the usual channels of public information,—that it should hardily call itself the majority, and, by the careless, the cowardly and the ignorant, be taken at its word.—What proportion did the adherents of Sylla or Marius bear to the great body of the Roman citizens?—What proportion did the assassins and atheists of the French Revolution bear to the people whose name they assumed and rendered infamous?—No state of society can be conceived where such a minority as this may not be formidable,—but if any one state of society exists in which it is more dangerous than another, it must be where, as in France, a single great and licentious city has exercised for ages a despotic influence over the whole public mind, itself liable to be influenced by all the groundless fears and jealousies, all the vain impressions of external show and ill-regulated ambition

ambition and perverse and capricious favouritism to which every mob is liable.—Nor, even if we should allow, what we are not very willing to believe, that, both in France and in other countries where the power of Buonaparte was established, the conduct of the allies is the subject of loud complaint, and the English, in particular, regarded with an evil eye,—should we be reduced to admit that these complaints or this unpopularity are evidences of our national misconduct, or of the excellence of that system in the destruction of which we have borne a principal part.—We should account for it from that disappointment which, in all human affairs, is the natural result of hopes raised high; and which is attendant on every change, even when that change is decidedly for the better.—We should account for it from the unavoidable private suffering which every disorganization of established forms must produce, and which renders even the most beneficial and popular revolutions the source of murmurs and misery to thousands.—Whoever had travelled through the highlands of Scotland, or through many counties, which we could name, of England and Wales, during the first half century after our own revolution, would have met with loud and deep lamentation for the events which established our liberties; and bitter regret for those unfortunate Stuarts who, while seated on the throne, had been so misguided and unpopular. At Rome, the memory of Nero himself was held in honour, after his decease, by the rabble and the soldiery.—A pretender to the empire gained adherents by assuming his name; and Suetonius tells us of unknown hands who, during half a century after, and under the best princes that Rome ever saw, continued to deck with flowers the tomb of this worst and most contemptible of mankind.—What wonder then that Buonaparte should retain, after his fall, the regrets of many of his ancient followers;—of many who, either directly or incidentally, were gainers by his power and losers when he was deposed; of many of that unthinking herd who are swayed by a blind and instinctive hatred of all existing authority, and are accustomed to cry out, even in times of the greatest prosperity, that ‘the former days were better than these.’—There are others, too, of a better spirit, who are swayed, nevertheless, by the recollection of those events by which the pride of a warlike and ambitious people was so severely humbled; who cannot look back without pain on trophies defaced, though those trophies had been purchased by their own blood and misery; or on days of defeat, though that defeat had saved them from worse evils. It is hard to forgive those by whom we have benefited in spite of ourselves; and years must pass away before such persons as we have described can entertain a kindly feeling towards their conquerors.—To all these causes of irritation in
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which the allies were sharers, but in which England bore a principal part as the ancient rival of France and the leading member of the European confederacy,—we must add the peculiar reasons for disgust and dislike which the imprudence of our countrymen has furnished; we must add those wretched specimens of English vulgarity and insolence with which the mercantile speculations of some, and the idle curiosity of others, have inundated the cities of Europe; we must add the general distress which, though a mere visitation of Providence, was ascribed by the starving manufacturers of the continent to English monopoly, with as much reason as the starving manufacturers of England ascribed it to parliamentary corruption; we must add, above all, the activity with which the zealots of English faction have filled every coffee-house in Paris, Rome and Brussels, with abuse of their native land, and misrepresentations of her motives and actions. Nor can we wonder that so many concurrent causes should have produced their natural effect, and that a nation whom all envy should be the subject of frequent calumny, and unjust dislike.

The first step towards the recovery of the general complacency of mankind was, without doubt, that which has already begun to operate:—the return of more genial seasons,—and the restoration of comfort and industry. The next will be found in the more general diffusion of political knowledge through France; in the intercourse and good understanding which will daily increase between the people and their representatives; in time itself, the great medicine for political disorders, and, eventually, perhaps, in those very foreign dangers to which Sir Robert Wilson looks forward with so much alarm, but which will do more than any thing else to tranquillize the public mind; by giving a legitimate vent to the morbid activity of some, and a rational object to the fears and jealousies of others.

In the mean time, however, (for all these remedies are of slow operation,) it is idle to deny that a great mass of mischievous fermentation was to be expected in France; and, till the king had been able to reproduce, under better auspices, that military force which the dignity and tranquillity of his people required,—and till the peaceable and well-disposed among his subjects had begun to feel their proper strength, and understand their natural interests,—so long the continuance of the army of occupation was a benefit to France and to the world.

But it may seem vain to defend the justice of that policy which the allies have pursued, if the fabric they have reared be exposed, as Sir Robert Wilson apprehends, to inevitable and speedy ruin;—if, while engrossed in providing against the ambition of France, they have allowed one among their own number to attain a yet

more formidable supremacy, and, like the horse in the fable, submitted to be bridled and saddled, in order to glut an inconsiderate revenge on their ancient antagonist.—Let us, then, examine what real cause we have to fear the power of Russia, or to regret the issue of the contest which laid France at the feet of her rival.

And here it will not be necessary for our purpose to examine at length the accuracy of those details, (derived, it must be owned, from sufficiently common sources, the journals and statistic writers of the continent,) which the gallant author has given us of the military and political resources of Russia.—We shall admit that she possesses an empire the most extensive which the world has yet seen, and a territory singularly defensible against foreign enemies. We admit that she has *one* port on the White Sea, *three* on the Black, and in the Baltic no less than *five*, with several thriving stations for the fur-trade on the Northern Pacific Ocean. We admit that her power has been rapidly progressive, and that she has, within the last seventeen years, made some very important acquisitions on the sides of Turkey, Sweden, and Poland. We cheerfully agree with our author in bearing testimony to the rapid internal improvement of her states, to her judicious, mild, and liberal system of government, and, to the talents and the goodness with which the Emperor Alexander conciliates the affections of those whom his arms have subdued.—We allow her a population of more than 40,000,000, and an army latterly consisting of not less than 600,000 regular troops.—We are well aware of all those bearings and distances, from Astrakhan to Teheran, and from Tiflis to the Red Sea which Sir Robert Wilson has traced out on his map to frighten the proprietors of India stock.—We will even concede the probability that Russia has not yet attained the summit of that political greatness to which she is destined,—and yet we will not despair of the future safety of Europe, and yet we will not join the author in lamenting the issue of our late contest, and yet we will continue to believe that this country has, of all others, least cause to regret the present greatness or to deprecate the further increase of the Russian power!

We must, in the first place, not forget, while estimating the dangers to which we are exposed, to pay some degree of attention to those from which we have been just delivered, when Italy, Germany, Holland, and Spain were groaning under the yoke of our most implacable enemy;—when Prussia was the most wretched and down-trodden of his slaves;—when Austria, broken in heart, in revenue, in renown, in battle, submitted to the necessity of a degrading connexion, and lent her remaining strength to the ambitious projects of the conqueror;—when the might of Russia was
unknown

unknown even to herself, and studiously depreciated by those whom Sir Robert Wilson now considers as models of political wisdom!

It was, then, no future and distant possibility against which we had to guard.—The continent was already groaning under the weight of despotism:—the whole coast of Europe, from Cattaro to Dantzic, was armed against the commerce and liberties of England,—and fleets were to spring up, wherever a fleet could swim, to carry over to our shores the infection of military slavery. And England!—single-handed as she was in her contest with the world,—who then of our author's present friends anticipated her success or her safety?—what was the language held, what the advice given? That we should husband our resources,—that we should crouch and temporize, that we should wait for better times, and conciliate the forbearance of our enemy!—We have not husbanded our resources, but we have laid them out to the best advantage. We have not bent before the blast or waited for better times, but we have braved the one and brought about the other. We have not conciliated our enemy's forbearance, but we have deprived him of the means of injuring us.—And, are we now to have our laurels tarnished with grief,—and are we now to murmur at the prosperity of that ally by whose aid we have triumphed?

But the evil which Sir Robert Wilson seems to apprehend is, from *us*, at least, incomparably more *distant*, than that from which we have rescued ourselves. We, of all others, should have reason to rejoice that the source of alarm was transferred from Paris to Petersburg. It is plain that the lion in the street is less formidable than the lion in the lobby; that so far as our national existence is concerned, we shall, at least, have the privilege of Ulysses in the Cyclops' cave; and that Prussia, Sweden, Austria, Turkey, and France are to be devoured before our turn arrives to glut the imperial maw. And is another century's lease of freedom nothing? Or, if we ourselves and our children are to be free and great and happy, is it too much to entrust our remoter posterity to Providence?

Nor is the danger, on Sir Robert's own shewing, more *distant* only; so far as we are concerned, it is *less*. The same remoteness of our island from Petersburg and Moscow which would make us the last object of Russian cupidity, would, in the event of our being assaulted, operate as our effectual ally. The impulse communicated through a long chain of conquests would fall with little force on its intended victim. Had *Cræsus* triumphed when he crossed the Halys, there can be little doubt but Athens and Sparta would have eventually become parts of his empire. But the divan of *Persepolis* was never able to subjugate Greece; and though France and Flanders should experience the fate of Lydia and Ionia,

our own more fortunate land might still hope to boast its Marathon, its Plataea, its Salamis!

But before we talk of Russia's conquering Europe, let us be quite sure that her means, even as represented by Sir Robert Wilson, are equal to so great a task. Russia, we are told, has 600,000 troops and above 40,000,000 of subjects. But Sir Robert Wilson is too good a politician not to be aware that many considerations not usually expressed in a statistical table must enter into and materially affect the estimate of a nation's offensive power; and such, in the case of Russia, are the smallness of her population in comparison with her extent of territory and the poverty of her exchequer.

On the first of these points we are anxious not to be mistaken. We are well aware that the ancient and central provinces of the Russian empire are as well peopled as the average of the North of Germany, and by a population little less industrious and thriving. It is here, in fact, that the genuine Muscovite character is to be sought for, no less than the deep-rooted power and ancient wealth of the country, while the whole of the Asiatic and a very considerable part of the European territory can be regarded in no other light than as rising and improveable colonies. The colonies of Russia indeed are not, like those of England and Spain, divided by an ocean from the mother-country; they are more advantageously placed on the same continent with her, and bounded within the same ring-fence. But these, like all other colonies, though they contribute very largely to the general wealth and prosperity of the mother-country, add little, directly, either to her revenue or her armies; and in many instances are actually a drain on her resources by the garrisons which they require and the expenses of administration. Thus while the fortresses on the Black Sea, the Araxes, and the Pacific Ocean are defended by troops from Old Russia, neither the Crimea, nor Caucasus, nor the vast extent of Siberia, furnish (we believe) a single regular soldier to the parent state, any more than, in our own empire, is done by Canada or New South Wales. As the population of all these countries is reckoned in that general census to which Sir Robert Wilson refers; a very considerable deduction must be made from the total of 40,000,000 in estimating the effective and disposable population of the Russian empire; and, however vast her army list, a similar deduction must be made of all the troops which are necessary for remote garrisons and for watching over the allegiance of wild and predatory tribes, before we can form any probable conjecture as to the numbers which she may send on foreign service. A government which does little or nothing by the civil power; which employs a serjeant's guard, where the western states of Europe employ

ploy a constable, and has no other justices of peace than the nearest colonel or captain,—has ample employment for its troops in the interior of its provinces; and this, Sir Robert Wilson must doubtless be aware, is, except in a few great towns, the condition of all Asiatic and no inconsiderable part of European Russia. It is true that an army thus dispersed through a country may be collected to any conceivable amount, and act, as has been proved, with gigantic power against an invading or domestic enemy, but the Russian army, however great, however invincible at home, is not so constituted as to give any serious disturbance to the liberty of her neighbours. Nor is it to be forgotten that the enormous extent of her empire operates in another way against her foreign expeditions. Her capital (at least the residence of her sovereign) is two or three hundred miles from the provinces where her ancient and central strength is found, and whence her recruits are levied in the greatest numbers; her principal fabrics of arms are removed to a still greater distance; and from all these to her western frontier is a march but little shorter than the march between that frontier and Paris, while to her southern boundary, on the Danube and the Araxes, the distance is half as great again. We do not deny that a very perfect and admirable system of communication is kept up between these several points; but it is evident that with all these aids, (which in themselves are very costly to the government and the people,) to collect any very great army for the subjugation of Turkey or Germany, would be a laborious, an expensive, and a tedious operation.

And this brings us to the last obstacle which we mentioned,—the smallness of the Russian revenue. We do not mean that it is small when compared with that of its immediate neighbours; nor do we deny that an army may be levied and fed in Russia for less money than in any other country of Europe. We only assert that, taking all this into consideration, the income of the state is notoriously so small as to have been productive of the greatest inconvenience during every war in which Russia has been engaged. We further assert that this revenue is not to be increased without great discontent and difficulty; and that, though to maintain a great army at home is not beyond her means, yet that such great foreign expeditions as Sir Robert Wilson speaks of, are not to be fitted out unless at an expense which the exchequer has hitherto been very ill able to encounter.

In proof of this proposition, we recal the recollection of our readers to certain facts stated by Sir Robert Wilson, which we requested them to bear in mind, and which we now oppose to his gigantic computation. The armies which Russia has sent beyond her frontier, have been *smaller*, in proportion to her population and the total of her army list, than those of any other power in Europe;

of the many victories which she has gained in Poland, in Turkey, in Italy, and the North, we do not call to mind a single one in which she has had a superiority of numbers on her side ; and we have Sir Robert Wilson's testimony that Suvorof reaped all his laurels with no more than 40,000 men, and that, more recently, when at peace with all the world but France, and assisted, to a considerable extent, by the gold of England,—at a time too when every feeling of pride and patriotism and hope and revenge conspired to stimulate her to efforts beyond herself, the greatest number of troops which she could supply to the allied armies before Dresden was (including Cossacks and Baschkirs) 140,000. That her means are now somewhat greater than they were then we allow ; but it would be a waste of time to shew that, though increased, they are certainly not *doubled* by the accession of the duchy of Warsaw, and that we must wait some time before she is likely to send out half a million of regulars to subdue the remnant of Europe. To those, on the other hand, who know the burden of the conscription in Russia, not only on the individuals levied, but on the great body of landed proprietors, who are deprived, in their serfs, of their most valuable possession ; it must seem more probable that the wise measures of retrenchment and economy which the Emperor has introduced into his navy will extend (as the circumstances of Europe shall permit) to his land-forces also, and that the number of these last will be gradually suffered to decline to the old and, certainly, sufficiently ample establishment of 400,000 men. At all events, it may be easily shewn that, with the drawbacks already mentioned, even the war establishment of Russia affords no reasonable ground to despair of the liberties of Europe.

We begin with Scandinavia, which Sir Robert Wilson has represented already prostrate at the feet of her colossal neighbour ; and from whose Norwegian harbours, fleets are to sail to dictate the will of the Muscovite autocrat at the mouth of the Humber or the Thames. Now here it is certainly true that, by the possession of Åland, the Russian frontier is only separated from the Swedish coast by a strait twenty-four miles wide, (*being one mile more than the distance between Dover and Calais,*) and that at certain periods of the year this strait is ordinarily frozen over. It is also true that a more certain though circuitous communication between the two countries may be found through the woods and wilds of Torneo. But Sir Robert Wilson, we apprehend, will not maintain that either of these routes affords any great facilities to an invading enemy, since, as he truly states, it was in a great measure the difficulty of communication which lost Finland to the Swedes, though they were then in possession of the whole coast on both sides of the Gulph ; and, through the co-operation of the British navy, in full command
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of its waters. Nor, even if this frontier were past, and except our own a stronger does not exist, would an invading army be greatly at its ease in the Gothic peninsula, whose poverty of soil would render numbers an incumbrance, and whose ample territory, and rivers, woods, lakes, and mountains, afford the most advantageous field in the world for that guerrilla warfare, for which her hardy and valiant peasantry are so peculiarly calculated. We know that the Swedes are poor; we know that their army does not exceed 60,000 men, of which, indeed, the greater part are nothing else than a well-organized militia. We know too that Stockholm, though easily defensible, might yield to a vigorous attack, and that for such an attack the possession of Aland is an important preliminary. But we know that, in a popular cause, the Scandinavian levy en masse might be calculated at 200,000 excellent marksmen: we are sure that the possession of Stockholm would be a very trifling step indeed towards the subjugation of the country; and we are tempted to suspect that, in the event of Sweden being supported against Russia by the naval power of Great Britain, it would be *Aland* not *Stockholm* which would be most likely to change masters. After all, however, we will not deny the abstract possibility of Russia subduing Sweden, but it is evident that the obstacles which have been mentioned to such an event will always be felt by both nations so as to give confidence to the one, and repress the unreasonable pretensions of the other; and we speak the opinion of the best informed persons in *both* countries, when we assert that, on this side at least, the Russian terminus will probably be stationary; and that Sweden, by the exchange of Finland, which she held at the mercy of her neighbour, for Norway which is absolutely invulnerable, has done more towards establishing her future independence than any of her kings have accomplished since the days of the great Gustavus.

On the western and southern frontier of Russia, we confess the case is different. She has there very strong inducements to covet the remainder of Moldavia, the Prussian provinces within the Vistula, and the re-union of Galicia to the restored kingdom of Poland; and we do not apprehend that Sir Robert Wilson has greatly exaggerated the probability that these objects will, sooner or later, be attained by her. This danger, such as it is, was foreseen in the conferences at Vienna, and it was certainly not the English ministry who are chargeable with having prevented its being obviated:—for ourselves, however, we confess that it is on account of Prussia only that we deprecate the fulfilment of this prophecy. We have been taught by a writer, for whom it would be well if the author of the present work entertained more respect,—that

‘England, least of all nations, has cause to be jealous of Russian acquisitions

quisitions on the shores of the Baltic'—'that it is not from the Baltic or the Euxine that the British trident can ever be disputed'—and 'that indeed it is the real interest of England to encourage those establishments which must render maritime objects and intercourse of more essential importance to the prosperity of Russia.'—*Sir R. Wilson's Remarks on the Russian Army*, p. xix.

As to the mysterious fears which this author expresses of danger to Austria should Russia approach the Carpathian mountains, we confess we do not understand them. We cannot perceive that a nation's means of defence are *weakened* by having a natural and, except in the neighbourhood of Bartpha, an almost impenetrable frontier. That the Slavonic descent and language of Russia would favour her aggressions on Hungary can only have been asserted in the profoundest ignorance of this latter country, or, which is the same thing, in that spirit of sinister prophecy, which, like the pigs of Hudibras, 'can see the wind;' inasmuch as, first, it is absurd to suppose that the Slavonian language has a charm sufficient to overpower the natural feelings of ancient independence; and, secondly, whoever has been in Hungary knows that four-fifths of its inhabitants are not *Slavonians* but *Magyars*, with language, and manners, and prejudices as completely opposed to those of Russia as the language, and manners, and prejudices of England are to those of Spain and Portugal. Equally unfounded is the assertion that the government of the house of Austria is generally unpopular in the countries under her sway. It is true that her 28,000,000 of subjects have not the advantage of speaking one single language, and being linked together by one loved and sacred name, like that which sinks all the differences of Gascon, Picard, and Norman into the common feeling of attachment to *France*. Such an advantage is indeed possessed by France alone, and they who have heard the Cossacks, Poles, and Malo-Russians speak of the 'Mos-covsky,' will confess that Russia herself, united as in many respects she certainly is, can lay but little claim to it. But that the house of Austria is unpopular in the subject territories is disproved by the well-known regret which both in Belgium and Silesia is still expressed for their separation from her sceptre. It is disproved by the splendid and hopeless devotion of the Tyrolese, by the warm and unfailing attachment of Bohemia, and last, not least, by the voluntary and most effectual assistance which, while Buonaparte was in Vienna, the Hungarian nation furnished.

In the case of Turkey—though Russia has, by the reduction of the greater part of those wild nations who inhabit Caucasus, obtained, beyond doubt, a more easy access to her eastern provinces—we are very far from thinking that the conquest of those provinces will be an easy or even a desirable task for her. The example of Spain

Spain is a pretty strong admonition to sovereigns how they rashly meddle with warlike, and populous, and fanatical countries; and, in Anatolia, the Muscovite arms would find, instead of a peasantry friendly to their cause, as in the Christian countries of Moldavia and Wallachia, a land where every cottager would be animated with religious fury against them, and where every city, every village, every mountain, pass, or ravine would be a fortress defended to extremity. Nor is the enormous waste of blood and treasure, which the invasion of such a country insures, the only reason why Russia should be contented with the frontier of the Danube and the Terek. The same author, whom we have already quoted, has observed that

‘those who are acquainted with the Turkish nation well know that there are embers which the genius of one man might kindle, and powers to support the enthusiastic excitement. Turkey is an impoverished not an exhausted country, and the Mussulman banner may yet wave in a career of victory and ambition beyond the Ottoman boundaries and the calculations of many European politicians.’—*Wilson's Remarks on the Russian Army*, p. 62.

As to the European provinces of Turkey, (we may, perhaps, be singular in our opinion, but it is not lightly taken up,) it is not, as we conceive, from the arms of Russia that the Sultan is in the greatest danger. The Greeks have, in a great measure, been cured by repeated disappointments of the folly of relying on the interested assistance and worthless promises of the European powers. If there is any power to whose help they would gladly cling it is *France*, not *Russia*.—But they will free themselves.—They already know their strength, and the wisest and most certain means of increasing and directing it; they already are becoming a commercial, a wealthy, and, by degrees, an enlightened people, and but little more is necessary for them to cast off, by a single effort, the clumsy yoke which weighs them to the dust, and establish a Panhellenic confederacy of all the tribes between Thermopylæ and Maina. But from this event it is not Russia which would be the greatest gainer.

But, though we have thought it right to shew how greatly Sir Robert Wilson has exaggerated the expectations of Russia, even in those quarters where her force is supposed most pre-eminent, it is not necessary for our argument to deny that, over any one of her immediate neighbours, the concentrated force of so great an empire would, in time, be triumphant. It has not been the practice of Europe to suffer, without interference, any one of her states to be oppressed by the ambition of an overbearing neighbour; and, if a counterpoise be found to that power which fills him with alarm, it is plain that Russia, so far from being dangerous, may be necessary to the liberties of the world. And it is remarkable that, in all Sir

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Robert Wilson's calculations; he leaves out of the account that power from whose chains the continent has only just escaped, and to repress whom, within something like her ancient limits, the united strength of Europe was no more than barely necessary. He even affects to speak of her as existing no longer in the quality of an independent and powerful state; he whines out his wishes that France might 'be restored to Europe;' and deplores her as a departed friend whose worth was never known till it was missed. Yet it might perplex the author to point out in what circumstance of population, or wealth, or valour, or ambition, that kingdom is now worse off than at the commencement of her late career of conquest and usurpation—a career which the powers of Europe, as then constituted, were so utterly unable to arrest or balance. Had France *more* than her present means of offence when her armies first entered Italy and Flanders? or at what moment of her history (except the short and calamitous period of her empire) had she, as she now has, a population of 29,000,000, an exchequer unencumbered with debt, and a conscription-law which places at the disposal of her government any conceivable number of excellent soldiers? 'Restore France to Europe!' Where is France now? Is she not in the midst of us, in possession of her ancient commerce, her ancient colonies, and more than her ancient territory? 'Restore France to Europe!' Has not Europe more reason to apprehend that she may be once more made painfully sensible of the existence, and that (so soon as those forces are withdrawn which are the guardians of feeble Belgium and equally feeble Germany) the demon of ambition will again run *amuck* to Naples, Cadiz, and Berlin?

There are those, we know, for whose patriotism and talent we entertain the highest respect, though we differ from them in many of their opinions, who were so far impressed by the greatness of this danger, and those melancholy lessons which the experience of the last hundred years has taught the world, that they objected in the first instance, and have never ceased to object to the line of policy pursued by the allies, as rather calculated to irritate the pride than to curb the power of France, as compressing, for a short time, by an external force, that spring which would, therefore, at length, react with greater violence. Such counsellors as these, instead of 'scotching the snake,' exhorted us to deprive it, once for all, of its fangs, by the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine to their ancient proprietors, or by a still further reduction of those means which had been found injurious to the peace of mankind. But, besides the danger and impolicy of driving a valiant and high-minded enemy to despair, if there had been any intention (as Sir Robert Wilson insinuates, but, as we believe, without the least ground for his calumny) among the allied powers to dismember France; a sufficient argument to the contrary

contrary may be found in that gigantic power of Russia which, however exaggerated by the author now before us, is doubtless such as to make it desirable that the greatness of France should be eclipsed; but not extinguished. We will not assert, indeed, nor is it necessary to the safety of Europe, that France, with her present territory, is exactly equal in strength to her colossal rival. That, in the essential circumstances of power, there is a less difference between them than is generally imagined; that the superior wealth, and more concentrated population of France, must, in some measure, compensate for the smaller numbers in her *census*; and that the possession of numerous harbours on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, with prodigious facilities of forming and supporting a naval force, must more than counterbalance an alliance with Holland, or the command, however absolute, of seas either covered with ice one third of the year, or removed from the ordinary politics of Europe, are facts so plain that they are hardly worth discussion. Sir Robert Wilson himself, indeed, appears to be aware of their truth, since he has incidentally let slip a fact which is of itself almost fatal to his theory. If France takes up arms, he tells us, against Russia, England will be alarmed for the safety of—what? those very Netherlands which he had before stated to be entirely dependent on Russia, and which, in the hands of Russia, are, he tells us, to be dangerous to our maritime supremacy! But is it not plain that, if the power of Russia were so terrible as he supposes to ourselves and to the world, our jealousy of France must abate in proportion as our danger augmented from an opposite quarter? Is it not plain that if Russia had become the common enemy, it would be the interest of Britain and Austria to support themselves on France against Russia, in the same way as that (according to Sir Robert Wilson himself, before he was transformed from the advocate of Russian aggrandizement into a counsel for the jacobins) it was once the interest of the states of Europe to seek a support in Russia against France? or is not that balance pretty equally suspended whose equilibrium would be destroyed by a transfer of the Netherlands? But it is by no means necessary, in real life and practical politics, to employ, like John Bull in Swift's satire, the steel-yard to regulate the comparative bulk of nations; to 'vomit Peter Bear whenever he is overfed;' or to administer (even if the remedy were at hand) 'gold-cordial' to all whom a long course of 'steel-diet had rendered consumptive.' It is not necessary for Europe that the two great combatants should be precisely equal in weight and size, provided the difference be not so enormous between them, but that the independent states, by throwing themselves into the balance, can make which scale they please preponderate; and, so far as England herself

herself is concerned, it is obviously her interest that the superiority should be on the side of that power which is most remote from her: from whom she has, therefore, a less immediate danger to apprehend, and with whom her good understanding is less likely to be interrupted. It is even desirable for her that this more distant strength should be so great and alarming as to draw the whole jealousy and fear of Europe into one direction, and to confer on England the inestimable advantage not only of having a most powerful ally against the envy of her immediate neighbour, but of having her friendship courted by that neighbour. It is far better for her that, instead of being called on to succour and subsidize the German states against France, she may leave it to the interest and fears of France herself to support, with all her power, the independence of those states against the encroachments of the Russian Eagle. It would be even desirable for England (so far as her private interests are concerned) that this necessity should become still more urgent and apparent; that the Vistula, or even the Oder, should, with the Carpathian Mountains, be the boundary of the new Polish kingdom, in order that the impossibility of reciprocal advantage should shut up the avenue to that too good understanding between Russia and France, which would infallibly end in a partition of the continent. And the advantage to us is still more evident of that policy and those connexions which unite the former monarchy to the Netherlands, and not only bring her in contact with our ancient enemy, but assign to *her*, and not to *us*, the defence and patronage of Belgium.

On the whole, we look forward with a pleasing hope, founded, in some degree, on the personal characters of the sovereigns of Russia and France, and still more on the obvious advantages which both their kingdoms must derive from a continuance of tranquillity, —to a far longer respite from bloodshed and aggression than Sir Robert Wilson seems to augur.—But let the storm come when it will,—it is obvious, we think, that the present position of Great Britain is singularly favourable either to a happy neutrality or an efficient interposition. There never was a time when this country enjoyed a greater share of peace and glory, and political estimation, than when the House of Austria, in possession of one third of Europe and of all the treasures of America, occupied a situation in many respects resembling that of modern Russia; when Naples, the Milanese and Genoa, were the Poland, the Netherlands and the Switzerland of our present politics, and the larger states of Italy played a similar part to that which is now assigned to Prussia, Austria and Bavaria.—The only difference is that the naval power of Spain and the pretensions of Philip to the English throne, conspired, with the prejudices of religion, to give us a greater jealousy
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of his power, and to involve us in a more complicated and vacillating policy than we shall be now tempted to adopt in the future disputes between France and Russia.

To this more favourable picture of the present state and future prospects of Europe, we are only aware of three objections which may be made.—The first concerns this country alone, which is called on to anticipate from Russia, attacks on our commercial pre-eminence and our East Indian colonies, in which she would be so far from meeting any effectual opposition from the other continental powers, that, it is probable, they would many of them rejoice in seeing her successful at our expense.—We know there are many in England who entertain such fears as these,—and those nations on the continent who believe our territory to consist in nothing else but bales of cotton, and sugar, may reasonably conclude that our greatness essentially depends on what they are pleased to call our monopoly.—Let us see, however, in point of fact, what Russia has done, and what it is in her power to do, to prevent our selling a single yard of broad-cloth for which we have now a regular customer; or to prevent our market extending itself with the growing prosperity and luxury of mankind.—It is not, we conclude, apprehended that she will fit out fleets to burn our merchant ships,—that she will make a descent on the Commercial Road and send in a horde of Cossacks to our West Indian warehouses.—It is said that she will prohibit our commerce from the ports under her influence.—This experiment she has tried, (not indeed for her own pleasure, but for the amusement of Buonaparte,) and we have a tolerable guarantee that she will not do so again, because after all which has been said of our advantages in that intercourse, the fact is that the balance of trade is now and always has been in favour of Russia herself, whose landed proprietors can have no vent for their hemp and tallow, if they do not take some proportion of our marketable commodities in return.—That she will trade with any other nation, in preference to ourselves, is certainly to be expected in every instance (but in those instances only) where other nations can supply her wants cheaper, and offer her a greater reciprocal advantage.—And that she will encourage her own manufactures and her own merchants rather than ours, is a measure of which we, certainly, cannot complain, and which, in the present situation of affairs, need not fill us with any great apprehensions.—The worst which can befall us, (and it is an event which is no longer contingent, but has for some time taken place,) is that she will raise as much revenue as possible from the merchandize which we send her, and that the custom-house duties will be only limited by a sense of her own interest; but we are greatly mistaken if this is not a treatment which we may expect from every nation upon earth,

earth, whether great or small, and for which, therefore, the enormous power of Russia is by no means to be accounted answerable.

On the probabilities or possibilities of an Indian invasion, we have already said enough in our remarks on Sir J. Malcolm's History of Persia.—Even, if successful, we have not, we confess, so much of the usual continental prejudices as to believe that the safety of our native land is bound up with the authority of the Honourable Company in Bengal, or to suppose, as Sir Robert Wilson may perhaps have heard from his foreign friends, that (instead of England advancing money for the defence of India) they were the annual millions derived from thence which enabled us to carry on the war. Supposing our armies driven from Bengal and Surat, it is evident that Bombay, Pulo-Penang and Ceylon, would give us the command of the sea and the commerce of the East; the Emperor Alexander's Dutch allies might have some reason to apprehend that we should indemnify ourselves in Batavia; and it would be in our power, if not able to rule ourselves over Hindostan, at least to take good care that no other European power had any firm authority there. But, in good truth, the more is known of our real situation in the East and the difficulties of the intervening country, the less will such an enterprize be contemplated as 'a party of pleasure,' or as a speculation of pecuniary advantage. It has never, in fact, been seriously contemplated in either of these lights, by those who knew any thing about the matter. It was regarded by Buonaparte as a means whereby an effectual blow might be aimed at our interests, and it was projected by the Emperor Paul in the same spirit of resentment against us. But, whatever may be the anxiety of young and hot, and needy adventurers to enrich themselves with the spoils of Bengal, no wise government can ever meditate an expedition to India *for its own sake*; and though the attempt, as a *war-measure*, is certainly not impossible; yet, where no other interests interfere, a war on this account is not to be reasonably apprehended; and, as we shall presently shew, so wide and advantageous a field is opening itself *in another quarter* to the ambition of Russia, that she will daily have less leisure and less inclination to interfere with us in that heritage which our right hand has won, and which, thank God, is not yet likely to be an easy prey to any invader.

Another objection to the continuance of that European system which was established in the late congress is taken from the present state of the public mind in France.—'If France,' it is said, 'were under a stronger and more popular government, it might be possible that she would take the part which we have described in the common defence of Europe. But, it can never be the interest of the present dynasty to awaken her armies from their slumber,

or, by uniting her strength to that of Austria, to renew, in the minds of her soldiery, those dangerous recollections which are connected with the younger Napoleon.' On the state of the public mind in France, we have already spoken. It may here be enough to remark, 1st. That he knows little of that which is the peculiar excellence and in some degree, the weakness of the French character, who does not know how mere a trifle with them is domestic faction, or even domestic happiness and freedom, in comparison with the public greatness and foreign renown of their country.—And 2dly, he is still more ignorant of the bent of men's passions and prejudices, if he does not know that the present bias of the disaffected in France is not towards an *Emperor* but a *Republic*.—The king, then, may with perfect safety, raise an army to any amount in a popular cause, and he may send this army where he will, without the least apprehension that a boy bred up in Austria will ever again become the favourite of the French people and soldiery.

The last objection, and, we will own, by far the most plausible, is that, though the actual strength of Russia may not greatly exceed that proportion which is desirable as a counterpoise to France, yet, from the principles of improvement and increase which are at work in her provinces, and which have a wider field for their development than any other country can shew, except, perhaps, America,—this proportion must soon be lost between her and regions which, like France and Austria, are already densely peopled, and whose internal wealth and external commerce must have nearly reached their limit. This is true, and this is what we meant by our admission that the empire of the Czars had not yet attained the eminence to which it is destined. It is not merely probable, it is little less certain than a law of nature, that a few generations more will see the governments of Tobolsk and Irkutsk as well peopled and cultivated as the present governments of Moscow and Kalouga; that Otchotsk will be the seat of an extensive and valuable commerce; that the language of Russia will be spoken along the whole coast of north-west America; that Owhyhee will be her Ceylon, and the Japanese islands her Hindostan. But, while we foresee all this, we foresee it without alarm or envy, since we behold in her the probable instrument of disseminating Christianity and science through regions the farthest removed from their ordinary direction, and since we are convinced that her advances in commerce and colonization are events of all others, the most favourable to the independence of Europe.

We do not mean that this end is to be immediately obtained by the revolt of her colonies. This is an event, indeed, which must in the course of things at length take place, but we wish well enough both to Russia and her colonies to desire that it may be yet
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far distant. But long before that time arrives, the more the character of Siberia becomes European, the more she rivals the parent state in civilization, wealth, and number of inhabitants, the more incessant attention will the management of her affairs require, and the less power, we may say, the less inclination, will her sovereigns possess to extend their frontier on the side of Europe. When the banks of the Amour shall be as well peopled as those of the Don, and the frontier of Kolhyvan be cultivated like that of Poland, the protection of territories so important will require a different force from the Cossacks who now patrol there, and the armies of ancient Russia will be still more called forth, to repress or subdue the predatory hordes of Tartary, to calm the ferments of the Altaian mountaineers, and overawe the wealthy and suspected inhabitants of the plain. The government, which is already on the wing to return from Petersburg to Moscow, will transfer its perch still farther eastward to Nishnei-Novogorod or Casan; and 'the white Khan,' as his Asiatic subjects call him, will grow more and more detached from the more distant concerns of western Europe. It is a circumstance well worth observing in the history of nations that, when an empire has passed a certain limit, it always ceases to be so formidable to its neighbours as while it was yet in its commencement; that, if it does not fall asunder with its own weight, it becomes at least disjointed and unwieldy; that domestic jealousies begin where foreign dangers end, and that the power which seemed likely to give laws to the universe, concludes very often by soliciting the aid of foreigners, against its own satraps, its own subjects, the children or brethren of its own sovereign. It was not by Persia but by Macedon that the liberties of Greece were overthrown.

In the mean time, however, (for a change like this is not the work of a day,) and while Russia is fulfilling the splendid destiny which nature seems to have appointed her,—it is plain, that the South of Africa, that New Holland and Ceylon, and the Indian islands afford a field if not so extensive, yet by no means less advantageous to our commerce and colonies; and that hers and ours may live and grow together, not only without mutual interference, but with mutual support and countenance. Nor is this all,—the more her colonies on the Pacific Ocean increase in extent and value; the greater and richer the stream of intercourse between the mouth of the Amour and Japan or China; the more obvious will be her interest to cultivate a close friendship with the only power which can assist, or, if provoked, endanger her remote possessions. It is impossible, as Sir Robert Wilson well knows, that, on the strength of the Euxine or the Baltic, a great naval force can be erected or perpetuated. And it is idle to say that this want can be
supplied

supplied by a connexion with the little kingdom of the Netherlands and the permission to take shelter in the Texel or the Scheldt. It is with the lords of the Cape and of New South Wales, with a great nation, with an enormous navy and a vast maritime population that Russia must labour to cement her union; and, so long as that union remains, all Europe is in a string between us.

Nor is it in Europe only that the prosperity of Russia is likely to be thus advantageous to the British monarchy. There is a nation without the limits of Europe, to whom, for the sake of our kindred race and common language, we would gladly wish prosperity; but whose hope of elevation is built on our expected fall, and who even now do not affect to conceal the bitterness of their hatred towards the land of their progenitors. Already we hear the Americans boasting that the whole continent must be their own, that the Atlantic and the Pacific are alike to wash their empire, and that it depends on their charity what share in either ocean they may allow to our vessels.—They ‘unroll their map,’ and ‘point out the distance between Niagara and the Columbia.’—Let them look to this last point well!—They will find in that neighbourhood a different race from the unfortunate Indians whom it is the system of their government to treat with uniform harshness. They will find certain bearded men with green jackets and bayonets, whose flag already flies triumphant over the coast from California to the Straits of Anian,—who have the faculty, wherever they advance, of conciliating and even civilizing the native tribes to a degree which no other nation has attempted,—and whose frontier is more likely to meet theirs in Louisiana, than theirs is to extend to the Pacific.

These are not very distant expectations, and they are unquestionably not unfavourable to England. It only remains to give the moral to our prophecy,—and in this we are happy, though on very different grounds, and in terms not quite the same, to agree with Sir Robert Wilson.—He professes, as we have seen, to dissuade us from *resisting* Russia.—We see no necessity to *resist*, but we earnestly deprecate all yielding to vain alarms or popular clamour, which might induce us to *injure* or *offend* her. Let us not, on the mere possibility that she may one day become too powerful, dissolve our union with an ancient ally, from whose greatness we now derive and are likely to derive increasing benefits.—Let not the two nations whose languages (it is no vain boast,) are one day to divide the world, interfere without necessity in each other’s harvests,—but let the rivalry between them be which shall govern best, and be the instrument of most improvement to the goodly fields which Providence has entrusted to their care!

ART. VI.—*Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Holy Land, Mount Libanon, and Cyprus, in the Year 1814.* By Henry Light, Captain in the Royal Artillery. 4to. London. 1818.

THE invasion of Egypt by the army under Buonaparte, and the consequences attending it, have made that country much more accessible than at any period before that event; and as far as the present pasha's authority extends, an Englishman may now travel without difficulty and without danger,—not always indeed secure from the impositions or the insults of its heterogeneous inhabitants—yet less liable to either, perhaps, than in any other country where Mahomedanism is the prevailing religion. In the days of Pococke and Norden a journey up the Nile was a serious and hazardous undertaking, whereas now, an English officer, with a few months' leave of absence, thinks he cannot pass them more pleasantly than by taking a trip to the farthest confines of Nubia, to snatch a glance at the wonderful remains of antiquity, or to sketch with a rapid pencil the ruins of the most stupendous and magnificent temples in the world. In his progress upwards as far as the northern limits of Ethiopia, by the aid of Pococke, of Denon, and of Hamilton, he knows the spot on which he is to look for the tombs and the temples, the pillars, the pyramids, and the colossal statues of Egypt, almost with as much precision as he knows the situation, from his road-book, of a gentleman's seat in England. But beyond Philæ he has no such sure guide. Norden, it is true, has given a general description of Nubia as high as Deir, and Legh a somewhat more particular one as far as Ibrîm: but a detailed account of this valley of the Nile is still wanting,—a desideratum however, which, we are given to understand, will shortly be supplied by the journals of the late intelligent and indefatigable traveller Mr. Burckhardt, now preparing for publication.

Captain Light, of the Royal Artillery, is one of those officers who made a hurried journey up the Nile as far as Ibrîm, the point which terminated also the travels of Mr. Legh. His progress was as rapid as the navigation of the Nile would admit; his object being to get as high up as practicable before the hot weather set in, and to reserve for examination, and for the exercise of his pencil, the ancient remains of cities, temples, catacombs and colossal statues, on his return. Accordingly on his journey downwards he visited most of those celebrated spots where the vast remains of antiquity invite the attention of the passing traveller, and continued at each of them a sufficient length of time to enable him to bring away, if we may judge from the specimens in his book, a very interesting port-folio of accurate and well-executed drawings. We cannot, however, say much for the prints, which are meant to
 decorate

decorate as well as to elucidate his book; they are engraved in a coarse and heavy style, very unworthy of their excellent originals. At the same time it may be admitted that they give the reader a more just conception of the objects represented, than could be collected from any verbal description however minute. In fact, the most detailed description of architectural ruins must fail to convey to the mind so clear and correct an impression, as the graphical representation of the objects themselves does to the eye; and the more laboured the attempt to describe in words the position, the arrangement, the form and magnitude, of the several parts, the more the picture becomes confused, and the less likely to answer the purpose.

In this view, and in this only, would we venture to pronounce Captain Light's volume a valuable addition to the works already published on Egypt and Nubia. Having travelled at no great distance of time from Mr. Legh, and gone over the same ground, he comes rather at a disadvantage just after the journal of that gentleman has appeared before the public. Not that Mr. Legh filled up the measure of information regarding Egypt or Nubia; far from it; but that the account of his travels, notwithstanding its imperfections, abated the edge of curiosity. Captain Light however labours under a still greater disadvantage, of his own creating—he had already communicated the prominent features of his remarks on Nubia to Mr. Walpole, who has printed them in his 'Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey,' to neither of which, by the way, has this part of Captain Light's journal, which is purely *African*, any 'relation.' We conceive too that in his Syrian expedition the pencil of Captain Light will be found his best auxiliary. Indeed what could be said in a hurried journey through a country already traversed by Pococke and Maundrel, in addition to what had been told by those observant and intelligent travellers, whose facts and observations have been so largely amplified by another traveller of more modern date?

That which was most desirable in Nubia still remains a desideratum. Beyond Philæ, whose latitude and longitude were determined by Nouet, there is not a single spot of which the latitude has been ascertained; the geography therefore of the valley of the Nile to the southward of Philæ must necessarily be defective. Another point in which we are deficient is that of its natural history—the plants, and animals—the geological features, and mineral products—the probable elevation of the Nile above the level of the sea at the second cataract—these and other objects of physical research have been culpably neglected by former travellers, and have not in the slightest degree engaged the attention of Captain Light. In truth, we suspect that he never meant to publish the remarks committed

to his journal, which were made probably for his own satisfaction, or the amusement of his friends; we look in vain for that ardour and enthusiasm which generally mark the progress even of an antiquarian tourist; the following extract certainly shews none of it, the former part of which by no means accords with our ideas on the subject, nor indeed with the author's own feelings expressed in the concluding paragraph.

'On the 3d of June, I began to descend the Nile; and visit, in succession, the numerous remains of ancient Egypt, for whose description I refer the reader to Mr. Hamilton's work on the antiquities of that country, and to other writers on the same subject. I felt they wanted that charm or interest which is raised in other countries whose history is known, where the traveller ranges over the ground on which heroes and remarkable men, whose actions are familiar to him, once dwelt. But here, though treading the soil where sprang the learning, and genius, and arts, to which Europe has been indebted for its present superiority among nations; where the magnificence of ancient Egypt still remains to prove the existence of all these in perfection, he can only admire the—

— "res antiquæ laudis et artis,"

without any sentiment of attachment to persons or times. He is lost in admiration, and has no idea but that of sublime. A long night of oblivion has intervened, to cut off all but conjectures of their history. My wonder and surprise were continually excited at the enormous masses of building which had defied the ravages of time: I was astonished at the grand and beautiful designs, and fine taste in their execution, still seen in many of the buildings; at the exquisite symmetry and neatness with which the massy columns have been raised and formed of stones, whose size yet leaves our ideas of architecture in amazement.'—pp. 102, 103.

Captain Light remained but a few days at Alexandria, where, he observes, every thing is eastern, though the residence of so many Franks. Crimes and punishments, under the government of the present Pasha, are stated to be rare.

'The only instance of capital punishment that had lately occurred was in an Arab, who possessed a garden among the ruins of the Arab village; he had been in the habit of decoying people, particularly women, into his garden, as a place of intrigue; and, with the help of a female, contrived to surprise and strangle them: this continued for some months; many inhabitants were missed, and he was suspected. He was, at last, induced, from fear of discovery, to murder his accomplice, which led to his conviction: he was hanged, as is usual, by a rope thrown over the walls attached to his neck, and then drawn up by the Arab population of the town.'—pp. 9, 10.

Leaving Alexandria, on the 17th March, he proceeded to Rosetta, where he hired a boat to carry him to Cairo. The first sensations in the progress up the Nile are described as very agreeable; they

they interest from their novelty; for here an European finds himself in a new region—he observes a shore lined with a belt of palm trees, among which the mingled mosques, and tombs of sheiks meet the eye at every opening:—as one unvaried scene, however, extends from Rosetta to Cairo, the sameness at length becomes tiresome. The villages are frequent and well peopled; and besides the boats on the river, numerous passengers on horses, asses and camels are every where seen skirting the shores of the Nile. Provisions appeared to Captain Light to be plentiful and cheap, yet beggars swarmed on every side. Blindness was very common, and every third or fourth peasant seemed to have a complaint in his eyes. The plague and ophthalmia are the principal diseases of Egypt, to both of which the inhabitants are perfectly resigned. The Arabs (no great philosophers, it must be confessed) consider the plague as a necessary evil to keep down the population to the level of the means of subsistence.

On the 22d March Captain Light reached Cairo. ‘I will not add,’ he says, ‘to the numberless descriptions of Cairo. Each year takes away from its population and adds to its ruins; nothing is repaired that grows old; but still it is an extraordinary city.’ The Pasha being absent, our traveller waited on the Kaya Bey, or prime minister.

‘My interview with the Kaya Bey took place in the divan of the citadel, where he sat daily to receive petitions, and administer the affairs of the country. I noticed a suit of apartments, filled with Albanian soldiers, through which I passed to enter the divan, where the Kaya Bey was examining some black slaves who were brought for his inspection: such an employment for a prime minister could not but surprise an Englishman. The grouping of the party present was admirable: the rich and varied dresses, the warlike appearance of the attendants, their mute attention, the proud superiority of the chief, round whom the subordinate beys seemed to crouch with abject submission, rivetted my attention. I found myself among barbarians, who lived only by the breath of the man to whom I was introduced, who in his turn preserves the same sort of abject submission to the will of the Pasha. Fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants of Egypt felt the influence of a single despot; and from the accounts I obtained whilst there, they seemed to be in the same state to which the policy of Joseph reduced the people of Pharaoh.’—pp. 23, 24.

Captain Light left Boulac on the 1st April in a boat he had hired, of twelve or fourteen tons burden, and proceeded against the stream, by sailing or towing, as the wind served or not; but his progress was so slow that it was the 7th May before he reached Assouan; in the course of which time, he observes, ‘I had some trials of temper, a few privations and inconveniences; but I was rarely insulted; nor was I ever persecuted by the curiosity of the

natives, who rather treated me with respect.' In some of the villages our traveller assisted the sick with medicine and advice—wrote for them Arabic sentences as charms to preserve the wearers from the evil angel. 'In one village,' he says, 'called Abou Gaziz, I was requested by a party of women to hold my drawn sword on the ground, whilst they went through the ceremony of jumping across it, with various ridiculous motions, to correct the well-known eastern curse of barrenness; and was rewarded by blessings and offerings of Durra cake.'

Some ancient excavations which have been described by Denon and others are all that remain of the city of Lycopolis; but at the foot of the Mokattam, a range of modern Mahomedan tombs runs for nearly a mile, in a grove of *sount*, or Egyptian thorn, (*mimosa nilotica*?) bearing a tufted yellow flower. 'In this grove the mixture of the cupolas, Saracenic walls, and turrets of the tombs, either simply white-washed or rudely coloured, with the thick foliage of the trees, presents a singular and interesting scene, and attracted my attention more than any thing modern I had seen in Egypt.'—p. 44.

Siout is the intermediate mart between Sennaar, Darfoor, and Cairo, at which caravans of *Gelabs*, or slave merchants, are constantly arriving. The remnant of one came in while Captain Light was at this place. Its fate had been most melancholy, having lost on the desert a vast number of men, women, and children, horses, camels, and other animals, to the amount, in the aggregate, of four thousand; notwithstanding which our traveller was offered a young well-formed negress, about seventeen years old, for the trifling sum of fifteen pounds. 'The Gelab,' he says, 'like a horse-dealer, examined, pointed out, and made me remark what he called the good points of the girl in question. The poor wretch, thus exposed, pouted and cried during the ceremony; was checked, encouraged, and abused, according to her behaviour.' Another branch of commerce at Siout is that of eunuchs for the seraglio at Constantinople. In two boats were one hundred and fifty black boys, on their way to Cairo, who had been emasculated, and cured in a month, at a village in the neighbourhood. A Franciscan monk described the operation, though painful and cruel, as easily performed, and without much danger; eleven only having died out of one hundred and sixty. We have here a proof how difficult it is to get at the real truth from the *hearsay* report of travellers. Mr. Legh, in speaking of the same operation, and the subsequent process of burying the victims in sand to stop the hemorrhage, observes that, according to calculation, 'one out of three only survives;' and that the operation 'is performed at a moment of distress, that the risk of mortality might be incurred at a time when the merchants could best spare their slaves.'

In passing upwards Captain Light contented himself with one short visit to the temple at Luxor, and with viewing the mass of buildings which formed part of the ancient Apollinopolis Magna through a telescope from the Nile, the hieroglyphics on which he could plainly distinguish, though at the distance of a mile and a half. Elephantina, called Ghezirat-el-Sag, or the 'flowery island,' is described as a perfect paradise.

'It must be confessed that we find beauty by comparison; and this must excuse all travellers in their particular praise of spots, which elsewhere would not, perhaps, call forth their eulogy. Though the season of the year was approaching to the greatest heat, shade was every where to be found amongst the thick plantations of palm-trees, which surrounded and traversed the island. Amongst these the modern habitations showed themselves, whilst the eye often rested on the ancient temples still existing. Every spot was cultivated, and every person employed; none asked for money; and I walked about, greeted by all I met with courteous and friendly salams.

'The intercourse I had with the natives of Assuan was of a very different nature; and in spite of French civilisation and French progeny, which the countenances and complexion of many of the younger part of the inhabitants betrayed, I never received marks of attention without a demand on my generosity.'—pp. 52, 53.

At Philæ our traveller first observed the ravages committed by the locusts, of which an immense swarm obscured the sky. In a few hours all the palm-trees were stripped of their foliage, and the ground of its herbage; men, women, and children were vainly employing themselves to prevent these destructive insects from settling; howling repeatedly the name of *Geraad*, (locust,) throwing sand in the air, beating the ground with sticks, and, at night, in lighting fires—yet they blessed God that he had sent them locusts instead of the plague, which, they observed, always raged at Cairo when these insects made their appearance in Nubia, and which Captain Light says was, in the present instance, actually the case.

At Galabshee the Nile divided itself among several rocks and uninhabited islands; and here Captain Light says he had occasion to remark shells of the oyster kind, attached to the granite masses of these cataracts, similar to those often found in petrifications—whose presence he attributed to some communication of former times between the Nile and the ocean. At this place the inhabitants were more suspicious, and behaved with more incivility to our traveller than at any other which he had yet passed. They demanded a present before they would allow him to look at their temple. 'One more violent than the rest,' he says, 'threw dust in the air, the signal both of rage and defiance, ran for his shield, and came towards me dancing, howling, and striking the shield with the head of his javelin,

to intimidate me. A promise of a present pacified him, and enabled me to make my remarks and sketches.'

At Deir Captain Light met with excavations in the rocks, which had evidently been intended as burial places; their sides were covered with hieroglyphics and symbolic figures similar to those in the Temple of Cneph at Elphantina.

'The jealousy of the natives, who could not be persuaded I was not influenced by the desire to seek for treasures, prevented me from making those researches that might perhaps have led to the discovery of the connecting character between the hieroglyphic, Coptish, and Greek languages; for it cannot be supposed the two former were dropped at once; and that whilst the custom of preserving the bodies of the dead in the Egyptian manner was continued by the early Christians, there should not be some traces of the language of the people from whom it was copied. Such a discovery may be attempted by some future traveller.

'The sides of the openings are well finished. On one I traced a cross of this form H preceding the following Greek characters:

ΑΝΟΚΙΑΥΛΟΕΙCΖΑΙΝΑΙ

And on another were these :

Ι+ΙΙΧΧ ΠΟΗΗΛΟΝ

ΤΩΝ ΤΟΥΛΟΥ

ΑΝΤΟΝΙΟΥ

which were the first inscriptions I had seen that appear, connected with Christianity.—pp. 78, 79.

Beyond this point, and between Ibrîm and Dongola, as we learn from Mr. Burckhardt's journal, the temples, which have been converted into Christian churches, become more frequent, so as to leave little doubt that it was by the line of the Nile that christianity found its way, at so early a period, into Abyssinia; and it certainly will become an interesting object of inquiry for some future traveller, well qualified, to trace its progress from Nubia into that country, where it still holds its ground, though greatly corrupted from its original purity.

From Deir Captain Light proceeded to Ibrîm, where he made a short visit to the aga, a venerable old man, who prayed him, in the true patriarchal style, to 'tarry till the sun was gone down; to alight, refresh himself, and partake of the food he would prepare for the strangers.' It was served up on a clean mat spread under the shade of the wall of his house, and consisted of wheaten cake broken into small bits, and put into water, sweetened with date-juice, in a wooden bowl; curds with liquid butter, and preserved dates, and a bowl of milk. The aga's house was, like the rest, a mere mud hovel. The people flocked round the stranger, and inquired, as usual, whe-
then

ther he came to look for treasure, and whether Christians or Moslems, English or French, were the builders of the temples. Among the superstitions of the natives, which it appears is common in Egypt as well as Nubia, is that of spitting on any diseased part of the body as a certain remedy. 'At Erment, the ancient Hermontis,' says Captain Light, 'an old wonran applied to me for medicine for a disease in the eyes, and, on my giving her some directions she did not seem to like, requested me, to spit on her eyes, which I did, and she went away, blessed me, and was well satisfied of the certainty of the cure.'

From Ibrim our traveller returned down the Nile, examined the temple of Seboo, called, by Legh, Sibhoi, and describes 'its avenues of sphinxes, its gigantic figures in alto-relievo, its pilasters and hieroglyphics.' At Ouffeddonnee he discovered the remains of a primitive Christian church, in the interior of which were many painted Greek inscriptions and figures relating to scriptural subjects. The ruins of a temple at Deboo are minutely described. On the 1st June Captain Light reached Philæ, and thus sums up his observations on the natives of Nubia:—

'The people who occupy the shores of the Nile between Philæ and Ibrim are, for the most part, a distinct race from those of the north. The extent of the country is about one hundred and fifty miles; which, according to my course on the Nile up and down, I conceive may be about two hundred by water, and is estimated at much more by Mr. Hamilton and others. They are called by the Egyptians Goobli, meaning in Arabic the people of the south. My boatmen from Boolac applied *Goobli* generally to them all, but called those living about the cataracts Berber. Their colour is black; but the change to it, in the progress from Cairo, does not occur all at once to the traveller, but by gradual alteration to the dusky hue from white. Their countenance approaches to that of a negro; thick lips, flattish nose and head, the body short, and bones slender: the leg bones have the curve observed in negroes: the hair is curled and black, but not woolly. Men of lighter complexion are found amongst them; which may be accounted for by intermarriage with Arabs, or a descent from those followers of Selim the Second who were left here upon his conquest of the country. On the other hand, at Galabshee the people seemed to have more of the negro than elsewhere; thicker lips, and hair more tufted, as well as a more savage disposition.

'The Nubian language is different from the Arabic. The latter, as acquired from books and a teacher, had been of very little use to me in Egypt itself; but here, not even the vulgar dialect of the Lower Nile would serve for common intercourse, except in that district extending from Dukkey to Deir, where the Nubian is lost, and Arabic prevails again: a curious circumstance; and, when considered with an observation of the lighter colour of this people, leads to a belief of their being descended from Arabs. The Nubian, in speaking, gave me an idea of what

what I have heard of the clucking of Hottentots. It seems a succession of monosyllables, accompanied with a rise and fall of voice that is not disagreeable.

‘I saw few traces among them of government, or law, or religion. They know no master, although the cashief claims a nominal command of the country: it extends no farther than sending his soldiers to collect their tax, or rent, called *Mirri*. The Pasha of Egypt was named as sovereign in all transactions from Cairo to Assuan. Here, and beyond, as far as I went, the reigning Sultan Mahmood was considered the sovereign; though the cashief's was evidently the power they feared the most. They look for redress of injuries to their own means of revenge, which, in cases of blood, extends from one generation to another, till blood is repaid by blood. On this account, they are obliged to be ever on the watch and armed; and, in this manner, even their daily labours are carried on: the very boys go armed. They profess to be the followers of Mahomet, though I rarely happened to observe any of their ritual observances of that religion. Once, upon my endeavouring to make some of them comprehend the benefit of obedience to the rules of justice for punishing offences, instead of pursuing the offender to death as they practised, they quoted the Koran, to justify their requiring blood for blood.

‘Their dress, for the men, is a linen smock, commonly brown, with red or dark coloured scull cap. A few wear turbans and slippers. The women have a brown robe thrown gracefully over their head and body, discovering the right arm and breast, and part of one thigh and leg. They are of good size and shape, but very ugly in the face. Their necks, arms, and ankles, are ornamented with beads or bone rings, and one nostril with a ring of bone or metal. Their hair is anointed with oil of cassia, of which every village has a small plantation. It is matted or plaited, as now seen in the heads of sphinxes and female figures of their ancient statues. I found one at Elephantina, which might have been supposed their model. Their little children are naked. Girls wear round the waist an apron of strings of raw hide, and boys a girdle of linen.

‘Their arms are knives or daggers, fastened to the back of the elbow or in the girdle, javelins, tomahawks, swords of Roman shape, but longer, and slung behind them. Some have round shields of buffalo hide, and a few pistols and muskets are to be seen.’—pp. 93—97.

The Thebaid has been so often described, that, although every attentive traveller may find something new, the objects are mostly a repetition of what have before been observed—gigantic masses of stone, colossal statues, columns of immense magnitude, and deep caverns, excavated out of the living rock. At Luxor the diameters of some of the columns are upwards of eight feet, and their height forty; and they support masses of stone eighteen feet long and six square, which gives to each a weight from forty-five to fifty tons. Captain Light thus describes Carnac:—

‘My visit to Carnac, the ancient Diospolis, a ruined temple farther from

from the banks of the river, on the same side as Luxor, was equally gratifying. It was impossible to look on such an extent of building without being lost in admiration; no description will be able to give an adequate idea of the enormous masses still defying the ravages of time. Enclosure within enclosure, propylæa in front of propylæa; to these, avenues of sphinxes, each of fourteen or fifteen feet in length, lead from a distance of several hundred yards. The common Egyptian sphinx is found in the avenues to the south; but, to the west, the crio sphinx, with the ram's head, from one or two that have been uncovered, seems to have composed its corresponding avenue. Those of the south and east are still buried. Headless statues of grey and blue granite, of gigantic size, lay prostrate in different parts of the ruins. In the western court, in front of the great portico, and at the entrance to this portico, is an upright headless statue of one block of granite, whose size may be imagined from finding that a man of six foot just reaches to the patella of the knee.

The entrance to the great portico is through a mass of masonry, partly in ruins; through which the eye rests on an avenue of fourteen columns, whose diameter is more than eleven feet, and whose height is upwards of sixty. On each side of this are seven rows, of seven columns in each, whose diameter is eight feet, and about forty feet high, of an architecture which wants the elegance of Grecian models, yet suits the immense majesty of the Egyptian temple.

Though it does not enter into my plan to continue a description which has been so ably done by others before me, yet, when I say that the whole extent of this temple cannot be less than a mile and a half in circumference, and that the smallest blocks of masonry are five feet by four in depth and breadth, that there are obelisks of eighty feet high on a base of eighteen feet, of one block of granite; it can be easily imagined that Thebes was the vast city history describes it to be.—pp. 105—107.

Of the Memnonium and its statues, on the opposite side of the Nile, Captain Light says but little, and that little is incorrect. He is mistaken, for instance, in ascribing to Herodotus the information that the 'statues of Memnon and his queen were thrown down by the first Cambyzes.' Herodotus never once mentions Memnon nor his queen; indeed this is the first time we ever heard of his 'queen' from any author. It is Pausanias, and not Herodotus, who relates the fact of Cambyzes having cut down the statue of Memnon; but Strabo says it was thrown down by the shock of an earthquake. Again, in observing that 'the head of the female, described by Denon in such high terms, and by Mr. Hamilton, might be easily taken away,' he is mistaken in supposing that the latter describes any female head on the Memnonian side of the river. The male and female colossal statues seen by this intelligent traveller at Luxor have no relation to the head which Captain Light thinks 'might easily be taken away,' and which, in fact, has been taken away, and is now lodged in the British Museum.

Denon,

Denon, it is true, conjectures that the two sitting colossal statues near Medinet-Abou, one of which, from the numerous inscriptions on its legs, is justly considered, by Pococke, to be that of Memnon, are in fact the mother and the son, not of Memnon, but of Osymandyas, a conjecture for which he has not the shadow of a foundation; but whether Osymandyas or Memnon, or neither, these statues have no connection with the head in question, which has, unaccountably enough, been called 'the head of the younger Memnon.' It might have been as well to ascertain who the elder Memnon was, before a young one had been created. The 'youthful appearance' of a statue mentioned by Philostratus, being applicable to that beautiful specimen in the British Museum, which was found in what is now considered to be the Memnonium, may have suggested the idea of a younger Memnon: there can be little doubt, however, of its being an assumed name, wholly unauthorized by ancient history.

Captain Light crept into one of the mummy pits or caverns, which were the common burial places of the ancient Thebans. As it happened to be newly discovered, he found thousands of dead bodies, placed in regular horizontal layers side by side; these he conceives to be the mummies of the lower order of people, as they were covered only with simple teguments, and smeared over with a composition that preserved the muscles from corruption. 'The suffocating smell,' he says, 'and the natural horror excited by being left alone unarmed with the wild villagers in this charnel house, made me content myself with visiting two or three chambers, and quickly return to the open air.'

The Troglodites of Goornoo, it seems, still inhabit the empty tombs or caverns; they derive their chief subsistence, he tells us, from the pillage of the tombs, of which they are constantly in quest. Whenever a new one is discovered, 'the bodies,' he adds, 'are taken out and broken up, and the resinous substance found in the inside of the mummy forms a considerable article of trade with Cairo.'

Captain Light mentions, what indeed we have frequently heard before, that the Sepoys, in their march to join the army of Lord Hutchinson, imagined they had found their own temples in the ruins of Dendyra, and were greatly exasperated at the Egyptians for their neglect of their deities; so strongly, indeed, were they impressed with the identity, that they performed their devotions in those temples with all the ceremonies practised in Hindostan. That there is a likeness, and a very striking one, between the massy buildings of India and Egypt, the monolithic temples, the excavated mountains, and even between some of the minor decorations and appendages, as the phallus, the lotus, the serpent, &c. no one will venture to deny; but, on the other side, there are points of disagreement,

ment, of sufficient weight to counterbalance the argument in favour of a common origin. With regard to the physical, moral, and religious character of the two people, there is nothing in common; and it does not appear that the Hindoos had at any time subterranean tombs or sarcophagi, or mummies, fresco paintings, or hieroglyphics. It may be urged perhaps, as on a former occasion we ourselves suggested, that the architects and artificers may have been a distinct race of people from either the Hindoos or the Egyptians, and that the decorative parts may have been adapted to the views and prejudices of the two nations, and derived from the products of beauty or utility peculiar to the two countries respectively. This however is entitled to be received only as conjecture: and we entirely concur with Captain Light in thinking that the only way to clear up the point of an ancient connection between the Hindoos and the Egyptians would be that of employing some traveller well versed in the antiquities of the one country, to examine accurately those of the other; and when the several species of architectural remains, and their concomitant decorations, shall have been brought together side by side in detail, then, and not till then, will it be safe to pronounce a decided opinion on the question. Mr. Hamilton, whose opinion is always deserving of attention, considers the architecture of the two countries to be very different when duly examined, and gives the preference in point of simplicity, symmetry, and taste, to the temples of Egypt.

In point of fact however, the temples of Nubia and of Egypt are in themselves essentially different; those above ground, in the former, being small, and mean and ill-constructed, when compared with those of the latter; while the excavations of the mountains, and the colossal statues hewn out of the living rock, are far superior to those of Egypt—of which it may be said that the structures above the surface are only equalled by those of Ethiopia below it. On a MS. map of the course of the Nile, from Essuan to the confines of Dongola, constructed by Colonel Leake, chiefly from the journal of Mr. Burckhardt, we have read the following note. ‘The ancient temples above Philæ are of two very different kinds. Those excavated in the rock at Gyrshe and Ebsambul rival some of the grandest works of the Egyptians, and may be supposed at least coeval with the ancient monarchy of Thebes. The temples constructed in masonry, on the other hand, are not to be compared with those of Egypt either in size or in the costly decorations of sculpture and painting; they are probably the works of a much later age.’

If we were to institute a comparison between the journal of Captain Light and that of Mr. Legh, we are not sure that, on the whole, we should not be disposed to give a preference to the former,

former, were it only on account of its numerous prints, and of the notices respecting the temples, catacombs, excavations, and statuary, in which Mr. Legh's was remarkably deficient; we ought not to conceal, however, that we found it somewhat dull and heavy, and particularly deficient in personal enterprize, which seldom fails to interest in a book of travels. It was in fact the well told tale of the subterranean adventure which communicated a charm to Mr. Legh's journal, and which tended more than any thing else to give it the stamp of public approbation. We have frequently been told that our review of that work contained more than was to be found in the book itself; if the additional matter charged upon us was of a novel and interesting nature, (as we flatter ourselves was, in some measure, the case,) such a circumstance we apprehend will not be objected to us as a very grievous fault; and we trust that Captain Light will not complain if, on the present occasion, we should terminate our remarks with his Nubian journey, and confine the remainder of this article to African subjects which have not yet met the public eye.

We took an opportunity, in our last Number, to introduce to the acquaintance of our readers a Roman traveller of the name of Belzoni, who, in laying open the front of the great sphynx, had made some singular discoveries in Egyptian antiquities. The uncommon sagacity and perseverance displayed by this Italian are worthy of all praise; and we apprehend that we cannot conclude this Article in a more satisfactory way than by giving a summary account of what his recent discoveries have been, and what may yet be expected from him.

Mr. Belzoni has already completed two journeys to Upper Egypt and Nubia, under the auspices of Mr. Salt, the British consul-general at Cairo. In the first he proceeded beyond the second cataract, and opened the celebrated but hitherto undescribed temple at Ipsambul, or, as it is called by Mr. Burckhardt, Ebsambul, and by Captain Light, Absimbul, being the largest and most extensive excavations either in Nubia or Egypt. More than two thirds of the front of this grand temple were completely buried in the sand, which, in some places, covered it to the height of fifty feet. Its site however is easily recognized by four colossal figures in front in a sitting posture, each of which is about sixty feet high; but one of the four has been thrown down, and lies prostrate in the sand, with which it is partially covered. It was this statue, we believe, from the tip of whose ear Mr. Banks could just reach to its forehead, and which measures, according to Burckhardt, twenty-one feet across the shoulders. Mr. Belzoni found this extraordinary excavation to contain fourteen chambers and a great hall: in the latter of which were standing erect eight colossal figures, each thirty feet

feet high; the walls and pilasters were covered with hieroglyphics beautifully cut, and with groups of large figures in bas-relief, in the highest state of preservation. At the end of the sanctuary were four figures in a sitting posture, about twelve feet high, sculptured out of the living rock, and well preserved. In bearing testimony to the great merit of Mr. Belzoni for his researches in this temple, and for his exertions in clearing away the immense mass of sand, Mr. Salt observes, that the 'opening of the temple of Ipsambul was a work of the utmost difficulty, and one that required no ordinary talent to surmount, nearly the whole, when Mr. Belzoni first planned the undertaking, being buried under a bed of loose sand, upwards of fifty feet in depth.' 'This temple,' he adds, 'is on many accounts peculiarly interesting, as it satisfactorily tends to prove that the arts, as practised in Egypt, descended from Ethiopia, the style of the sculpture being in several respects superior to any thing that has yet been found in Egypt.'

At Thebes Mr. Belzoni succeeded in making several very remarkable discoveries. Among other things, he uncovered a row of statues in the ruins of Carnac, as large as life, having the figures of women with heads of lions, all of hard black granite, and in number about forty. Among these was one of white marble, about the size of life, and in perfect preservation, which he conceived to be a statue of Jupiter Ammon, holding the ram's head on his knees. On his second visit to Thebes he discovered a colossal head of Orus, of fine granite. It measured ten feet from the neck to the top of the mitre, was finished in a style of exquisite workmanship, and is in a state of good preservation. He brought away to Cairo one of the arms belonging to this statue, which, with the head, he thinks would form an admirable specimen of the grandeur and execution of Egyptian sculpture; and as he succeeded so well in removing the head of the younger Memnon, as it is called, now deposited in the British Museum, we have no doubt he would be equally successful, if encouraged, in conveying the one in question to Alexandria. Speaking of the Memnonian bust—'He has the singular merit,' says Mr. Salt, 'of having removed from Thebes to Alexandria this celebrated piece of sculpture, to accomplish which it was necessary, after dragging it down upwards of a mile to the water side, to place it on board a small boat, to remove it thence to another djerm at Rosetta, and afterwards to land and lodge it in a magazine at Alexandria—all which was most surprisingly effected with the assistance solely of the native peasantry, and such simple machinery as Mr. Belzoni was able to get made under his own direction at Cairo. In fact, his great talents and uncommon genius for mechanics have enabled him with singular success, both at Thebes and other places, to discover objects of the rarest value in antiquity,

antiquity, that had long baffled the researches of the learned, and with trifling means to remove colossal fragments which appear, by their own declaration, to have defied the efforts of the able engineers who accompanied the French army.*

While thus employed in making researches among the ruins of Thebes, and occupied in his observations on the burial-grounds of the Egyptians, he conceived that he had discovered an infallible clue to the Egyptian catacombs; and such was the certainty of the indications which he had noticed, that, by following them, he discovered no less than six tombs in the valley which is known by the name of 'Biban El Moluck,' or the 'Tombs (or rather Gates) of the Kings,' in a part of the mountains which, to ordinary observers, presented no appearance that could possibly hold forth the slightest prospect of success. All of these are excavations in the mountains, and from their perfect state, owing to the total exclusion of intruders, and probably of the external air, they are said to convey a more correct idea than any discovery hitherto made of Egyptian magnificence and posthumous splendour. The passage from the front entrance to the innermost chamber in one of them measured 309 feet, the whole extent of which is cut out of the living rock; the chambers are numerous; the sides of the rock every where as white as snow, and covered with paintings of well shaped figures, *al fresco*, and with hieroglyphics quite perfect. The colours of the paintings are as fresh as if they had been laid on the day before the opening was made. It was in one of the chambers of this tomb that Mr. Belzoni discovered the exquisitely beautiful sarcophagus of alabaster which we noticed in our last Number, and which he describes as being 'nine feet five inches long, by three feet nine inches wide, and two feet and one inch high, carved within and without with hieroglyphics and figures in intaglio, nearly in a perfect state, sounding like a bell, and as transparent as glass.' From the extraordinary magnificence of this tomb, Mr. Belzoni conceives that it must be the depository of the remains of Apis, in which idea he is the more confirmed by having found the carcass of a bull embalmed with asphaltum in the innermost room.

'Of this tomb,' says Mr. Salt, 'I have forwarded some account to England. It consists of a long suite of passages and chambers, covered with sculptures and paintings in the most perfect preservation, the tints of which are so resplendent, that it was found scarcely possible to imitate them with the best water-colours made in England; and which in fact are executed on a principle and scale of colour that would make them, I conceive, retain their lustre

* Description de l'Égypte. Antiquités. tom. xiv. livrais. 2. p. 240. We mentioned the attempt to blow off the wig in our last Number. The right shoulder has actually been taken off, but it does not appear to have been done recently.

even by the side of a Venetian picture. The sarcophagus of alabaster here discovered is a monument of the taste, delicate workmanship, and skill in cutting so fragile a material, which will perhaps remain for ever unrivalled.' In fact, Mr. Belzoni is so enraptured with the grandeur and magnificence with which this particular tomb has impressed his mind, that he has actually undertaken a third voyage up the Nile for the purpose of executing a perfect model of it in wax, with all the statuary, bas-reliefs, and paintings in their due proportions, in order that the European world may have the means of duly appreciating the splendour and the art displayed in the catacombs of the ancient Egyptians. We hope, however, that the trustees of the British Museum will spare no expense in procuring this extraordinary sarcophagus to place by the side of that which is supposed to have contained the remains of Alexander. We have no doubt of the ability of Mr. Belzoni to execute the task of getting it safely down the Nile.

We have already mentioned the discoveries made by Mr. Belzoni in uncovering the front of the Great Sphynx, and the several articles found between its legs and paws, and which are now deposited in the British Museum. 'Such,' says Mr. Salt, 'are the principal undertakings which have been accomplished by Mr. Belzoni in Egypt and Nubia; but besides these, he has been signally successful in removing many valuable pieces of antiquity—in the discovery of statues and other interesting objects—his researches being evidently carried on with a very superior judgment.' He adds, 'I feel great satisfaction in thus being able to certify the extraordinary ability of Mr. Belzoni, the result of whose operations I have had such frequent opportunities of admiring; and I am more particularly delighted by his discoveries, from the circumstance that they have added many new objects of attraction to European travellers, whose society is at all times agreeable in so remote and uncultivated a region as Egypt.*' We have been thus particular in recording the testimony of Mr. Salt in favour of this foreigner, in consequence of an attempt which we perceive is making to depreciate his labours. It might have been expected that these discoveries, made in the true spirit of enthusiasm, but communicated without ostentation, would have escaped the acrimony of invidious criticism;—but it is not so: M. Jomard, a member of the French Institute, and one of the committee, we believe, who smuggled into Africa the traveller Bahdia, better known by the name of Ali Bey, has thought fit, in the '*Journal des Savans*,' to attack (in a 'Note' as illiberal as it is unjust) Mr. Belzoni, for addressing a letter to the late M. Visconti, giving a brief sketch of his proceedings, and of the success which had attended his researches in Egypt. In this letter, written in a modest

* From a MS. memorandum of Mr. Salt.

and unassuming tone, M. Jomard finds (as he is pleased to think) the author appropriating to himself, as new discoveries, those which belong to the French. Not content with claiming for his countrymen all the discoveries that are now making, and that may hereafter be made, M. Jomard appropriates to them all that have hitherto been made in Egypt. 'France,' he says, 'in preference to any other nation in Europe, ought to be interested in all new researches of which this classical country shall be the object, since she has made *so many sacrifices* in order to discover its monuments, to study its climate and productions, and to develop, *for the first time*, to the scientific world, all its antiquities, which, though the admiration of thirty ages, were not on that account the better known.' And does M. Jomard expect to persuade 'the scientific world' that nothing was known of Egypt before the French savans, with an invading army at their heels, explored the ruins of Thebes, 'with its palaces and temples, its obelisks, its avenues of sphinxes, its colossal columns, its catacombs, and the tombs of its kings covered with paintings so brilliant, so well preserved'? Does he hope to persuade the world that a Pococke, a Norden, a Niebhur, or a Hamilton will shrink in a comparison with any one of those 'forty French savans' who remained so many months among the ruins of Thebes?—M. Jomard may flatter himself that he has made a wonderful discovery in proclaiming the statue sitting on the plain of Memnonium with the inscription on its legs to be the true Memnon—as if Pococke had not done the same thing long ago, and as if any one but Denon had ever doubted it. M. Jomard, however, is quite mistaken in supposing that Mr. Belzoni gave to the beautiful bust in the British Museum, (which we are indebted to his ingenuity for removing, after the French had tried to do it in vain,) the improper name of the 'young Memnon'—it is a hazardous and unauthorized term, about as well founded as the supposition that the head, which he and his brother-savans left with the face turned towards the heaven, 'when the time and events opposed themselves to their efforts of stirring still more than the enormous weight of the figure,'—but which, however, the efforts of a single Roman, aided by his own genius, easily accomplished, was that of Osymandyas. For the rest, M. Jomard may make himself easy about the alabaster sarcophagus.—'This extraordinary morsel' will, we doubt not, come to Europe—but not to Paris: there are mineralogists in London who can examine and describe it with as much accuracy as if it were submitted to a committee of the French Institute.

Of M. Jomard's hostility towards M. Belzoni, or rather, we suspect, towards the English, under whose auspices he is prosecuting his discoveries in Egypt, the 'Note' bears ample testimony throughout; the presumption of the writer is no less conspicuous; and

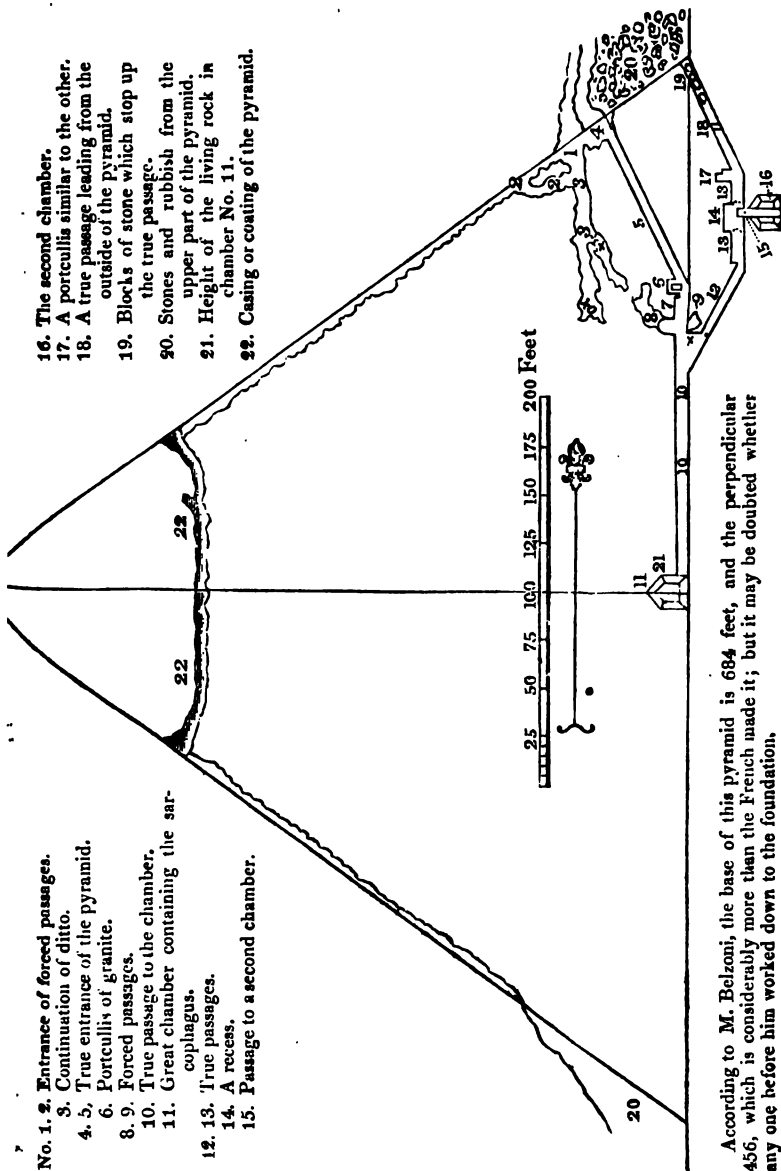
and the concluding paragraph exposes his ignorance in a matter in which he ought to have better informed himself, before he attempted to strip another of the laurels so justly his due. 'The subterraneous temple of Ipsambul,' says the critic, 'which M. Belzoni imagines himself to have discovered, had already been visited by many Europeans, particularly by Mr. Thomas Legh.' It happens that M. Belzoni, so far from pretending to have discovered it, merely says, 'I went to Nubia to examine the temple of Ipsambul;' and the only merit which he claims is that of having, 'by dint of patience and courage, after twenty-two days persevering labour, had the pleasure of finding himself in the temple of Ipsambul, where no European had ever before entered.' But it also happens that Mr. Thomas Legh not only did not visit Ipsambul, but was not within a day and a half's journey of it, and never once mentions its name,—we would therefore recommend M. Jomard to do justice to M. Belzoni, by frankly avowing that the first time he ever heard the name of Ipsambul was in that gentleman's letter to M. Visconti; for we are quite sure that he knows nothing of the discoveries made there by the late Sheik Ibrahim and Mr. Banks, the only Europeans we believe, who have proceeded so far up the Nile in the present century.*

But the most brilliant of M. Belzoni's labours, and perhaps the most arduous and extraordinary, is the opening of the second pyramid of Ghiza, known by the name of Cephrenes. Herodotus was informed that this pyramid had no subterraneous chambers, and his information, being found in latter ages to be generally correct, may

* The government of France was at no one period more jealous of the power of England, than the members of the French Institute are at this moment of her progress in science and the arts; an instance of it occurred at one of its recent sittings, which appeared to us (for we happened to be present) quite ludicrous. An officer of naval engineers, of the name of Dupin, having procured access to our dock-yards and laboratories, as well as to all the great manufactories of private individuals, presented to the Institute, on his return, 'An Essay on the Progress of Gunnery, Engineering, &c. in Great Britain,' in which he particularly dwelt on the grandeur, magnificence, and convenient arrangement of the arsenal of Woolwich. During the reading of this report by the Duc de Raguse, the whole Institute sighed most deeply; and when he spoke of the high degree of perfection to which the English had carried the steam-engine, the hydraulic press, and the different combinations of those two machines—adding that by the first the effect was produced of two or three hundred horses, without noise and without confusion—and that by means of the latter the transport of provisions and forage became so easy as to supply in the greatest abundance the army of Portugal, in presence of an adversary who was destitute of every thing—when these and the many advantages which England derived from the excellence of her machinery were enumerating, nothing was heard but groans from every corner of the room.—But when the reporter desired that it might be recollected that it was to a Frenchman the steam-engine owed its origin; that the hydraulic press was a French invention; that the mechanic Brunel was a Frenchman, and that he is at this moment charged with the principal works carrying on in England—and, in fact, that there is nothing which the genius of Frenchmen has not been able to produce—the groans ceased, the clouds were dispelled, and all became calm, cheerful, and serene.—(*Rapport de l'Institut. Essai sur les Progrès de l'Artillerie, &c. Mars, 1818.*)

be supposed to have operated in preventing that curiosity which prompted the opening of the great pyramid of Cheops. M. Belzoni, however, perceived certain indications of sufficient weight to induce him to make the attempt, the account of which we are enabled to give in his own words : but first we shall quote Mr. Salt's observation on this most wonderful undertaking, from a letter which now lies before us. 'The opening of this pyramid had long been considered an object of so hopeless a nature that it is difficult to conceive how any person could be found sanguine enough to make the attempt ; and even after the discovery with great labour of the forced entrance, it required great perseverance in Belzoni, and confidence in his own views, to induce him to continue the operation, when it became evident that the extensive labours of his predecessors in the enterprize had so completely failed. He himself has pointed out in some degree his motives for trying the particular point where he came upon the true entrance, otherwise, on examining it, nothing can present a more hopeless prospect. The direct manner in which he dug down upon the door affords, however, the most incontestible proof that chance had nothing to do with the discovery. Of the discovery itself, M. Belzoni has given a very clear description, and his drawings present a perfect idea of the channels, chambers, and entrances. Of the labours of the undertaking, no one can form an idea. Notwithstanding the masses of stone which he had to remove, and the hardness of the materials which impeded his progress, the whole was effected entirely at his own risk and expense.'

The following is M. Belzoni's own account of his operations in penetrating to the centre of the pyramid of Cephrenes, which will the more readily be understood by a reference to the annexed diagram.



According to Mr. Belzoni, the base of this pyramid is 684 feet, and the perpendicular 456, which is considerably more than the French made it; but it may be doubted whether any one before him worked down to the foundation.

‘ On my return to Cairo, I again went to visit the celebrated pyramids of Ghiza; and on viewing that of Cephrenes, I could not help reflecting how many travellers of different nations, who had visited this spot, contented themselves with looking at the outside of this pyramid, and went away without inquiring whether any, and what chambers, exist within it; satisfied perhaps with the report of the Egyptian priests, “ that the pyramid of Cheops only contained chambers in its interior.” I then began to consider about the possibility of opening this pyramid; the attempt was perhaps presumptuous; and the risk of undertaking such an immense work without success deterred me in some degree from the enterprize. I am not certain whether love for antiquity, an ardent curiosity, or ambition, spurred me on most in spite of every obstacle, but I determined at length to commence the operation. I soon discovered the same indications which had led to the development of the six tombs of the kings in Thebes, and which induced me to begin the operation on the north side. It is true, the situations of the tombs at Thebes, their form and epoques are so very different from those of the pyramids, that many points of observation made with regard to the former, could not apply to the latter; yet, I perceived enough to urge me to the enterprize. I accordingly set out from Cairo on the 6th of February, 1818, under pretence of going in quest of some antiquities at a village not far off, in order that I might not be disturbed in my work by the people of Cairo. I then repaired to the Kaiya Bey, and asked permission to work at the pyramid of Ghiza in search of antiquities. He made no objection, but said that he wished to know if there was any ground about the pyramid fit for tillage; I informed him that it was all stones, and at a considerable distance from any tilled ground. He nevertheless persisted in inquiring of the Caschief of the province, if there was any good ground near the pyramids; and, after receiving the necessary information, granted my request.

‘ Having thus acquired permission, I began my labours on the 10th of February, at a point on the north side in a vertical section at right angles to that side of the base. I saw many reasons against my beginning there, but certain indications told me that there was an entrance at that spot. I employed sixty labouring men, and began to cut through the mass of stones and cement which had fallen from the upper part of the pyramid, but it was so hard joined together, that the men spoiled several of their hatchets in the operation; the stones which had fallen down along with the cement having formed themselves into one solid and almost impenetrable mass. I succeeded, however, in making an opening of fifteen feet wide, and continued working downwards in uncovering the face of the pyramid; this work took up several days, without the least prospect of
meeting

meeting with any thing interesting. Meantime, I began to fear that some of the Europeans residing at Cairo might pay a visit to the pyramids, which they do very often, and thus discover my retreat, and interrupt my proceedings.

‘ On the 17th of the same month we had made a considerable advance downwards, when an Arab workman called out, making a great noise, and saying that he had found the entrance. He had discovered a hole in the pyramid into which he could just thrust his arm and a djerid of six feet long. Towards the evening we discovered a larger aperture, about three feet square, which had been closed in irregularly, by a hewn stone; this stone I caused to be removed, and then came to an opening larger than the preceding, but filled up with loose stones and sand. This satisfied me that it was not the real but a forced passage, which I found to lead inwards and towards the south;—the next day we succeeded in entering fifteen feet from the outside, when we reached a place where the sand and stones began to fall from above. I caused the rubbish to be taken out, but it still continued to fall in great quantities; at last, after some days labour, I discovered an upper forced entrance, (2), communicating with the outside from above, and which had evidently been cut by some one who was in search of the true passage. Having cleared this passage, I perceived another opening (3) below, which apparently ran towards the centre of the pyramid. In a few hours I was able to enter this passage, and found it to be a continuation of the lower forced passage (1), which runs horizontally towards the centre of the pyramid, nearly all choked up with stones and sand. These obstructions I caused to be taken out; and at half-way from the entrance I found a descent, (xx), which also had been forced; and which ended at the distance of forty feet. I afterwards continued the work in the horizontal passage above, in hopes that it might lead to the centre; but I was disappointed, and at last was convinced that it ended there, (x o), and that, to attempt to advance in that way would only incur the risk of sacrificing some of my workmen; as it was really astonishing to see how the stones hung suspended over their heads, resting, perhaps, by a single point. Indeed one of these stones did fall, and had nearly killed one of the men. I therefore retired from the forced passage, with great regret and disappointment.

‘ Notwithstanding the discouragements I met with, I recommenced my researches on the following day, depending upon my indications. I directed the ground to be cleared away to the eastward of the false entrance; the stones, encrusted and bound together with cement, were equally hard as the former, and we had as many large stones to remove as before. By this time my retreat

had been discovered, which occasioned me many interruptions from visitors, among others was the Abbé de Forbin.

On February 28, we discovered a block of granite (at 4) in an inclined direction towards the centre of the pyramid, and I perceived that the inclination was the same as that of the passage of the first pyramid or that of Cheops; consequently I began to hope that I was near the true entrance. On the first of March we observed three large blocks of stone one upon the other, all inclined towards the centre: these large stones we had to remove, as well as others much larger as we advanced, which considerably retarded our approach to the desired spot. I perceived, however, that I was near the true entrance, and, in fact, the next day about noon, on the 2d of March, was the epoch at which the grand pyramid of Cephrenes was at last opened, after being closed up for so many centuries, that it remained an uncertainty whether any interior chambers did or did not exist. The passage I discovered was a square opening of four feet high and three and a half wide, formed by four blocks of granite; and continued slanting downward at the same inclination as that of the pyramid of Cheops, which is an angle of 26° .—It runs to the length of 104 feet 5 inches, lined the whole way with granite. I had much to do to remove and draw up the stones which filled the passage (4, 5,) down to the port-cullis (6) or door of granite, which is fitted into a niche also made of granite. I found this door supported by small stones within 8 inches of the floor, and in consequence of the narrowness of the place it took up the whole of that day and part of the next to raise it sufficiently to afford an entrance; this door is 1 foot 3 inches thick, and, together with the work of the niche, occupies 6 feet 11 inches, where the granite work ends: then commences a short passage, (7) gradually ascending towards the centre, 22 feet 7 inches, at the end of which is a perpendicular of 15 feet: on the left is a small forced passage (9) cut in the rock, and also above, on the right, is another forced passage, (8) which runs upwards and turns to the north 30 feet, just over the port-cullis. There is no doubt that this passage was made by the same persons who forced the other, in order to ascertain if there were any others which might ascend above, in conformity to that of the pyramid of Cheops. I descended the perpendicular (x) by means of a rope, and found a large quantity of stones and earth accumulated beneath, which very nearly filled up the entrance into the passage below (12) which inclines towards the north. I next proceeded towards the channel (10) that leads to the centre and soon reached the horizontal passage. This passage is 5 feet 11 inches high, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and the whole length, from the above-mentioned perpendicular (x) to the great chamber (11) is 158 feet 8 inches. These passages

passages are partly cut out of the living rock, and at half-way there is some mason's work, probably to fill up some vacancy in the rock; the walls of this passage are in several parts covered with incrustations of salts.

On entering the great chamber, I found it to be 46 feet 3 inches long, 16 feet 3 inches wide, and 23 feet 6 inches high; for the most part cut out of the rock, except that part of the roof towards the western end. In the midst we observed a sarcophagus of granite, partly buried in the ground, to the level of the floor, 8 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 2 feet 3 inches deep inside, surrounded by large blocks of granite, being placed apparently to guard it from being taken away, which could not be effected without great labour; the lid of it had been opened; I found in it only a few bones of a human skeleton, which merit preservation as curious reliques, they being, in all probability, those of Cephrenes, the reported builder of this pyramid. On the wall of the western side of the chamber is an Arabic inscription, a translation of which has been sent to the British Museum.* It testifies that 'this pyramid was opened by the Masters Mahomet El Aghar and Otman, and that it was inspected in presence of the Sultan Ali Mahomet the 1st, Ugloch.† There are also several other inscriptions on the walls, supposed to be Coptic (qu. enchorial?); part of the floor of this chamber had been removed in different places evidently in search of treasure, by some of those who had found their way into it. Under one of the stones I found a piece of metal something like the thick part of an axe, but it is so rusty and decayed that it is almost impossible to form a just idea of its form. High up and near the centre there are two small square holes, one on the north and the other on the south, each one foot square; they enter into the wall like those in the great chamber of the first pyramid. I returned to the before-mentioned perpendicular (x) and found a passage to the north (12) in the same inclination of 26° as that above: this descends 48 feet 6 inches, where the horizontal passage (13) commences, which keeps the same direction north 55 feet, and half-way along it there is on the east a recess (13) of 11 feet deep. On the west side there is a passage (15) 20 feet long, which descends into a chamber (16) 32 feet long and 9 feet 9 inches wide, 8 and 6 feet high; this chamber contains a quantity of small square blocks of stone, and some unknown inscriptions written on the walls. Returning to the original passage, (13) and advancing north, near the end of it is a niche (17) to receive a portcullis like that above. Fragments of granite, of which it was made, are lying near the spot; advancing still to the north I en-

* We cannot find that this Inscription has yet reached its destination.

† A Tartaric title, as Uleg Bey, &c.

tered a passage (18) which runs in the same inclination as that before-mentioned, and at 47 feet 6 inches from the niche it is filled up with some large blocks of stone (19) put there to close the entrance which issues out precisely at the base of the pyramid. According to the measurements, it is to be observed that all the works below the base are cut into the living rock, as well as part of the passages and chambers before-mentioned. Before I conclude I have to mention that I caused a range of steps to be built, from the upper part of the perpendicular (x) to the passage below, for the accommodation of visitors.

‘It may be mentioned, that at the time I excavated on the north side of the pyramid, I caused the ground to be removed to the eastward between the pyramid and the remaining portico which lies nearly on a line with the pyramid and the sphinx. I opened the ground in several places, and, in particular, at the base of the pyramid; and in a few days I came to the foundation and walls of an extensive temple, which stood before the pyramid at the distance of only 40 feet. The whole of this space is covered with a fine platform which no doubt runs all round the pyramid. The pavement of this temple, where I uncovered it, consists of fine blocks of calcareous stone, some of which are beautifully cut and in fine preservation; the blocks of stone that form the foundation are of an immense size. I measured one of 21 feet long, 10 feet high, and 8 in breadth (120 tons weight each); there are some others above ground in the porticoes, which measured 24 feet in length, but not so broad nor so thick.’ Thus far Belzoni.

By the opening of this pyramid, and the discovery of human bones within the sarcophagus buried in the central chamber, (which were wanting in that found in the first pyramid,) the question as to the original design of those stupendous fabrics is, we should suppose, completely set at rest. It is quite certain, as M. Pauw has observed, that if they were intended for gnomons or sun-dials, as some have thought, the authors of them, had they studied how to make a bad sun-dial, could not well have contrived a worse than a pyramid; a stile of this form, placed in the latitude of Lower Egypt, must, for a great part of the year, and the greater part of the day, devour its own shadow, which, falling on its side and within its base, would consequently be useless. As little probability is there that they were intended to fix a permanent meridian, or to ascertain if the poles of the earth changed their place. As well might some future antiquarian of a new race of people conjecture, from observing the four sides of our church steeples to face the four cardinal points of the compass, that they had been built under the direction of mathematicians and astronomers, and that the whole nation was therefore particularly addicted to those sciences. It might happen

happen with regard to the builders of the pyramids, as with European churches, that some superstitious notions, connected with the east and the rising sun, may have determined the position of their faces, but that this position had any connection with science is a modern conjecture which has served at least to exercise the ingenuity of the learned. If any reasonable doubt could ever have been entertained of their original purpose, we think there are now sufficient grounds to pronounce them the mere monuments of post-humous vanity; a more civilized and artificial modification of the rude tumulus or cairn, to preserve in security, or perhaps to mark the spot where, the remains of some despot have been deposited, for which purpose they were prepared in his lifetime, or may have been raised to the memory of some favourite chief, after his death, by his faithful followers. The history of the pyramids of Egypt, obscure as it is, is in favour of the former supposition. The extraordinary care that was taken in the preservation of the body after death from violence and corruption, was quite consistent with the opinion of the Egyptians, that the soul never deserted the body while the latter continued in a perfect state. To secure this union, Cheops is said to have employed three hundred and sixty thousand of his subjects for twenty years* in raising over the 'augusta domus,' destined to hold his remains, a pile of stone equal in weight to six millions of tons, which is just three times that which the vast Breakwater, thrown across Plymouth Sound, will be when completed; and to render his precious dust still more secure, the narrow chamber was made accessible only by small, intricate passages, obstructed by stones of an enormous weight, and so carefully closed externally as not to be perceptible.—Yet how vain are all the precautions of man! Not a bone was left of Cheops either in the stone coffin or in the vault when Shaw entered the gloomy chamber; a circumstance which led him to conclude, hastily enough, that the pyramids were never intended for sepulchral monuments; and the learned Bryant, having settled them to be temples consecrated to the Deity, had no difficulty in transforming the sarcophagus into a water-trough to hold the sacred element drawn up from the Nile—a conception about as felicitous as that which would have converted the supposed sarcophagus of Alexander into a bathing-tub; a proof of which was in the holes in the bottom to let out the water! Belzoni however has gone far to prove that Strabo and Diodorus Siculus knew better, and that these ancient authors had good grounds for asserting the Egyptian pyramids to be sepulchral monuments.

The discovery now made of the Saracens having opened the second pyramid is, we believe, perfectly new.

* Herodotus, lib. ii.

We do not suppose that Mr. Belzoni is a man of much education or deep science; but he certainly possesses considerable talent for research, and unwearied perseverance; the very requisites which are calculated to explore and bring to light the hidden treasures of antiquity. From the exertions of such a man, the British Museum is likely to become the first repository in the world for Egyptian art and antiquities; and we trust that every possible encouragement will be given to those exertions by rewarding him liberally for what he has done, and by promises of future rewards proportioned to the value of his discoveries; for if we are rightly informed, he is not in circumstances to incur expense without the chance of remuneration.

ART. VII.—*Endymion: A Poetic Romance.* By John Keats. London. 1818. pp. 207.

REVIEWERS have been sometimes accused of not reading the works which they affected to criticise. On the present occasion we shall anticipate the author's complaint, and honestly confess that we have not read his work. Not that we have been wanting in our duty—far from it—indeed, we have made efforts almost as superhuman as the story itself appears to be, to get through it; but with the fullest stretch of our perseverance, we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four books of which this Poetic Romance consists. We should extremely lament this want of energy, or whatever it may be, on our parts, were it not for one consolation—namely, that we are no better acquainted with the meaning of the book through which we have so painfully toiled, than we are with that of the three which we have not looked into.

It is not that Mr. Keats, (if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody,) it is not, we say, that the author has not powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius—he has all these; but he is unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry; which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language.

Of this school, Mr. Leigh Hunt, as we observed in a former Number, aspires to be the hierophant. Our readers will recollect the pleasant recipes for harmonious and sublime poetry which he gave us in his preface to 'Rimini,' and the still more facetious instances of his harmony and sublimity in the verses themselves; and they will recollect above all the contempt of Pope, Johnson, and such like poetasters and pseudo-critics, which so forcibly contrasted itself with Mr. Leigh Hunt's self-complacent approbation of

— 'all

— 'all the things itself had wrote,
Of special merit though of little note.'

This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype, who, though he impudently presumed to seat himself in the chair of criticism, and to measure his own poetry by his own standard, yet generally had a meaning. But Mr. Keats had advanced no dogmas which he was bound to support by examples; his nonsense therefore is quite gratuitous; he writes it for its own sake, and, being bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his poetry.

'Mr. Keats's preface hints that his poem was produced under peculiar circumstances.

'Knowing within myself (he says) the manner in which this Poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public.—What manner I mean, will be *quite clear* to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished.'—*Preface*, p. vii.

We humbly beg his pardon, but this does not appear to us to be *quite so clear*—we really do not know what he means—but the next passage is more intelligible.

'The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press.'—*Preface*, p. vii.

Thus 'the two first books' are, even in his own judgment, unfit to appear, and 'the two last' are, it seems, in the same condition—and as two and two make four, and as that is the whole number of books, we have a clear and, we believe, a very just estimate of the entire work.

Mr. Keats, however, deprecates criticism on this 'immature and feverish work' in terms which are themselves sufficiently feverish; and we confess that we should have abstained from inflicting upon him any of the tortures of the '*fierce hell*' of criticism, which terrify his imagination, if he had not begged to be spared in order that he might write more; if we had not observed in him a certain degree of talent which deserves to be put in the right way, or which, at least, ought to be warned of the wrong; and if, finally, he had not told us that he is of an age and temper which imperiously require mental discipline.

Of the story we have been able to make out but little; it seems to be mythological, and probably relates to the loves of Diana and Endymion; but of this, as the scope of the work has altogether escaped us, we cannot speak with any degree of certainty; and must therefore content ourselves with giving some instances of its diction and versification:—and here again we are perplexed and puzzled.

—At first it appeared to us, that Mr. Keats had been amusing him-
self

self and wearying his readers with an immeasurable game at *bouts-rimés*; but, if we recollect rightly, it is an indispensable condition at this play, that the rhymes when filled up shall have a meaning; and our author, as we have already hinted, has no meaning. He seems to us to write a line at random, and then he follows not the thought excited by this line, but that suggested by the *rhyme* with which it concludes. There is hardly a complete couplet inclosing a complete idea in the whole book. He wanders from one subject to another, from the association, not of ideas but of sounds, and the work is composed of hemistichs which, it is quite evident, have forced themselves upon the author by the mere force of the catchwords on which they turn.

We shall select, not as the most striking instance, but as that least liable to suspicion, a passage from the opening of the poem.

———— ‘ Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
’Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead; &c. &c.’—pp. 3, 4.

Here it is clear that the word, and not the idea, *moon* produces the simple sheep and their shady *boon*, and that ‘the *dooms* of the mighty dead’ would never have intruded themselves but for the ‘*fair musk-rose blooms*.’

Again.

‘ For ’twas the morn: Apollo’s upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied, that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man’s voice was on the mountains; and the mass
Of nature’s lives and wonders puls’d tenfold,
To feel this sun-rise and its glories old.’—p. 8.

Here Apollo’s *fire* produces a *pyre*, a silvery pyre of clouds, wherein a spirit might *win* oblivion and melt his essence *fine*, and scented *eglantine* gives sweets to the *sun*, and cold springs had *run* into the *grass*, and then the pulse of the *mass* pulsed *tenfold* to feel the glories *old* of the new-born day, &c.

One example more.

‘ Be

' Be still the unimaginable lodge
 For solitary thinkings ; such as dodge
 Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
 Then leave the naked brain : be still the leaven,
 That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
 Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth.'—p. 17.

Lodge, dodge—heaven, leaven—earth, birth; such, in six words, is the sum and substance of six lines.

We come now to the author's taste in versification. He cannot indeed write a sentence, but perhaps he may be able to spin a line. Let us see. The following are specimens of his prosodial notions of our English heroic metre.

' Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite.'—p. 4.
 ' So plenteously all weed-hidden roots.'—p. 6.
 ' Of some strange history, potent to send.'—p. 18.
 ' Before the deep intoxication.'—p. 27.
 ' Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion.'—p. 33.
 ' The stubborn canvass for my voyage prepared——.'—p. 39.
 ' " Endymion ! the cave is secreter
 Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
 No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise
 Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling cloys
 And trembles through my labyrinthine hair." '—p. 48.

By this time our readers must be pretty well satisfied as to the meaning of his sentences and the structure of his lines: we now present them with some of the new words with which, in imitation of Mr. Leigh Hunt, he adorns our language.

We are told that ' turtles *passion* their voices,' (p. 15); that ' an harbour was *nested*,' (p. 23); and a lady's locks ' *gordian'd* up,' (p. 32); and to supply the place of the nouns thus verbalized Mr. Keats, with great fecundity, spawns new ones; such as ' men-slugs and human *serpentry*,' (p. 41); the ' *honey-feel* of bliss,' (p. 45); ' wives prepare *needments*,' (p. 13)—and so forth.

Then he has formed new verbs by the process of cutting off their natural tails, the adverbs, and affixing them to their foreheads; thus, ' the wine out-sparkled,' (p. 10); the ' multitude up-followed,' (p. 11); and ' night up-took,' (p. 29). ' The wind up-blows,' (p. 32); and the ' hours are down-sunken,' (p. 36.)

But if he sinks some adverbs in the verbs he compensates the language with adverbs and adjectives which he separates from the parent stock. Thus, a lady ' whispers *pantingly* and close,' makes ' *hushing* signs,' and steers her skiff into a ' *rippy* cove,' (p. 23); a shower falls ' *refreshfully*,' (45); and a vulture has a ' *spreaded* tail,' (p. 44.)

But

But enough of Mr. Leigh Hunt and his simple neophyte.—If any one should be bold enough to purchase this ‘Poetic Romance,’ and so much more patient, than ourselves, as to get beyond the first book, and so much more fortunate as to find a meaning, we entreat him to make us acquainted with his success; we shall then return to the task which we now abandon in despair, and endeavour to make all due amends to Mr. Keats and to our readers.

ART. VIII.—*Greenland, the adjacent Seas, and the North-West Passage to the Pacific Ocean; illustrated in a Voyage to Davis's Strait during the Summer of 1817.* By Bernard O'Reilly, Esq. 4to. 1818.

IF we feel disposed to exercise a more than usual degree of critical severity on the volume before us, it is not so much for the mere gratification of ‘breaking a butter-fly on a wheel,’ as of exposing one of the most barefaced attempts at imposition which has occurred to us in the whole course of our literary labours.

Our first impression on taking up the volume was, that, as the subject of the Arctic regions had become one of the fashionable topics of the day, (which we may fairly take to ourselves the credit of introducing,) some hanger-on of Paternoster-row had contrived, with the help of Egede, Fabricius, and the interminable Cyclopaedia of Dr. Rees, to hash up a fictitious voyage to Davis's Strait, in order to gratify the eager appetite of the public, and at the same time to ‘put money in his purse.’ Recollecting, however, that the log-book of the ship *Thomas*, of Hull, in which this voyage is stated to have been made, was within our reach, we turned to it, and found that Bernard O'Reilly, Esq. was not, as we suspected, a phantom conjured up for the occasion, but that there actually was a person of this name, in the capacity of surgeon, on board that ship—for, in consequence of the ‘Act for Encouraging the Whale Fishery,’ it is deemed imperative on every whaler to have a person so rated. As he, fortunately, is seldom called on but to assist in filling the blubber casks, and making the plum-pudding on Sundays, the owners are not particularly nice in their choice of the *doctor*, who is generally an apothecary's apprentice just escaped from his indentures. We do not mean to say, however, that there are not exceptions; indeed we happen to know that very respectable and meritorious characters have sometimes been induced by necessity to accept the situation. We would mention, as an instance, Mr. John Laing, whose sensible and unpretending narrative of a ‘Voyage to Spitzbergen,’ in a small duodecimo, forms an admirable contrast to the pompous and frothy quarto of Bernard O'Reilly, Esq.

But, in ascertaining the name of Bernard O'Reilly, to be that

that of the person who filled the capacity of surgeon on board the *Thomas*, of Hull, we have also ascertained, what is much more to the purpose, that the very small portion of his 'Greenland,' which is not absolute nonsense, is either fiction or downright falsehood. This grave charge we shall substantiate without much waste of our own or the reader's time.

As it is not always quite so easy to detect false facts in physics, as false principles in the abstract sciences, the former may sometimes pass for truths, and thus become as pernicious as the latter. There is little danger, however, on the present occasion. The glaring folly which pervades every page of Mr. O'Reilly's book forms a sufficient guarantee against its mischievous tendency. We find, however, in the very threshold, a premeditated misrepresentation with regard to the latitude, on which are made to depend some extraordinary discoveries, which the author could not have ventured to broach without exceeding the usual limits of a whale-fishing voyage to Davis's Strait.

He sets out by accusing the masters and the mates of Greenland ships, of falsifying their logs and journals—and for what?—for the interest of the government, of their employers, and of themselves. The interest of government (so gross is his ignorance) is the 'additional revenue to be recorded on the collector's book:' the poor man, it seems, being unable to distinguish between *revenue* and *bounty*, the latter of which is *paid* by the government to the ship-owner, while nothing whatever is *received* in the shape of the former. *He*, generous and disinterested to a fault, having embarked for the sake of science, disdained 'to trust for support to documents placed in custom-houses,' or to the uncertain information which might be 'coaxed from the master of a whale-ship.'—*He* submitted to be cooped up with uninformed, unsociable beings, 'to study nature,' and 'to keep a journal adapted to all the scientific objects he had in view:'—Yet with all this and much more empty boasting, did this prodigy of 'disinterested science' write to Hull, to procure a copy of the master's journal, and to learn the highest latitude which the ship had reached! which, by a good observation of the master, was, on the 19th July, $75^{\circ} 17'$. This latitude, however, would not admit of his fabrications; he asserts, therefore, that 'many days elapsed before the sailing of the *Thomas* from that latitude, occasionally shifting her station;' that 'on one such occasion, the termination of the *Linnæan islands* came distinctly in view, the open sea lying beyond, when the latitude, no observation being taken, was most probably about the 77th degree;' that 'the state of the atmosphere permitted a prospect of a degree at least farther to the northward, where the continental ice was evidently interminable:' every word of which we shall prove to be false. We happen to have examined the jour-

nals of many of the Davis Strait's ships for the year 1817, for a different purpose than that of convicting Bernard O'Reilly, Esq. of misrepresentation, and among others, that of the Thomas; and in it we find that, instead of 'many days having elapsed before she sailed from that latitude,' (75° 17') she stood to the southward the very next day, (July 20th) on the noon of which she was, by observation, in lat. 75° 10' N., and from that moment continued down the strait on her homeward-bound passage!—Nor shall his calumny against the master and mate of the Thomas of having falsified their journals avail him. The masters and mates of the other vessels in company must also have falsified *their* journals, and, by a singular coincidence, have all falsified them in the same places. The Andrew Marvel was in company with the Thomas, and the latitude marked in her log on the 18th is, by observation, 75° 19' N. The Royal George too was in company with her, and her log, on the same day, marks the latitude, also by observation, as 75° 24'.—The Ingria, the Majestic, the Eclipse, and many other vessels, to the amount of eighteen, were in sight from the 17th to the 20th July, and there is not *ten miles* difference of latitude between any two of them. So much for falsehood and calumny.

It requires some talent to carry on a successful imposture. The *Linnæan islands*, a very appropriate name it must be allowed, which Mr. O'Reilly 'presumed (as he says) to give them in honour of the prince of Natural Historians,' are stated in one part of the text, 'to run in a curve bending westward and northward, from the Greenland side across Davis's Strait,' and in another, 'to stretch across the Strait east and west, as far as the power of vision can ascertain,' (p. 94;) but, in a thing resembling a tailor's measure, or a proctor's bill, by its length, and which is humorously called a *chart*, the whole of these islands are unluckily placed north and south; and instead of stretching *westward* across the Strait, by the same unaccountable mishap, they are laid down a full degree to the *eastward* of any part of the west coast of Greenland! Again: 'from *my* chart, which was made with the utmost accuracy, the number of these islands is *eighty*.'—the blots upon the thing we have mentioned, and which, we suppose, are meant to represent islands, amount to about *sixty*.

These 'Linnæan islands' perform a very conspicuous part in Bernard O'Reilly's volume. By the 'power of vision' he sees behind them 'very distinctly, an open sea,' and beyond that an 'interminable icy continent.' But on reading a little farther, we find that the sea and the continent have changed places!

'In the view of the extensive chain of islands (to which I have presumed to give the name of the Linnean Isles), which stretch across the
straits

straits east and west, very nearly in a circular curve, as far as the power of vision can ascertain, there lies an immense continent of ice, rising towards the Pole, and towards the islands before mentioned, descending like the regular declivity of the land mentioned by Bruce in the approach to the sources of the Nile. In this descent innumerable channels are visible, eaten away by the snow which is dissolved annually under the presence of the sun. In some places it out-tops the islands, but leans upon them all; and it is probably owing to this very chain of islands presenting an impenetrable barrier, that the descent of larger portions of the icy continent have not before now carried their chilling aspect into southern climates.'—pp. 94, 95.

Thus, instead of an open sea beyond these islands, it would now appear, that this 'interminable continent,' the source of all the icebergs that float to the southward, abuts on them and *out-tops* them, (like the overhanging eaves of a thatched roof,) rising towards the North Pole, as the summit of the ridge!

We cannot be sufficiently thankful to these eighty buttresses, which Bernard O'Reilly has discovered, for preventing a southerly visitation of this icy continent with its 'chilling aspect.' Its presence, however, would not seem to offer any very great annoyance to the neighbouring inhabitants of Greenland. It is not here, as in other parts of the world, that frost, snow, and elevation of surface, occasion cold; on the contrary they are the sources of heat. Of this we cannot doubt, being assured that 'the elevated lands produce in themselves such an absorption of solar heat, during the summer months, as to make the atmosphere insupportably sultry;' (*Introduction*, p. 13.); that 'the heat of the sun reflected from the snow and ice, and also from the face of the rock, is intolerable;' and that 'when knee-deep in snow, the head and body are involved in a burning atmosphere.' (p. 191.)

This extraordinary development of heat from ice and snow (which, by the way, is noted, in what he calls a journal, from 33° to 40° of Fahrenheit in the month of July) might be expected to produce some extraordinary effect on the vegetation of Greenland—and so it does about Disco, near the 'icy continent;' for there 'the accumulation of heat is so great that all vegetable life is rapidly evolved,' (p. 271); on the southern part of Greenland, however, in about 60° of lat., the thermal influence ceases, and with it all appearance of vegetation. The ship *Thomas*, it is true, was never within sight of any land on this part of the coast; but that is nothing—Bernard O'Reilly's 'power of vision' enables him, like the witches in *Macbeth*, to see 'beyond the ignorant present.'—Indeed we are perfectly astonished at the unremitting attention which he appears to have bestowed on this picturesque country. Not a single day passes in which the cirrhus, the cirrostratus, the agglomerated cumulostratus, cirrocumulus, and the nimbus are not detected in playing
their

their gambols, perpetually intermingling with each other, dancing through the misty atmosphere, and producing over the more misty pages of his quarto, as numerous and as various transmutations as may be seen in the tube of a kaleidoscope; all this he has pilfered, and converted into nonsense, from Forster's 'Systematic Arrangement of the Clouds.' With respect to the country itself, he gravely assures us that it is a grievous mistake to suppose it took its name from any thing *green* about it. The origin is totally different, and is plainly discoverable in the language of the natives. It is called 'Succanunga,' the Land of the Sun; but, lest we should not do justice to our author's learned and 'interesting speculation,' as he calls it, we present our readers with the passage entire.

'A classical reader, familiar with the works of Greek and Roman writers, will recollect that an epithet for the noon-day Apollo, when clad in Latin form, is Grynæus. Grynæus Apollo forms an adulatory invocation in the prayer of Eneas, who was at once a priest and prince according to the Phrygian mythological system. General Vallancy, who bestowed much and very extraordinary labour on the subject of antiquities, particularly those referable to eastern origin, has fixed on the word Grian, of Irish or Celtic signification, as it may be received, being epithetically expressive of the strongest power of the sun, which is synonymous among all ancient nations with the Apollo of Grecian mythology. To avoid, therefore, invidious reference as to intercourse with the Greenlanders, it may be fairly admitted, that the synonyme, by whatever voyager to these parts communicated, is justly explained by the above terms: let us view them in connexion:

Succanuk—the Sun.

Succanunga—Greenland.

Grian—Apollo, or the Sun.

Grianland—Land of the Sun.

'The Land of the Sun, or Sunny-land, as familiarly may be said, corresponds with the simple appellation which the natives give their country. The adventurers who came in aftertimes to seek the same shores, not probably understanding the meaning of the term, yet spelling the word as they could from hearing it often repeated, were inclined to write Grianland in their mode Groënland, which sounds very nearly alike, but in the language of Denmark has no reference to the original.'—pp. 14, 15.

There is a trifling mistake in this 'interesting speculation;' but it is rather favourable to the view of the subject as taken by Bernard O'Reilly, Esquire. With submission to his superior knowledge, we take leave to observe, that Grynæus is not exactly 'an epithet for the noon-day Apollo,' but rather of a *grove* sacred to Apollo.

His tibi Grynæi *nemoris* dicatur origo:

Ne quis sit *lucus*, quo se plus jactet Apollo.

Now as the ancients had a way of naming things by the 'rule of contraries,' as '*lucus a non lucendo*,' an instance in point, nothing is more probable than that Æneas conferred the name of *Grynæan-land*, or laud of groves, on this delightful country, because he could

could not meet with a single twig upon it. Mr. O'Reilly has our permission to print this further 'elucidation' in the second edition of his quarto.

To be serious for a moment—General Valencey, (from whom most of this rambling stuff is taken,) though a man of learning, wrote more nonsense than any man of his time; and has unfortunately been the occasion of much more than he wrote. His reveries which, as they came from him, afforded occasional glimpses of ingenuity, when taken up by those who, like Bernard O'Reilly, have neither learning, nor taste, nor judgment, nor even common sense to direct them, degenerate into mere absurdities, too mad for reason, too foolish for mirth.

He, however, is so elated with his success, 'in the etymological line,' that he pursues his inquiries with increased vigour. He has actually collected a vocabulary of no less than six and twenty words of pure Esquimaux, among which are *piccaninny*, a child—*canoe*, a boat, &c.; and he has set the people themselves right as to the true manner of writing and pronouncing their name, which, it appears, is *Uskee*. From *Uskee* comes (we know not how) *yak*, and from *yak*, *yankee*;—of *doodle* Mr. O'Reilly says nothing. His most surprising discovery, however, is that of the derivation of the word *Uskee* itself, with which we should have favoured our readers had not the author, unfortunately for his 'literary fame,' contrived, in imitation of his betters, to mix up so much filth and obscenity with his speculations as to render it quite unfit for the public eye or ear.

We shall not trouble our readers with all the instances in which we have caught our learned author tripping, though, for the sake of doing justice to our own character for sagacity, we are under the necessity of noticing a few of them. Thus we apprehend there is a trifling mistake in the information now first communicated to the world, that 'Columbus came to Britain,' and that 'he was refused protection,' (*Introduction*, p. 10); that 'two noble Venetians, following his example, obtained a ship in Ireland, and sailed to West Friesland in 1380,' not many years after he, whose example they followed, was born. But though they got their ship in Ireland, and though Ireland traded with West Friesland, the Irish, it seems, know nothing of the matter, and for this plain reason, because Queen Elizabeth deprived them of their records. (p. 10.) Still more unluckily for the Irish, 'this extensive island, peopled with polished inhabitants dwelling in a hundred towns, was, shortly after its discovery, suddenly overwhelmed in the ocean, and disappeared with every living creature on its surface,' (p. 10)—those beneath its surface, we take for granted, floated off in safety. It was situated, we are informed, 'in the fifty-eighth degree, between Ice-

land and Greenland,' (p. 11.) both of which, of course, must then have extended, at least, as far south as that parallel, though they have since receded towards the North Pole. That there was a West Friezeland Mr. O'Reilly assures us is by no means doubtful; that it was not the Greenland 'of late note' is equally certain; and that it is now named the Sunken Land of Buss cannot be called in question:—yet in the very next page he says: 'Quære? May not this land of Buss, so sunken, bear some probable reference to the Old or Lost Greenland, or the Atlantis of the Greek writers? It would not be easy to disprove this.' (p. 12.) We will not contest the point with the learned author, especially as, after all, this island, with its hundred cities, which was metamorphosed from West Friezeland to Buss, from Buss to West Greenland, and from West Greenland to the 'Atlantis of the Greek writers,' turns out to be neither more nor less than the 'famed Ultima Thule of the ancients'! 'and as whole valleys of dreadful soundings, and peaks of tremendous and destructive contact, buried in the ocean water, forbid an exact inquiry regarding its actual position.' (p. 12.)

But if Mr. O'Reilly has perplexed us a little with this multinominal country, in return, he has set us at ease with regard to Spitzbergen, which we had supposed to be a cluster of islands, but which he has ascertained, from his two months cruise in Davis's Strait, 'to be one island.' (p. 47). We are moreover instructed that 'this one island (Spitzbergen) is utterly uninhabitable in the winter months,' and, finally, that 'the attempt has never yet been made.' Will not the Dutch and the Russians take shame to themselves for publishing in the face of the world, that their people have frequently wintered there! We are also informed that the 'berg fragments' from the 'icy continent' seldom pass the latitude of Statenhoek before they become finally 'dissolved;' of course, the accounts of ice-islands seen in the Atlantic are false. And by way of further consolation, it is added, that the icy continent itself must finally disappear, as the melted snow has eaten deep and tremendous chasms into its sides.

One word more—We are not much in the habit of deciding on the price of books, considering that as not within the critic's province; yet when, as on the present occasion, the enormous sum of fifty shillings is charged for a very thin quarto, we cannot but think it fair that the public should be apprized of what it is composed.—It is this consideration alone which has led us to waste a word on a composition so utterly worthless as the volume before us.

ART. IX.—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto IV.* By Lord Byron. 1818.

' Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,

If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain!

THIS solemn valediction, the concluding stanza of Lord Byron's poem, forms at once a natural and an impressive motto to our essay. 'There are few things,' says the moralist, 'not purely evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness, *this is the last*. Those who could never agree together shed tears when mutual discontent has determined them to final separation, and of a place that has been frequently visited, though without pleasure, the last look is taken with heaviness of heart.' When we resume, therefore, our task of criticism, and are aware that we are exerting it for the last time upon this extraordinary work, we feel no small share of reluctance to part with the Pilgrim, whose wanderings have so often beguiled our labours, and diversified our pages. We part from 'Childe Harold' as from the pleasant and gifted companion of an interesting tour, whose occasional waywardness, obstinacy and caprice are forgotten in the depth of thought with which he commented upon subjects of interest as they passed before us, and in the brilliancy with which he coloured such scenery as addressed itself to the imagination. His faults, if we at all remember them, are recollected only with pity, as affecting himself indeed, but no longer a concern of ours:—his merits acquire double value in our eyes when we call to mind that we may perhaps never more profit by them. The scallop-shell and staff are now laid aside, the pilgrimage is accomplished, and Lord Byron, in his assumed character, is no longer to delight us with the display of his wondrous talents, or provoke us by the use he sometimes condescends to make of them, —an use which at times has reminded us of his own powerful simile,

' It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save.'

Before we part, however, we feel ourselves impelled to resume a consideration of his 'Pilgrimage,' not as consisting of detached accounts of foreign scenery and of the emotions suggested by them, but as a whole poem, written in the same general spirit, and pervaded by the same cast of poetry. In doing this, we are con-

scious we must repeat much which has perhaps been better said by others, and even be guilty of the yet more unpardonable crime of repeating ourselves. But if we are not new we will at least be brief, and the occasion seems to us peculiarly favourable for placing before our readers the circumstances which secured to the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold a reception so generally popular. The extrinsic circumstances, which refer rather to the state of the public taste than to the genius and talent of the author, claim precedence in order because, though they are not those on which the fame of the poet must ultimately rest, they are unquestionably the scaffolding by means of which the edifice was first raised which now stands independent of them.

Originality, as it is the highest and rarest property of genius, is also that which has most charms for the public. Not that originality is always necessary, for the world will be contented, in the poverty of its mental resources, with mere novelty or singularity, and must therefore be enchanted with a work that exhibits both qualities. The vulgar author is usually distinguished by his treading, or attempting to tread, in the steps of the reigning favourite of the day. He is didactic, sentimental, romantic, epic, pastoral, according to the taste of the moment, and his 'fancies and delights,' like those of Master Justice Shallow, are sure to be adapted to the tunes *which the carmen whistle*. The consequence is, not that the herd of imitators gain their object, but that the melody which they have profaned becomes degraded in the sated ears of the public—its original richness, wildness and novelty are forgotten when it is made manifest how easily the leading notes can be caught and parodied, and whatever its intrinsic merit may have been, it becomes, for the time, stale and fulsome. If the composition which has been thus hunted down possesses intrinsic merit, it may—indeed it will—eventually revive and claim its proper place amid the poetical galaxy; deprived, indeed, of the adventitious value which it may at first have acquired from its novelty, but at the same time no longer over-shaded and incumbered by the croud of satellites now consigned to chaos and primæval night. When the success of Burns, writing in his native dialect with unequalled vigour and sweetness, had called from their flails an hundred peasants to cudgel their brains for rhymes, we can well remember that even the bard of Coila was somewhat injured in the common estimation—as a masterpiece of painting is degraded by being placed amid the flaring colours and ill-drawn figures of imitative daubers. The true poet attempts the very reverse of the imitator. He plunges into the stream of public opinion even when its tide is running strongest, crosses its direction, and bears his crown of laurel as Cæsar did his imperial mantle, triumphant above the waves. Such a phenomenon seldom

dom fails at first to divide and at length to alter the reigning taste of the period, and if the bold adventurer has successfully buffeted the ebbing tide which bore up his competitor, he soon has the benefit of the flood in his own favour.

In applying these general remarks to Lord Byron's gravest and most serious performance, we must recal to the reader's recollection that since the time of Cowper he has been the first poet who, either in his own person, or covered by no very thick disguise, has directly appeared before the public, an actual living man expressing his own sentiments, thoughts, hopes and fears. Almost all the poets of our day, who have possessed a considerable portion of public attention, are personally little known to the reader, and can only be judged from the passions and feelings assigned by them to persons totally fictitious. *Childe Harold* appeared—we must not say in the character of the author—but certainly in that of a real existing person, with whose feelings as such the public were disposed to associate those of Lord Byron. Whether the reader acted right or otherwise in persisting to neglect the shades of distinction which the author endeavoured to point out betwixt his pilgrim and himself, it is certain that no little power over the public attention was gained from their being identified. *Childe Harold* may not be, nor do we believe he is, Lord Byron's very self, but he is Lord Byron's picture, sketched by Lord Byron himself, arrayed in a fancy dress, and disguised perhaps by some extrinsic attributes, but still bearing a sufficient resemblance to the original to warrant the conclusion that we have drawn. This identity is so far acknowledged in the preface to the Canto now before us, where Lord Byron thus expresses himself.

'The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.'—pp. vi, vii.

But besides the pleasing novelty of a traveller and a poet, throwing before the reader his reflections and opinions, his loves and his hates, his raptures and his sorrows; besides the novelty and pride which the public felt, upon being called as it were into familiarity with a mind so powerful, and invited to witness and partake of its deep

deep emotions ; the feelings themselves were of a character which struck with awe those to whom the noble pilgrim thus exposed the sanctuary of his bosom. They were introduced into no Teian paradise of lutes and maidens, were placed in no hall resounding with music and dazzling with many-coloured lights, and called upon to gaze on those gay forms that flutter in the muse's beam. The banquet had ceased, and it was the pleasure of its melancholy lord that his guests should witness that gloominess, which seems most dismal when it succeeds to exuberant and unrestrained gaiety. The emptied wine-cup lay on the ground, the withered garland was flung aside and trodden under foot, the instruments of music were silent, or waked but those few and emphatic chords which express sorrow ; while, amid the ruins of what had once been the palace of pleasure, the stern pilgrim stalked from desolation to desolation, spurning from him the implements of former luxury, and repelling with equal scorn the more valuable substitutes which wisdom and philosophy offered to supply their place. The reader felt as it were in the presence of a superior being, when, instead of his judgment being consulted, his imagination excited or soothed, his taste flattered or conciliated in order to bespeak his applause, he was told, in strains of the most sublime poetry, that neither he, the courteous reader, nor aught the earth had to shew, was worthy the attention of the noble traveller.—All countries he traversed with a heart for entertaining the beauties of nature, and an eye for observing the crimes and follies of mankind ; and from all he drew subjects of sorrow, of indignation, of contempt. From Dan to Beersheba all was barrenness. To despise the ordinary sources of happiness, to turn with scorn from the pleasures which captivate others, and to endure, as it were voluntarily, evils which others are most anxious to shun, is a path to ambition ; for the monarch is scarcely more respected for possessing, than the anchoret for contemning the means of power and of pleasure. A mind like that of Harold, apparently indifferent to the usual enjoyments of life, and which entertains, or at least exhibits, such contempt for its usual pursuits, has the same ready road to the respect of the mass of mankind, who judge that to be superior to humanity which can look down upon its common habits, tastes, and pleasures.

This fashion of thinking and writing of course had its imitators, and those right many. But the humorous sadness which sat so gracefully on the original made but a poor and awkward appearance on those who

— wrapp'd themselves in Harold's inky cloak,
To show the world how 'Byron' did *not* 'write.'

Their affected melancholy shewed like the cynicism of Ape-
mantus

mantus contrasted with the real misanthropy of Timon. And, to say the truth, we are not sorry that the fashion has latterly lost ground. This species of general contempt of intellectual pleasures, and worldly employment, is more closely connected with the Epicurean philosophy than may be at first supposed. If philosophy be but a pursuit of words, and the revolutions of empires inevitable returns of the same cycle of fearful transitions; if our earliest and best affections 'run to waste, and water but the desert,' the want of worthier motives to action gives a tremendous and destructive impulse to the dangerous *Carpe diem* of the Garden—that most seductive argument of sensual pleasure. This doctrine of the nothingness of human pursuits, not as contrasted with those of religion and virtue, (to which they are indeed as nothing,) but absolutely and in themselves, is too apt to send its pupils in despair to those pleasures which promise a real gratification, however short and gross. Thus do thoughts and opinions, in themselves the most melancholy, become incitements to the pursuit of the most degrading pleasures; as the Egyptians placed skulls upon their banqueting tables, and as the fools of Holy Writ made the daring and fearful association of imminent fate and present revelling—*Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.*

If we treat the humour less gravely, and consider it as a posture of the mind assumed for the nonce, still this enumeration of the vain pursuits, the indulged yet unsatiated passions of humanity, is apt to weary our spirits if not our patience, and the discourse terminates in a manner as edifying as the dialogue in Prior's *Alma* :—

' "Tired with these thoughts"—"Less tired than I,"
 Quoth Dick, "with your philosophy—
 That people live and die I knew,
 An hour ago as well as you;
 What need of books those truths to tell,
 Which folks perceive who cannot spell;
 And must we spectacles apply,
 To view what hurts our naked eye?
 If to be sad is to be wise,
 I do most heartily despise
 Whatever Socrates has said,
 Or Tully wrote, or Wanley read."
 'Dear Drift! to set our matters right,
 Remove these papers from my sight,
 Burn Mat's Des-carte and Aristotle—
 Here, Jonathan, your master's bottle.'

But it was not merely to the novelty of an author speaking in his own person, and in a tone which arrogated a contempt of all the ordinary pursuits of life, that 'Childe Harold' owed its extensive popularity: these formed but the point or sharp edge of the wedge

wedge by which the work was enabled to insinuate its way into that venerable block, the British public. The high claims inferred at once in the direct appeal to general attention, and scorn of general feeling, were supported by powers equal to such pretensions. He who despised the world intimated that he had the talents and genius necessary to win it if he had thought it worth while. There was a strain of poetry in which the sense predominated over the sound; there was the eye keen to behold nature, and the pen powerful to trace her varied graces of beauty or terror; there was the heart ardent at the call of freedom or of generous feeling, and belying every moment the frozen shrine in which false philosophy had incased it, glowing like the intense and concentrated alcohol, which remains one single but burning drop in the centre of the ice which its more watery particles have formed. In despite of the character which he had assumed, it was impossible not to see in the Pilgrim what nature designed him to be, and what, in spite of bad metaphysics and worse politics, he may yet be, a person whose high talents the wise and virtuous may enjoy without a qualifying sigh or frown. Should that day arrive, and if-time be granted, it will arrive, we who have ventured upon the precarious task of prophecy—we who have been censured for not mingling the faults of genius with its talents—we shall claim our hour of heartfelt exultation. He himself, while deprecating censure on the ashes of another great but self-neglected genius, has well pleaded the common cause of those who, placed high above the croud, have their errors and their follies rendered more conspicuous by their elevation.

‘ Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix’d for ever to detract or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame :
The secret enemy, whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy ;
Her for the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
The envious, who but breath in others’ pain :
Behold the host delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave.’

For ourselves, amid the various attendants on the triumph of genius, we would far rather be the soldier who, pacing by the side of his general, mixes, with military frankness, censure amid his songs of praise, than the slave in the chariot to flatter his vanity by low adulation, or exasperate his feelings by virulent invective. In entering our protest therefore against the justice and the moral tendency of that strain of dissatisfaction and despondency, that cold and sceptical philosophy which clouds our prospects on earth, and closes those beyond it, we willingly render to this extraordinary poem

poem the full praise that genius in its happiest efforts can demand from us.

The plan, if it can be termed so, hovers between that of a descriptive and a philosophical poem. The Pilgrim passes from land to land, alternately describing, musing, meditating, exclaiming, and moralizing; and the reader, partaking of his enthusiasm, becomes almost the partner of his journey. The first and second Cantos were occupied by Spain and Greece—the former, the stage upon which those incidents were then passing which were to decide, in their consequence, the fate of existing Europe; the latter, the country whose sun, so long set, has yet left on the horizon of the world such a blaze of splendour. It is scarcely necessary to say, that in both countries, but especially in the last, the pilgrim found *room for meditation even to madness*. The third Canto saw Childe Harold once more upon the main, and traced him from Belgium to Switzerland, through scenes distinguished by natural graces, and rendered memorable by late events. Through this ample field we accompanied the Pilgrim, and the strains which describe the beauties of the Rhine and the magnificence of the Lemman lake, are still glowing in our ears. The fourth Canto now appears, and recalls us to the immediate object of the present article.

The poem opens in Venice, once the mart of the universe—

I.

‘I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter’s wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O’er the far times, when many a subject land
Look’d to the winged Lion’s marble piles,

Where Venice sate in state, thron’d on her hundred isles!’

The former greatness of this queen of commerce is described and mingled with the recollections associated with her name, from the immortal works of fiction of which she has formed the scene.

IV.

‘But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city’s vanish’d sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o’er,

For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

‘The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence : that which Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.’

That this is true in philosophy as well as beautiful in poetry ; that fiction as well as reality can impress local associations of the most fascinating kind, that not alone the birth-place or tomb of the man of genius, but the scenes which he has chosen for the action of his story remain dear ‘to our memories,’ and have to our ears and eyes a fascinating charm, was repeatedly experienced during the Peninsular war. Spain, separated by the ocean and the Pyrenees from the rest of Europe, and seldom in collision with Britain, save when we have encountered her fleets upon the seas, lying also beyond the ordinary course of travellers and tourists, has little familiar to us as readers of history or as members of British society. But the authors of fiction had given associations to this country of the most interesting kind, to supply the deficiencies of the slender list afforded by history or conversation. The British officers rushed with the eagerness of enthusiasm to find in the tower of Segovia the apartment from which Gil Blas, in his captivity, looked over the wanderings of the Ebro :—even the French dealt mildly with the city of Toboso, because it had given name to the celebrated Dulcinea ; and amid the romantic deserts of the Sierra Morena the weary step was rendered lighter to the readers of Cervantes, who at every turn of their march among the landscapes which he has described with such exquisite truth and felicity, expected to see the doughty knight-errant and his trusty squire, or the beautiful vision of Dorothea, when she was surprized in boy’s attire washing her feet in the rivulet. Such is the prerogative of genius ! and well may it be celebrated by one who has himself impressed associations upon so much scenery, which will never, while Britons speak their present language, be seen without recollecting the pilgrim and his musings.

The contrast of the former and present state of Venice calls forth naturally a train of moral reflections suitable to the occasion ; but the noble pilgrim, standing on the Bridge of Sighs, and having beneath his feet the dungeons of the most jealous aristocracy that ever existed ; in the vicinity also of the palace of the Council of Ten, and of those ‘lions mouths’ by means of which the most treacherous and base of anonymous informers possessed full power over the
 life

life and fortune of the noblest citizens, might have spared his regret for the loss of that freedom which Venice never possessed. The distinction, in this and many other cases, betwixt a free and an independent nation, is not sufficiently observed. The Venetians were never a free people, though the state of Venice was not only independent, but wealthy and powerful, during the middle ages, by the extent of her commerce and the policy of her wise rulers. But commerce found a more convenient channel round the Cape of Good Hope for that trade which Venice had hitherto carried on. Her rulers over-rated her strength and engaged in a war against the confederated force of Italy, from the consequences of which, though gloriously sustained, the state never recovered. The proud republic, whose bride was the Adriatic, shared the fate of Tyre and Sidon—of all nations whose wealth and grandeur are founded exclusively on ships, colonies, and commerce. The ‘crowning city, whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth,’ had long passed into a state of the third class, existing merely because not demolished, and ready to give way to the first impulse of outward force. The art of the Venetian rulers in stooping to their circumstances, and bending where they must otherwise have broken, could only protract this semblance of independence until the storm of the French Revolution destroyed Venice, among many other governments which had been respected by other conquerors from a reverence to antiquity, or from a regard for existing institutions, the very reverse of the principle which actuated the republican generals. It is surely vain to mourn for a nation which, if restored to independence, could not defend or support itself; and it would be worse than vain, were it possible, to restore the Signoria with all its oligarchical terrors of denunciation, and secret imprisonment, and judicial murder. What is to be wished for Italy, is the amalgamation of its various petty states into one independent and well-governed kingdom, capable of asserting and maintaining her place among the nations of Europe. To this desirable order of things nothing can be a stronger obstacle than the reinstatement of the various petty divisions of that fair country, each incapable of defending itself, but ready to lend its aid to destroy its neighbours.

Of Italy, in its present state, it is impossible to think or speak without recognizing the truth as well as the beauty of the following lines.

XXVI.

‘The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?’

Thy

Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which can not be defaced.'—p. 1

Through these delightful regions the Pilgrim wanders, awakened by the flashes of his imagination that of the reader, as the face the country suggests topics of moral interest, and reminds alternately of the achievements of the great of former days, in ~~an~~ and in literature, and as local description mingles itself with the most interesting topics of local history. Arqua, 'the mount where he died,' suggests the name of Petrarch; the desert Ferrara the fame and the fate of Tasso fitly classed with Dante and Ariosto, the bards of Hell and Chivalry. Florence and statues, Thrasimene and Clitumnus start up before us with the scenery and their recollections. Perhaps there are no verses in our language of happier descriptive power than the two stanzas which characterize the latter river. In general, poets find it difficult to leave an interesting subject, that they injure the distinctness of the description by loading it so as to embarrass rather than excite the fancy of the reader; or else, to avoid that fault, they confine themselves to cold and abstract generalities. The author has in the following stanzas admirably steered his course between these extremes; while they present the outlines of a picture as pure and brilliant as those of Claude Lorraine, the task of filling up the more minute particulars is judiciously left to the imagination of the reader; and it must be dull indeed if it does not supply what the poet has left unsaid, or but generally and briefly intimated. When the eye glances over the lines, we seem to feel the refreshing coolness of the scene—we hear the bubbling tale of the more rapid streams, and see the slender proportions of the rural temple reflected in the crystal depth of the calm pool.

LXVI.

'But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er
 The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
 The grassy bank whereon the milk-white steer
 Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

LXVII.

'And on thy happy shore a temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps

Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
 While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.'—
 p. 36.

By mountain and cataract, through this land of existing beauty and heroic memory, the pilgrim at length reaches Rome:—Rome, first empress of the bodies, then of the souls, of all the civilized world, now owing its political and, perhaps, even its religious existence to the half contemptuous pity of those nations whom she formerly held in thralldom—Rome is the very ground on which we should have loved to cope with *Childe Harold*

' ————— in those sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.'

Nor have we been disappointed in our wishes and expectations ; for the voice of *Marius* could not sound more deep and solemn among the ruined arches of *Carthage* than the strains of the *Pilgrim* amid the broken shrines and fallen statues of her subduer. We can but touch partially upon these awful themes. The *Palatine* is thus described :—

CVII.

' Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
 In fragments, chok'd up vaults, and frescos steep'd
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
 Deeming it midnight :—Temples, baths, or halls ?
 Pronounce who can ; for all that Learning reap'd
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—

Behold the Imperial Mount ! 'tis thus the mighty falls.'—p. 56.

And thus the *Egerian grottos*, with a classical allusion to the complaint of *Juvenal*, that art in adorning them had destroyed their simplicity, are described in the state of decay by which that simplicity has been restored.

CXVI.

' The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
 With thine Elysian water-drops ; the face
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
 Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
 Art's works ; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
 Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
 The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep.'—
 p. 61.

The Coliseum is described in the midnight gloom of a cloudless Italian sky; its vast area recalls the bloody games of the Romans, and the poet has vied with the memorable sculptor who produced the dying Gladiator,—superior in this, that equalling the artist in his faculty of impressing on the fancy the agonies, he can extend his power into incorporeal realms, and body forth not only the convulsed features and stiffened limbs, but the mental feelings and throes of the expiring swordsman.

CXL.

‘ I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail’d the wretch who won

CXLI.

‘ He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck’d not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher’d to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush’d with his blood—shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!’—p. 73.

The Pantheon, the Mole of Hadrian, St. Peter’s, whose vastness expands and ‘ renders colossal’ the mind of the gazer, the Vatican, with its treasures of ancient art, are all placed before us with the same picturesque, and rendered real by the same earnest and energetic force of Lord Byron’s poetry, in which the numbers seem so little the work of art or study, that they rather appear the natural and unconstrained language in which the thoughts present themselves. The deep-toned melancholy of the poet’s mind at length rests on a theme where it must long find a response in every British bosom—on the event which cut down the hope of our nation, sparing neither bush nor blossom, when we most expected to have seen it fulfilled. Liberal as we have been in quotation we cannot resist the opportunity of meeting Lord Byron on a public ground, in which his exquisite strains are an echo to our own thoughts, and where we can join without any of those mental protests which we are too often compelled to make against the correctness of his principles, even when admitting the power of his language and the beauty of his poetry.

CLXVII.

‘ Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound ;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown’d,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

‘ Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o’er thy boy,
Death hush’d that pang for ever : with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which fill’d the imperial isles so full it seem’d to cloy.

CLXIX.

‘ Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom’s heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had pour’d
Her orisons for thee, and o’er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !
The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

CLXX.

‘ Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
Thy bridal’s fruit is ashes : in the dust
The fair-haired daughter of the isles is laid,
The love of millions ! How we did entrust
Futurity to her ! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem’d
Our children should obey her child, and bless’d
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem’d
Like stars to shepherd’s eyes :—’twas but a meteor beam’d.’—

p. 86—88.

From the copious specimens which we have given, the reader will be enabled to judge how well the last part of this great poem has sustained Lord Byron’s high reputation. Yet we think it possible to trace a marked difference, though none in the tone of thought and expression, betwixt this canto and the first three. There is less of passion, more of deep thought and sentiment, at once collected and general. The stream which in its earlier course bounds

over cataracts and rages through narrow and rocky defiles, deepens, expands, and becomes less turbid as it rolls on, losing the aspect of terror and gaining that of sublimity. Eight years have passed between the appearance of the first volume and the present which concludes the work, a lapse of time which, joined with other circumstances, may have contributed somewhat to moderate the tone of *Childe Harold's* quarrel with the world, and, if not to reconcile him to his lot, to give him, at least, the firmness which endures it without loud complaint.—To return, however, to the proposition with which we opened our criticism, certain it is, that whether as *Harold* or as *Lord Byron* no author has ever fixed upon himself personally so intense a share of the public attention. His descriptions of present and existing scenes however striking and beautiful, his recurrence to past actions however important and however powerfully described, become interesting chiefly from the tincture which they receive from the mind of the author. The grot of *Egeria*, the ruins of the *Palatine*, are but a theme for his musings, always deep and powerful though sometimes gloomy even to sullenness. This cast of solemnity may not perhaps be justly attributed to the native disposition of the author, which is reported to be as lively as, judging from this single poem at least, we might pronounce it to be grave. But our ideas of happiness are chiefly caught by reflection from the minds of others, and hence it may be observed that those enjoy the most uniform train of good spirits who are thinking much of others and little of themselves. The contemplation of our minds, however salutary for the purposes of self-examination and humiliation, must always be a solemn task, since the best will find enough for remorse, the wisest for regret, the most fortunate for sorrow. And to this influence more than to any natural disposition to melancholy, to the pain which necessarily follows this anatomizing of his own thoughts and feelings which is so decidedly and peculiarly the characteristic of the *Pilgrimage*, we are disposed in a great measure to ascribe that sombre tint which pervades the poem. The poetry which treats of the actions and sentiments of others may be grave or gay according to the light in which the author chuses to view his subject, but he who shall mine long and deeply for materials in his own bosom will encounter abysses at the depth of which he must necessarily tremble. This moral truth appears to us to afford, in a great measure, a key to the peculiar tone of *Lord Byron*. How then, will the reader ask, is our proposition to be reconciled to that which preceded it? If the necessary result of an inquiry into our own thoughts be the conviction that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, why should we object to a style of writing, whatever its consequences may be, which involves in it truths as certain as they are melancholy? If the study of our own enjoyments leads us to doubt
the

the reality of all except the indisputable pleasures of sense, and inclines us therefore towards the Epicurean system,—it is nature, it may be said, and not the poet which urges us upon the fatal conclusion. But this is not so. Nature, when she created man a social being, gave him the capacity of drawing that happiness from his relations with the rest of his race, which he is doomed to seek in vain in his own bosom. These relations cannot be the source of happiness to us if we despise or hate the kind with whom it is their office to unite us more closely. If the earth be a den of fools and knaves, from whom the man of genius differs by the more mercurial and exalted character of his intellect, it is natural that he should look down with pitiless scorn on creatures so inferior. But if, as we believe, each man, in his own degree, possesses a portion of the ethereal flame, however smothered by unfavourable circumstances, it is not so much as it should be enough to secure the most mean from the scorn of genius as well as from the oppression of power, and such being the case, the relations which we hold with society through all their gradations are channels through which the better affections of the softest may, without degradation, extend themselves to the lowest. Farther, it is not only our social connections which are assigned us in order to qualify that contempt of mankind, which too deeply indulged tends only to intense selfishness; we have other and higher motives for enduring the lot of humanity—sorrow, and pain, and trouble—with patience of our own griefs and commiseration for those of others. The wisest and the best of all ages have agreed that our present life is a state of trial not of enjoyment, and that we now suffer sorrow that we may hereafter be partakers of happiness. If this be true, and it has seldom been long, or at least ultimately, doubted by those who have turned their attention to so serious an investigation, other and worthier motives of action and endurance must necessarily occur to the mind than philosophy can teach or human pride supply. It is not our intention to do more than merely indicate so ample a topic for consideration. But we cannot forbear to add, that the vanishing of Lord Byron's Pilgrim strongly reminded us of the close of another work, the delight of our childhood. Childe Harold, a prominent character in the first volume of the Pilgrimage, fades gradually from the scene like the spectre associate who performed the first stages of his journey with a knight-errant, bearing all the appearance of a living man, but who lessened to the sight by degrees, and became at length totally invisible when they approached the cavern where his mortal remains were deposited.

CLXIV.

‘ But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past ?

Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
 He is no more—these breathings are his last;
 His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast
 And he himself as nothing:—if he was
 Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
 With forms which live and suffer—let that pass—
 His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass.'—p. 85.

In the corresponding passage of the *Tales of the Genii*, Ridley, the amiable author or compiler of the collection, expresses himself to the following purport, for we have not the book at hand to do justice to his precise words,—‘Reader, the Genii are no more, and Horam, but the phantom of my mind, fiction himself and fiction all that he seemed to write, speaks not again. But lament not their loss, since if desirous to see virtue guarded by miracles, Religion can display before you scenes tremendous, wonderful, and great, more worthy of your sight than aught that human fancy can conceive—the moral veil rent in twain and the Sun of Righteousness arising from the thick clouds of heathen darkness.’ In the sincere spirit of admiration for Lord Byron’s talents, and regard for his character which has dictated the rest of our criticism, we here close our analysis of *Childe Harold*.

Our task respecting Lord Byron’s poetry is finished, when we have mentioned the subject, quoted passages of superior merit, or which their position renders most capable of being detached from the body of the poem. For the character of his style and versification once distinctly traced, (and we have had repeated occasion to consider it,) cannot again be dwelt on without repetition. The harmony of verse, and the power of numbers, nay, the selection and arrangement of expressions, are all so subordinate to the thought and sentiment, as to become comparatively light in the scale. His poetry is like the oratory which hurries the hearers along without permitting them to pause on its solecisms or singularities. Its general structure is bold, severe, and as it were Doric, admitting few ornaments but those immediately suggested by the glowing imagination of the author, rising and sinking with the tones of his enthusiasm, roughening into argument, or softening into the melody of feeling and sentiment, as if the language fit for either were alike at the command of the poet, and the numbers not only came uncalled, but arranged themselves with little care on his part into the varied modulation which the subject requires. Many of the stanzas, considered separately from the rest, might be objected to as involved, harsh, and overflowing into each other beyond the usual license of the Spenserian stanza. But considering the various matter of which the poet had to treat—considering the monotony of a long-continued smoothness of sound, and accurate division of the

the sense according to the stanzas—considering also that the effect of the general harmony is, as in music, improved by the judicious introduction of discords wherewith it is contrasted, we cannot join with those who state this occasional harshness as an objection to Lord Byron's poetry. If the line sometimes 'labours and the words move slow,' it is in passages where the sense is correspondent to these laborious movements. A highly finished strain of versification resembles a dressed pleasure ground, elegant—even beautiful—but tame and insipid compared to the majesty and interest of a woodland chase, where scenes of natural loveliness are rendered sweeter and more interesting by the contrast of irregularity and wildness.

We have done with the poem; we have, however, yet a few words to say before we finally close our strictures.

To this canto, as to the former, notes are added, illustrative of the contents; and these, we are informed, are written by Mr. Hobhouse, the author of that facetious account of Buonaparte's reign of an hundred days, which it was our office last year to review. They are distinct and classical illustrations of the text, but contain of course many political sentiments of a class which have ceased to excite anger, or any feeling stronger than pity, and a sense of the weakness of humanity which, in all ages, has inclined even men of talents and cultivation to disgrace themselves, by the adoption of sentiments of which it is impossible they can have examined either the grounds or the consequences—whence the doctrines come, or whither they are tending. The mob of a corrupt metropolis, who vindicate the freedom of election by knocking out the brains of the candidate of whom they disapprove, act upon obvious and tangible principles; so do the Spenceans, Spa-fieldians and Nottingham conspirators. That 'seven halfpenny loaves should be sold for a penny,'—that 'the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops,'—and that 'the realm should be all in common,'—have been the watch-words of insurrection among the vulgar, from Jack Straw's time to the present, and, if neither honest nor praiseworthy, are at least sufficiently plain and intelligible. But the frenzy which makes individuals of birth and education hold a language as if they could be willing to risk the destruction of their native country, and all the horrors of a civil war, is not so easily accounted for. To believe that these persons would accelerate a desolation in which they themselves directly, or through their nearest and dearest connections, must widely share, merely to remove an obnoxious minister, would be to form a hasty and perhaps a false judgment of them. The truth seems to be, that the English, even those from whom better things might be expected, are born to be the dupes of jugglers and mountebanks in all professions. It is not only in physic

that the names of our nobility and gentry decorate occasionally the list of cures to which the empiric appeals as attesting the force of his remedy. Religion, in the last age, and politics in the present, have had their quacks, who substituted words for sense, and theoretical dogmata for the practice of every duty.—But whether in religion, or politics, or physic, one general mark distinguishes the empiric; the patient is to be cured without interruption of business, or pleasure—the proselyte to be saved without reformation of the future, or repentance of the past—the country to be made happy by an alteration in its political system; and all the vice and misery which luxury and poor's rates, a crowded population, and decayed morality can introduce into the community, to be removed by extending farther political rights to those who daily show that they require to be taught the purpose for which those they already enjoy were entrusted to them. That any one above the rank of an interested demagogue should teach this is wonderful—that any should believe it except the lowest of the vulgar is more so—but vanity makes as many dupes as folly.

If, however, these gentlemen will needs identify their own cause with that of their country's enemies, we can forgive them as losers, who have proverbial leave to pout. And when, in bitterness of spirit, they term the great, the glorious victory of Waterloo the 'carnage of Saint Jean,' we can forgive that too, since, trained in the school of revolutionary France, they must necessarily abhor those

———— whose art was of such power
It could controul their dam's God Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

From the dismal denunciations which Lord Byron, acting more upon his feeling than his judgment, has made against our country, although

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,
we entertain no fears—none whatever.—

At home, the noble author may hear of better things than 'a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus'—he may hear of an improving revenue and increasing public prosperity. And while he continues abroad he may haply call to mind, that the Pilgrim, whom, eight years since, the universal domination of France compelled to wander into distant and barbarous countries, is *now* at liberty to travel where he pleases, certain that there is not a corner of the civilized world where his title of Englishman will not ensure him a favourable and respectful reception.

ART. X.—*Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey.*
 Edited from Manuscript Journals, by Robert Walpole, M. A.
 London. 1817. pp. xxii. 607.

THE peculiar circumstances in which the Turkish empire is placed, both with regard to its geographical features, and the economy of its civil government, are such as present the most formidable obstacles to the inquisitive traveller. Some of its most interesting portions are rugged and mountainous, intersected with few high-ways, and those few of the worst description; affording scarcely any accommodations, whether of hospitality on the part of the inhabitants, or of facility in passing from one place to another. A more serious difficulty is the unhealthiness of certain spots, and indeed, at certain seasons, of the country in general; a scourge which, in the case of Greece, does not appear to be the natural and inevitable lot of the soil or atmosphere; but the result of that sloth and neglect, which suffer the juices of the earth to putrefy, and evaporate in pestilential exhalations. Add to these obstacles, the unsettled state of all the out-lying provinces of the Ottoman empire, the animosity which subsists between the enslaved descendants of the Doric and Ionic tribes and their barbarous masters, the facilities which are afforded to robbers by the natural features of the country, and the misgovernment of the Turks, and we shall be able to form some estimate of the difficulties to be encountered by him, who should undertake to give a complete account of any extensive portion of that great empire. The fact is, that, as long as the Ottoman government subsists, we must be content to receive our information about it in driblets, a little from one traveller and a little from another, as the relaxations of Turkish insolence and inhospitality, and the intervals of the *mal-aria* and the plague may allow them to glean it.

Under these circumstances, we are inclined to approve of the plan which Mr. Walpole has adopted, of collecting from various intelligent and learned travellers, who have visited of late years that interesting portion of the globe, such extracts from their journals and port-folios as were calculated to throw any light upon its present condition and ancient grandeur, its geography, antiquities, and natural history, to be laid before the public in the words of the respective authors. It is true that we do not, by this method, get a well-digested and uniform book of travels, whether we regard the subjects or the style. But as travels are written in these days, we believe that this is no loss. We obtain the actual observations of each traveller, made on the spot, not amplified and dressed up with the fruits of subsequent researches in other men's writings, but a literal and correct account of the state in which things were actually found.

found. And this is precisely what we want. As the trade of book-making now goes, we reckon that the contents of the present work might, with due management, have been expanded into six volumes quarto. It is true that all the papers in the compilation before us are not of the description above-mentioned. Some of them are on matters of pure speculation, and are perhaps rather out of place in the present collection. Nor do we exactly see what business a dissertation on the catacombs of Egypt, or the journal of an expedition into Nubia, can have in 'Memoirs on European and Asiatic Turkey.' However, valuable information we are glad to have in any shape or place; and therefore will not quarrel with Mr. Walpole for introducing us to good company, even though somewhat unexpectedly.

By far the greater part of the papers which compose the volume, relate, as might be expected, to Greece, both within and without the Corinthian isthmus, and the islands of the Ægean. The principal contributors are the Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Morritt, the late Dr. Sibthorp, Dr. Hunt, the late Professor Carlyle, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Raikes, the late Colonel Squire, Mr. Wilkins, and the editor himself. Prefixed is a very confused and dingy-looking map of ancient Greece, on so small a scale as to be of very little service to the travelled or untravelled reader. In the preliminary discourse, Mr. Walpole discusses at length the various difficulties which oppose the researches of the traveller in Greece, the chief of which we have already briefly touched upon. It appears, from some remarks of that accurate and intelligent observer, Mr. Hawkins, that in consequence of the depopulated state of Greece and Syria, there is no considerable district which is not exposed to some degree of mal-aria. The spots in Greece, he observes, where it is most noxious, are salt-works and rice-grounds. At Milo, since the beginning of the last century, four-fifths of the population have been swept away in consequence of the establishment of a small salt-work. This may, perhaps, in great measure be accounted for by supposing, that in proportion as the salt-works are profitable, the cultivation of the neighbouring country is neglected. The same lamentable effects have resulted from the introduction of rice in the fertile low grounds of the north of Italy, where the mal-aria seems to be every year extending the sphere of its baneful influence. We may, perhaps, collect, from a little piece of local history preserved by the author of the *Etymologicon Magnum*. v. *Δαίτις*, that the *ἀλοπήγια* of Ephesus were productive of similar effects upon the health of the inhabitants. It would seem, however, from Dr. Hunt's account of the salt-springs at Tousla in the Troad, that no insalubrious influence is occasioned by the evaporation of the brine; for at one of the springs a bath has been built, the roof of which

is covered with votive offerings from the patients who have used it. Pausanias (x. 17.) says of Sardinia that the air was turbid and unwholesome; the causes of which he supposes to have been the crystallization of the salt and the oppressive breezes from the south.

The first contribution is an interesting detail by Mr. Morritt of a journey, performed in 1795, through the district of Maina in the Morea. As many, perhaps most, of our readers are not very well acquainted with the Mainiots, we shall extract a short account of this interesting people from Mr. Morritt's narrative.

The Maina includes that part of the country anciently called Laconia, which lies between the gulfs of Messene and Gythium, bounded on the north by the highest ridge of Taygetus, from which a chain of rugged mountains descends to Cape Matapan, the southern termination of the country. It is watered by the Pamisus, now the Pirnatza, the broadest river of the Peloponnese. The plains round Calamata, a town towards the N. W., are fertile and well cultivated, abounding with the cactus, or prickly-pear, the white mulberry, (on which great numbers of silk-worms are fed,) olives, and various fruit-trees.

'The town itself is built on a plan not unusual in this part of the Morea, and well adapted for the defence of the inhabitants against the attacks of the pirates that infest the coast. Each house is a separate edifice, and many of them are high square towers of brown stone, built while the Venetians had possession of the country. The lower story serves chiefly for offices or warehouses, and the walls are pierced with loop-holes for the use of musketry, while the doors are strongly barricaded.'

This style of building we believe to have been universal in ancient times in maritime villages and lone houses.*

The government of the Maina in 1795 resembled that of the Scottish Highlands in former times. Over each district presided a capitano, whose residence was a fortified tower, answering exactly, not only to the small fortresses with which Walter Scott has made us all so familiar, but to the *τύρρις* of Asidates which Xenophon describes in the Anabasis, and which, no doubt, has been in all ages the kind of building inhabited by the chieftains of tribes in a semibarbarous state. Each chief, besides his own domain, received a tithe of the produce from the land of his retainers. The different chiefs were independent of one another, although nominally subordinate to the most powerful capitano of the district, who usually bore the title of Bey of the Maina, a dignity which was ratified by a ferman from the Porte. In consequence of the reluctance of the

* We find in this neighbourhood, as in many other parts of Greece, a place called *palao-castro*. It seems that this termination of *castro*, in the topography of modern Greece, indicates the site of an ancient town and fortification, as amongst us *cester*, or *water*, or *chester*, denotes the situation of a Roman encampment.

Mainiots to submit to the charatch, or poll-tax, they had been repeatedly attacked by the Turks, who had invariably failed, not less from the determined resistance of this warlike tribe, than from the inaccessible nature of their country. On the arrival of an enemy by sea, the coast is immediately deserted, and the inhabitants retire to the strong holds of Taÿgetus. They are all expert at the use of the rifle; and while defended by an impenetrable barrier of rocks to the north, and a craggy tempestuous shore to the south, they may continue to defy the cumbrous manœuvres of an ill-appointed and worse-commanded Turkish force.

In the war which the Russians, with a cruel and defective policy, incited the Greeks to wage against their oppressors, a combined attack was made upon the Maina by the fleet of the Capudan Pasha, and an army rated, by the Mainiots, at 20,000 men. A heap of bones, whitened by the sun, near the town of Cardamyle, at tested the result of the attack by sea.

ὅτις δὲ νεκρῶν καὶ τριτοσπέρῳ γένει
ἄφωνα σημαίνουσιν ὀμμασιν βροτῶν,
ὡς οὐχ ὑπέρφεν, ὑπητὸν ὄντα, χρεὶ φρονεῖν.

That by land was equally disastrous to the assailants.

Some of the chiefs Mr. Morritt found to be tolerably versed in Romaic literature, and some sufficiently masters of their ancient language to *read* Herodotus and Xenophon; that is, we suppose, to collect the substance of those authors; for as to *reading*, in our acceptation of the term, we would venture any odds, that no Mainiot chief could make apt sense of a chapter of Herodotus. The laws of hospitality were observed with the strictest punctiliousness; the letters of recommendation, like the *σύμβολα* of older times, ensured the travellers a friendly attention while they staid, and a safe escort when they departed, in conformity to the precept of Homer—

τὸν ξεῖνον παριόντα φιλεῖν, ἀπιόντα δὲ σέμναι —

the force of which is imperfectly expressed by Pope,

Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

The religion of the Mainiots is that of the Greek church, with all its mummery. The most pleasing feature in their character was their domestic intercourse with the other sex. The women were neither secluded nor enslaved, and consequently neither corrupted nor ignorant. They partook in the management of their families and the education of their children. Instances of conjugal infidelity were extremely rare, which, indeed, is not much to be wondered at, considering the manner in which the first advances may chance to be received. The German Phemius of a certain capitano, an accomplished lyrist, who scraped a three-stringed rebeck, having

having offended a pretty woman in the neighbourhood, by some indiscreet proposals, she drew a pistol and shot him dead on the spot. Indeed the Mainiot ladies are altogether most formidable personages. Not content with 'love's artillery,' which Mr. Morritt describes as being by no means of an inefficient description, they were seen by him slinging stones and bullets at a mark, with great expertness.

Mr. Morritt describes an interesting visit to Zanetachi Kutuphari, a capitano of consideration, and his niece Helena, a young widow and a wealthy capitanessa. At an audience with which she honoured our travellers, this lady wore a light blue shawl-gown embroidered with gold, a sash loosely tied round her waist, and a short vest, without sleeves, of embroidered crimson velvet; over these was a dark velvet Polonese mantle, with wide and open sleeves, richly embroidered. On her head was a green velvet cap, also embroidered with gold. A white and gold muslin shawl fixed on the right shoulder, and passed across her bosom under the left arm, floated over the coronet and hung to the ground behind her. Her uncle's dress was still more magnificent. Mr. Morritt was informed, that in case of necessity, the Mainiots can bring 12,000 men into the field.

From some remarks of Dr. Sibthorp, upon the natural productions of the same district, we learn that the white mulberry-tree is called *μούγια*, the black *συκαμίνια*. This fact may, perhaps, throw some light upon the names *συκάμινος* and *συκομορέα*, (both applied by St. Luke to a tree which was probably the mulberry-tree,) about which the commentators have been a good deal puzzled. Dr. Sibthorp observes that caprification is still practised. We should have been glad to meet with a clear explanation of the principle of this operation.

The long debated question relating to the treasures of ancient literature, supposed to be concealed in the libraries of the Seraglio, the Mosque of St. Sophia, and the Colleges of Dervises at Constantinople, has at length been settled by the researches of Dr. Hunt and the late Professor Carlyle; and the result of their inquiries is, that 'in none of those vast collections is there a single classical fragment of a Greek or Latin author, either original or *translated*. The volumes were in Arabic, Persian, or Turkish; and of all of them Mr. Carlyle took exact catalogues.' Surely this is too sweeping a sentence. It was not possible for these gentlemen, without an examination of the books themselves, to ascertain that they contained no *translated* fragments of a classical author. We think it, on the contrary, very probable, that some of the Arabic MSS. may contain portions of Aristotle or Galen, or of later Greek writers. It appears from Professor Carlyle's description,
that

that the library of the seraglio is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is not more than twelve yards in length from the extremity of one arm to that of the other. It contains 1294 MSS., mostly Arabic, with a few of the best Turkish writers. The Professor must have made good use of his time, for during his short stay in the seraglio 'he is certain that there was not one volume which he did not separately examine; but he was prevented by the jealousy of the moulahs, who accompanied him, from making out a detailed catalogue of the whole;' and, indeed, if the moulahs had been out of the way, it would have required a quick eye, and the pen of a ready writer, to make out a catalogue of 1294 oriental MSS. in two or three *hours*. He obtained, however, a catalogue of the library of the patriarchs of Jerusalem, the largest in the empire, and even got permission to carry a few of the most valuable to England. These, together with a large collection of Arabic MSS., were transmitted, we believe, to this country, and deposited in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, by the munificence of the present primate. We are, however, not quite certain whether Mr. Carlyle did not misunderstand the *permission* which he had obtained from the patriarch of Jerusalem; for we have heard it reported, that this venerable dignitary of the Greek church has reclaimed his valuable MSS. And it appears from an expression in one of Dr. Hunt's papers, that the volumes were only *lent*.

'The patriarch behaved to us with the utmost liberality, not only sending one of his chaplains to assist us in making a catalogue of the library, but allowing us to take any of the manuscripts we might wish to send to England *for the purpose of being examined and collated*. Such as we thought interesting or curious were forwarded to London along with those procured from the Prince's islands; and they are now in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth'!—p. 85.

In truth we are not a little surprized at the facility with which the professor was permitted to bring away from more than one library 'several of what he judged to be the most curious MSS.'—as for instance, six from the famous library of St. Saba. We had been led to understand that the alienation of this kind of property was expressly forbidden by the rules of the Greek church. The professor was indefatigable in his researches, for during a stay of three weeks in the convents of Mount Athos, he tells us (p. 196) that he examined almost 13,000 MSS., which is at the rate of about 570 per diem. Of these he made out a 'a very detailed catalogue.' Had he lived to publish this it would have been a valuable addition to our *Bibliotheca*.

Dr. Sibthorp's papers contain some interesting details upon the present state of Attica, its statistics and natural history; and a pleasing account of the monasteries on Mount Athos is given by
Dr.

Dr. Hunt. Upon his setting out from Constantinople to visit the Holy Mountain, the dragomen spoke much of the ignorance and vices of the Greek caloyers; but Dr. Hunt observes that their representation was very incorrect. He considers that the kind of religious republic, which subsists there, contributes to preserve the language of Greece from further corruption, and checks the defection of Christians to Mahometanism. Most of the Greek didascaloi, or schoolmasters, and the higher orders of the clergy, are selected from that place. 'If it sometimes hides a culprit who has fled from public justice, yet that criminal most probably reforms his life in a residence so well calculated to bring his mind to reflection.' A better defence would be, that the manner in which justice is administered in Turkey, makes it very probable, that, in five instances out of six, the culprit who seeks an asylum at Mount Athos may be an innocent person.

In a paper of the late Mr. Davison's, and in the editor's note, we are presented with some interesting particulars relative to Pompey's pillar, as it is called—an appellation, which, of late years, has been the subject of considerable discussion. By means of an accurate measurement with the theodolite, the pillar was found to be ninety-two feet in height, without taking into account the separate stones, by which it is raised four feet from the ground. Its circumference, at the base, is twenty-seven feet and a half. The support of the column is an inverted obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics; a circumstance, says Shaw, which may induce us to suspect that the pillar was not erected by the Egyptians, who would not have buried their sacred inscriptions, but by the Greeks or Romans, nay later perhaps than Strabo. The suspicion is probably just: but the reason assigned for it is not very forcible. By some of the Arabic writers this pillar is called 'Amoud al Sawary,' 'the pillar of the colonnades,' an allusion to the porticoes with which it was surrounded as late as the twelfth century.

It appears, from some observations of M. Quatremère, that there was a prefect of Egypt named Pompeius in the time of Diocletian, which, as Mr. Walpole observes, is a strong corroboration of the opinion, that this column was erected in honour of Diocletian by a magistrate of the name of Pompeius. Major Missett informed Mr. W. Turner that the letters ΔΙΟΚ. Η. ΙΑΝΟΝ were considered, by those who had lately visited Egypt, as discernible; and Colonel Leake gives the word 'Diocletian' as the result of the examination made by himself and Colonel Squire. Dr. Clarke, however, proposes to read ΔΙΟΝΑΔΙΑΝΟΝ. So far the Editor. The fact is, that the inscription was clearly deciphered by our officers in Egypt to the following extent.

TO

ΤΟ ΩΤΑΤΟΝΑΤΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ
 ΤΟΝΠΟΔΙΟΥΧΟΝΑΔΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΙΑΣ
 ΔΙΟΚ . ΗΤΙΑΝΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΤΟΝ
 ΠΟ ΕΠΙΡΧΟΣΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΥ.

Lord Valentia, by the help of scaffolding and plaster, made out more of it, but unfortunately lost his copy. Scarcely any part of it can be discovered without intense attention. Mr. W. Turner, at noon, which is the most favourable time for inspecting the inscription, distinguished ΔΙΟ, and under that, ΠΟ—and felt no doubt that the character following the ΔΙΟ was a mutilated Κ. Upon the whole, then, Dr. Clarke's opinion seems to be untenable; and we may conclude, with great probability, that this celebrated pillar was in fact erected by Pompeius, a prefect of Egypt, in honour of Diocletian.

In the Catacombs of Alexandria, Mr. Davison found many remains of Alexandrian painting upon the walls. In the temples of Tentyra, Thebes and Diospolis, the colours are still fresh and vivid. It is well known, both from the testimonies of ancient authors, and from traces of the custom which are still visible, that the Greek sculptures were frequently painted. Several instances are mentioned by Mr. Walpole, who observes, (p. 381,) that 'there is reason to believe that the word *γράφω* was applied by the Greeks to express a combination of sculpture and painting.' We believe not: *γράφειν* never signifies more than to 'delineate' or 'paint;' but since it was customary to paint sculpture, the word *γράφειν* may have been used of a *relievo*, taking the previous carving for granted. The passage of Pliny which the learned Editor adduces in support of his opinion is of no force. 'Fuisse Panænum fratrem ejus, qui et clypeum intus *pinxit* Elide Minervæ.' Heyne observes, that instead of painting, we should have expected some *bas-relief* within the shield, consistently with what Pliny relates elsewhere of the buckler of Minerva in the Parthenon, *scuti concava parte deorum et gigantum dimicationem coelavit*. Heyne supposes, therefore, that Pliny, or the author whom he followed, misunderstood the word *ἔγραψε*, which was employed to signify work in *bas-relief*; and this is also Mr. Walpole's opinion: that it should be so, surprises us a little, seeing he has mentioned this Panæus as a painter in p. 378. That there was a *bas-relief* on the interior of the shield, is very probable; but Phidias carved, and Panæus painted it, as he did the statue of Olympian Jove. Strabo, viii. p. 354. πολλὰ δὲ συνέπραξε τῷ Φειδίᾳ Πάναϊνος ὁ ζωγράφος, ἀδελφιδοῦς ὦν αὐτοῦ καὶ συνεργόλαβος, πρὸς τὴν τοῦ ξοάνου κατασκευήν, διὰ τὴν τῶν χρωμάτων κόσμησιν, καὶ μάλιστα τῆς ἐσθῆτος. [The MS. author whom Pliny used, had ἀδελφός for ἀδελφιδοῦς, probably by the inadvertence of the copyist.

Pantæus,

Pantæus, for so the name should be written, was the nephew of Phidias].—δείκνυται δὲ καὶ γραφαὶ πολλὰ τε καὶ θαυμασταὶ περὶ τὸ ἱερὸν, ἐκείνου ἔργα. So Nicias was employed to colour the statues made by Praxiteles. Plin. xxxv. 10. 'Hic est Nicias, de quo dicebat Praxiteles, interrogatus quæ maxime opera sua probarit in marmoribus, quibus Nicias manum admovisset: tantum circumlitioni ejus tribuit.' This practice, which is altogether adverse to the taste of modern times, seems to have prevailed amongst all the people of antiquity. Sir W. Hamilton, in the accounts which accompanied the drawings made of the discoveries at Pompeii, and presented to the Antiquarian Society, says, that in the chapel of Isis, the image of that goddess still retains the coat of paint; her robe being of a purple hue. Something therefore may be said, on the score of precedent, in behalf of the richly gilt and painted images of saints which decorate the Romish churches, as well as of the gorgeous robes and wigs of many of our English worthies of former times, whose costume still lives in marble and vermillion. Shakspeare, in the *Winter's Tale*, represents the statue of Hermione as painted by Giulio Romano.

The first instance which Mr. Walpole adduces, is from Ælian, ἀμολόγει τὴν πράξιν τοῦ Γέλανος τὸ γράμμα,—where, says Cuper, γράμμα may mean a statue; which we shall content ourselves with denying.

The second is from Athenæus, οἱ ποιητὰ καὶ οἱ γραφεῖς πλεῖν αὐτὸν ἐν ποτηρίῳ ἐμβολόγησαν, where Casaubon says 'per pictores intellige omnes simulacrorum artifices.' The fact is, that γραφεῖς is a mere παραδιόρθωμα of Casaubon. The old and genuine lection is οἱ ποιητὰ καὶ συγγραφεῖς 'the poets and historians.'

The third is from an epigram of Antipater, κατ' εὐόροφον γραπτὸν τέγος, which Mr. Walpole translates, 'on the well-roofed pediment, sculptured and painted,' in which version τέγοι is improperly rendered *pediment*, and the words in italics are a gratuitous addition. If it be true that the roofs or ceilings of houses were frequently carved and painted, does it therefore follow that there is any allusion to carving in the word γράφω? A roof which was both carved and painted might be called indifferently 'the carved roof,' or 'the painted roof.'

The fourth is from an epigram of Perses, Brunck. Anal. ii. p. 4.

Διὸ Λαία Μιᾶσυλλα, τί τοι καὶ ἐπ' ἡμέῳ οὗτος

Μυρομένης κούρας γραπτὸς ἔπιστι τύπος;

where τύπος may perhaps mean a sculptured image, but γραπτὸς certainly means only *painted*. Mr. Walpole has observed, in p. 378, that the custom of painting tombs was common in Greece. Upon the whole, we assert, that γράφειν was never used of a statue or *re-lievo*, except with reference to the painting. The γραπτὰ εἰκόνες,

which we find occasionally mentioned, may seem at first sight more favourable to Mr. Walpole's opinion; but even these, we believe, were no more than portraits. *Inscript. op. Spon. Miscell.* p. 344. ἀναθεῖναι δὲ αὐτοῦ εἰκόνα γραπτὴν. This was an honour frequently paid to illustrious men. *Pseudo-Plutarch. Vit. Isocr.* p. 839. C. ἦν δὲ αὐτοῦ γραπτὴ εἰκὼν ἐν τῷ Πομπείῳ. Strabo xiv. p. 648. καὶ ἡ πατρίς δ' ἰκάνως αὐτὸν ἠΐξῃσε, πορφύραν ἐνδύσασα ἱερωμένην τοῦ Σωσιπόλιδος Διός· καθάπερ καὶ ἡ γραπτὴ εἰκὼν ἐμφανίζει ἡ ἐν τῇ ἀγορᾷ. Amasis presented to the temple of Minerva εἰκόνα ἐαυτοῦ γραπτὴν, says Herodotus ii. 182. So Pausanias v. 16. καὶ δὴ ἀναθεῖναι σφισιν ἔστι γραψαμέναις εἰκόνας, *having caused their own portraits to be painted.* Hence εἰκονογράφος, *Aristot. Poet.* 28.

At p. 425 we are presented with a valuable dissertation by the Earl of Aberdeen, upon the gold and silver coinage of Attica. Many learned men have doubted whether the Athenians ever coined any gold money. Our own opinion is that they never did, except perhaps a few pieces on some particular occasions. Gold coin was current at Athens, but it was of foreign coinage; either the stater of Persia, of Ægina, of Cyzicum or some other town; and when gold coin is spoken of generally, under the name of χρυσοῦς or στατήρ, we are to understand the Δαρεικός. The authorities by which we could support this opinion would occupy too much space in our pages. Aristophanes in the *Frogs* speaks of a gold coinage, greatly alloyed with copper; and calls the pieces πομπὰ χαλκία, which words the learned Corsini (*Diss.* XII. p. 225.) misunderstands, as being spoken of copper money. It is probable that from its extreme badness it was not long current. Lord Aberdeen justly observes that

'The currency of the silver money of Athens was almost universal, owing to the deservedly high reputation for purity which it possessed; and on this account we find several cities of Crete copying precisely in their coins the design, weight and execution of the Attic tetradrachms, in order to facilitate their intercourse with the barbarians. It is possible that the general use and estimation of the produce of the Attic mines contributed to render the Athenians averse from a coinage of another metal, which, by supplying the place of silver money at home, might, in some degree, tend to lessen its reputation abroad.'—p. 445.

The Attic tetradrachm seems to have obtained as extensive a currency in ancient times, as the Spanish dollar since the discovery of the silver mines of the new world; and for the same reason. The following remarks are important and original.

'One of the greatest problems in numismatical difficulties is the cause of the manifest neglect, both in design and execution, which is invariably to be met with in the silver money of Athens; in which the affectation of an archaic style of work is easily distinguished from the rudeness of remote antiquity. Different attempts have been made to elucidate

elucidate the subject: De Pauw affirms that, owing to a wise economy, the magistrates, whose office it was to superintend the coinage of silver, employed none but inferior artists in making the design, as well as in other branches of the process, an hypothesis wholly inconsistent with the characteristic magnificence of the republic. Pinkerton asserts, that it can only be accounted for from the excellence of the artists being such as to occasion all the good to be called into other countries, and none but the bad left at home: It would be somewhat difficult to explain how Athens came to be so long honoured both by the presence and the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, Zeuxis and Apelles.*

'The Attic silver was of acknowledged purity, and circulated very extensively: the Athenian merchants, particularly in their commercial dealings with the more distant and barbarous nations, appear frequently to have made their payments in it. The barbarians being once impressed with these notions of its purity, the government of Athens, in all probability, was afraid materially to change that style and appearance by which their money was known and valued among these people. A similar proceeding in the state of Venice throws the strongest light on the practice of the Athenians. The Venetian sechin is perhaps the most unseemly of the coins of modern Europe: it has long been the current gold of the Turkish empire, in which its purity is universally and justly esteemed; any change in its appearance on the part of the Venetian government would have tended to create distrust.'

We agree with the editor in considering these remarks of the Earl of Aberdeen, as affording a more satisfactory explanation of the difficulty in question, than any which has hitherto been offered. We cannot help adducing a testimony in favour of his lordship's hypothesis, from a quarter, where one would not expect to meet with any thing bearing upon a question of this kind. Sir W. D'Avenant, in his Prologue to 'The Wits,' says that there are some

' ————— who would the world persuade
That gold is better, when the stamp is bad,
And that an ugly, ragged piece of eight,
Is ever true in mettall and in weight.
As if a guinny and louis had less
Intrinsic value for their handsomeness.'

If merit depended, in poetry as well as numismatics, upon 'ugliness' and 'raggedness,' these verses of Sir William would be, in their way, perfect Attic tetradrachms. The present volume has also been enriched by the same accurate and learned nobleman with an account of two very curious and interesting marbles, found at Amyclæ, in Laconia, which is the place where the Abbé Fourmont pretended to have found his celebrated inscriptions, the spuriousness of which has been so ably demonstrated by Mr. R. P. Knight. Of the two pieces of sculpture described by the Earl of

* *Qu.*—How long was Athens honoured by the presence of either Zeuxis or Apelles?

Aberdeen, and copied in an engraving at p. 446, each represents a hand-basin, surrounded with the various implements of a female toilet, combs, pins, a needle or bodkin, perfume-boxes and bottles, mirrors, paint-boxes, curling-irons, rollers, toothpicks, and reticules (or perhaps night-caps). What we believe to be *hand-basins* the Earl of Aberdeen calls *pateræ*. In one of them is the following inscription, ΑΝΘΟΥΣΗ ΔΑΜΑΙΝΕΤΟΥ ΤΠΟΣΤΑΤΡΙΑ; and in the other, ΔΑΤΑΓΗΤΑ ΑΝΤΙΠΙΑΤΡΟΥ ΙΕΡΕΙΑ. The first remark which suggests itself, upon inspecting these inscriptions, is, that they are not in the Laconic dialect. The only Doric form in the first, is the first A in ΔΑΜΑΙΝΕΤΟΥ. In the second, Lord Aberdeen considers ΔΑΤΑΓΗΤΑ to be for ΔΑΟΑΓΗΤΑ. But ΔΑΟΑΓΗΤΑ assuredly was not a Greek proper name. We suspect some error in the transcript. Mr. Walpole supposes the marbles to have been offerings made by the priestesses Anthusa and Laoageta; or as consecrated during the priesthood of those women; in which case they may have been presented by the ΚΟΣΜΗΤΡΙΑΙ or *ornatrices* of some deity. Caylus considers the word ΤΠΟΣΤΑΤΡΙΑ to signify *sous-prêtresse*. Lord Aberdeen thinks that it may have some allusion to distribution or regulated measure. The fact is that the word means nothing more nor less than *under-dresser*. Στάτρια was one appellation of a female hair-dresser. Hesych. Στάτρια. ἐμπλέκτρια. Now ἐμπλέκτρια was the same as κομμάτρια, a tire-woman, one who dressed and depilated the ladies; as an old grammarian explains it: The name κομμάτρια is derived from κόμμι, a sort of gum, used by females to make the plaits of their hair retain the form which was given them: the profession itself was called τέχνη κομμωτική. This is the account given by a scholiast on Plato; to which, if it were necessary, we could add much more, illustrative of the subject.

Amongst the articles, represented upon each of these marbles, are two pair of slippers. We have an epigram of Antipaeter of Sidon, which mentions the dedication to Venus of sandals, amongst other articles of dress.

Σάνδαλα μὲν τὰ ποδῶν θαλπτήρια ταῦτα Βίτινα, κ. τ. λ.

And we may observe, by the way, that a peculiar kind of sandals were used at Amyclæ, where these marbles were found, and were thence called Ἀμύκλαι or Ἀμυκλαῖδες, for withholding a dissertation upon which, our readers will probably thank us; as also for the suppression of a page or two of observations on the *Caryatides* of ancient architecture, of which no satisfactory account has hitherto been given, nor is the matter cleared up by Mr. Walpole in his remarks at p. 602. Mr. Wilkins conjectures, that these *Caryatides*, who are called Κοραι in a very ancient inscription, were no other than the Canephoræ.

Several

Several inscriptions are published for the first time in this volume; they are generally well explained by the learned editor, but not always. For instance, in p. 457. we have the following, from the journals of Mr. Hawkins :—

ΓΑΙΟΣ ΙΟΥΛΙΟΣ ΚΕΛΕΡ ΕΚ
ΤΩΝ ΙΔΙΩΝ ΚΑΤΕΣΚΕΥΑ
ΣΕΝ ΔΗΜΩ ΤΩ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙ
ΑΤΩΝ ΤΗΝ ΥΠΟΧΩΡΗΣΙΝ
ΚΑΙ ΓΑΙΟΣ ΙΟΥΛΙΟΣ ΕΡΜΑΣ Ο
ΚΑΙ ΜΕΡΚΟΥΤΙΟΣ ΕΣΤΡΩΣΕΝ ΕΚ
ΤΩΝ ΙΔΙΩΝ ΤΗΝ ΠΛΑΤΕΙΑΝ ΑΠΟ
ΤΟΥ ΖΥΓΟΣΤΑΣΙΟΥ ΜΕΧΡΙ
ΤΗΣ ΥΠΟΧΩΡΗΣΕΩΣ.

‘ Caius Julius Celer built, at his own expense, for the people of Apollonia, the recess or passage; and Caius Julius Hermas, who is called also Mercupus, paved at his own cost the broad court leading from the zygostasium as far as the recess.’

Mercupus! a pretty name! what can be clearer than that the true reading is ΜΕΡΚΟΥΤΙΟΣ, *Mercurius*? The *ὑποχώρησις* was a recess by the side of the street, resembling, we suppose, those on Westminster Bridge; for what purpose we need not say. *Ζυγοστάσιον* should have been translated, *the weighing place, or public steelyards*, which, in every city of the Roman empire, were superintended by an officer, called *praefectus ponderibus*. Lastly, the concluding words should be rendered, ‘ paved at his own cost the street from the steelyards to the recess;’ not ‘ leading from the zygostasium,’ which would have been τὴν πλατείαν τὴν ἀπὸ τοῦ ζ. with the article repeated.

The volume concludes with a valuable dissertation of Mr. Wilkins upon a Greek inscription, six years older than the date of Euclid’s archonship, at which era the Ionic letters began to be used at Athens in public documents. But we observe some inaccuracies, both in the copy of the inscription, which is given as divested of its archaisms, and also in the translation of it; none, however, of material consequence.

Amongst other symptoms of the haste with which this volume has been put together, is the circumstance, that some of the plates are in one part and the descriptions of them in another. Thus, at p. 321. we have the representation of a lecythus, which is described in p. 539. This cruse, which presents the figures of two horses and their grooms, is entitled ΔΗΚΥΘΟΣ ΑΤΤΙΚΟΣ. Now as the book is an English one, we do not see the propriety of giving Greek titles to the plates; which, to our minds, savours of pedantry. An English inscription would at all events have avoided the false concord of *λέκυθος Ἀττικὸς* for *λέκυθος Ἀττική*.

The editor's notes upon the various communications display extensive reading; but we wish he had bestowed a little more attention upon the correction of the press; it is pity that so handsome a volume should be disfigured by so many typographical errors.

ART. XI.—*Woman: a Poem.* By the Author of 'The Heroine.'
12mo. pp. 121. 1818.

THE preface to this little volume is written with peculiar candour and modesty. Mr. Barrett, it informs us, published, some time since, a poem on the same subject, and felt all the irritation, common in such cases, at finding it universally condemned by the critics. After the lapse of a few years, however, he himself began to discover, that his 'favourite performance' was written in a false taste; and as, when we begin to hate, we generally hate that most which we had before loved best, so Mr. Barrett, it seems, managed to contract a most unqualified abhorrence for his quondam *Dalilah*. The consequence was, that he drew his pen, with a vindictive resolution to exterminate it from every earthly library. We know not where to look in the annals of literature for a similar instance of an author, who professedly sets up himself against himself, and assiduously endeavours to run down his own production. At the same time, we trust he has not acted in a dishonourable manner towards his earlier love, and resorted to the contemptible expedient of injuring it by invidious attacks in the periodical journals. As, on this occasion, he lies entirely at the mercy of himself, he is bound, we think, to exercise his power with moderation, and not to take an ungenerous advantage of his own acrimony against his own work.

But while we indulge a smile at the suicidal hostility of Mr. Barrett, we are far from wishing to leave any ultimate impression of ridicule upon it. On the contrary, as critics, whose suggestions are almost always taken in ill part by authors, we feel interested in recommending to their imitation the ingenuous example of this poet, and in calling their especial attention to the following extract from his preface. After acquainting us with his mortifying discovery of the defects in his former work, he adds,

'But, at least, the discovery contained a moral. It shewed that we should listen with deference to those critics whose taste differs from our own, since even our own, in process of time, may differ from itself.'

We may, therefore, suppose him quite sincere, when he says,

'Indeed, I had formed so erroneous an estimate of my former work, that I am almost afraid to hope any thing from this, and I can most conscientiously add, that my chief feelings on the subject are doubt and apprehension.'

We

We now come to the work itself. However Mr. Barrett may pique himself upon the subject which he has chosen, we must take leave to dissent from his opinion of its 'peculiar happiness.' In the first place, we consider the question with respect to the station which the female sex should hold in society, as long since settled in theory, and as pretty generally reduced to practice. In times immediately previous to the commencement of chivalry, when women were really degraded and despised, his vindication of their claims would have acquired an importance which it is not so likely to enjoy in the present age. For what sympathy can he now hope to extract from his male readers, when the greater part of them will probably peruse his work in a drawing-room, the very seat of female despotism, where a thousand ceremonials of homage give the 'lie direct' to the predominance of the 'lordly sex'? and where the finest couplet is liable to be broken off by the polite indispensibility of getting up to hand a chair?

Of all this, however, the author himself seems so well aware, that he has dedicated but a very small portion of his poem to the statement of the grievances of woman—much the greater part being occupied in describing her attractions. And here again we must beg permission to say, that however beautiful each individual attraction may appear, there is the same sort of monotony in a professed catalogue and collection of them, that we should experience in a sculptor's exhibition-room, where the Graces and Muses and Virtues were crowded around us, and where the only distinction between them was in the drapery, attitude and symbols. We might, indeed, acknowledge that each statue was charming in itself, but on viewing the whole series together, we should wish for some combination of action, or at least for the interposition of a Hercules or a Laocoon, to give contrast and animation to the group.

In fact, there remains so little doubt now-a-days, that a due elevation of females in society bestows full as much dignity and comfort on ourselves as on them, that a poem which goes only to prove it, cannot pretend to the popular advantages which result from a disputed theory. We might add too, that the theme itself is already sufficiently hacknied, for we have innumerable prose disquisitions on it. And, although it may not till now, perhaps, have been professedly treated in English poetry, we can scarcely open one tune-ful page in which the praises of woman are not introduced by way of subsidiary ornaments.

The poem opens with an elegiac tribute to the memory of the lamented Princess Charlotte, to whom, it appears, the author was in the act of dedicating the work, when intelligence of the fatal catastrophe reached him. Of this circumstance he has taken advan-

tage, and judiciously varied the almost unavoidable sameness of monody with an incident at once poetical and affecting.

The poet then proceeds to recount the causes from which the former oppression of the sex arose, and the moral improvements from which we may deduce their present state of exaltation. This is followed by a comparison between the two sexes, as to their distinct qualifications and duties.

‘To Woman, whose best books are human hearts,
Wise heaven a genius less profound imparts.
His awful, her’s is lovely; his should tell
How thunderbolts, and her’s how roses fell.
Her rapid mind decides while his debates,
She feels a truth that he but calculates.—
He provident, averts approaching ill,
She snatches present good with ready skill :
That active perseverance his, which gains,
And her’s that passive patience which sustains.’—pp. 30, 31.

An enumeration of those virtues in which the poet conceives ours to be excelled by the softer sex, closes with the following charming passage.

‘To guard that Virtue, to supply the place
Of courage, wanting in her gentle race,
Lo, modesty was given; mysterious spell,
Whose blush can shame, whose panic can repel.
Strong by the very weakness it betrays,
It sheds a mist before our fiery gaze.
The panting apprehension, quick to feel,
The shrinking grace that fain would grace conceal,
The beautiful rebuke that looks surprise,
The gentle vengeance of averted eyes;
These are its arms, and these supreme prevail.
Love pauses, Vice retracts his glozing tale.’

The next four lines are peculiarly happy. They have (to us at least) all the brilliancy of invention, combined with the sobriety of truth.

‘Not she with trait’rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.’—p. 34.

The conclusion of this part is very creditable to the poet’s feelings—it is in a strain of patriotism, pure, ardent, and even sublime.

Mr. Barrett proceeds, in the next canto, to derive the influence of woman from those virtues, and from various other attractions, some of which are enumerated in the following pleasing and elegant lines.

‘With

' With amiable defects of nature born,
Wants that endear and foibles that adorn,
She by reserve and awful meekness reigns;
Her sighs are edicts, her caresses chains.
Why has she tones with speaking music strung?
Eyes eloquent beyond the mortal tongue?
And looks that vanquish, till, on nerveless knee,
Men gaze, and grow with gazing, weak as she?
'Tis to command these arts against our arms,
And tame imperious might with winning charms.'—pp. 47, 48.

Amongst the sources of female influence, beauty of course could not be omitted; accordingly, after a gay and animated description of a girl of fifteen, the portrait of a more matured loveliness is exhibited. The picture, though chaste, we had almost said pure, is yet somewhat too luxuriant for our pages; but we gladly borrow the closing lines. After observing that every other object of art or nature falls on the eye, if long beheld, the poet adds,

But unallay'd,
The sight still pauses on a beauteous maid.
Each glance still finds her lovelier than before,
Each gazing moment asks a moment more.
Yet then must intellectual graces move
The play of features, ere we quite approve;
Yet must chaste Honor, ere those graces win,
Light up the glorious image from within!—pp. 55, 56.

The episode on an unhappy victim of seduction, which concludes this canto, is, on the whole, the most interesting and highly wrought part of the poem; as such, we recommend it to the notice of our readers. We cannot afford space for any extracts from it.

The third canto is occupied with a topic not particularly new to poetry—love; something original however is contrived. The symptoms of this passion, and the 'enchanted *trivialities*' of courtship are well designed; and the following passage, though not novel in thought, is pretty in expression.

' There is a language by the virgin made,
Not read but felt, not uttered but betray'd:
A mute communion, yet so wondrous sweet,
Eyes must impart what tongue can ne'er repeat.
'Tis written on her cheeks and meaning brows,
In one short glance whole volumes it avows;
In one short moment tells of many days,
In one short speaking silence all conveys.
Joy, sorrow, love recounts, hope, pity, fear,
And looks a sigh and weeps without a tear.
O 'tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,
So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind, &c.—pp. 81, 82.

The tempest in the subsequent episode enables Mr. Barrett to display

display more lofty powers of description, and the first four lines struck us as particularly simple and vigorous.

'The sun set red, the clouds were scudding wild,
And their black fragments into masses piled;
The birds of ocean scream'd, and ocean gave
A hoarser murmur and a heavier wave.'—p. 85.

The poem ends with exhibiting woman in her natural sphere,—the gentle guardian of rural and domestic retirement.

We have not read Mr. Barrett's former work on this subject, but we may venture to assure him, that those faults of style which he attributes to it, do not exist in the present. We might indeed point out several blemishes of a verbal nature, but we shall content ourselves with stating, in general terms, that they appear, for the most part, to originate in too much solicitude with regard to language; the versification though combining, as our readers must have observed, conciseness and strength with a considerable degree of harmony, is yet, from want of variety in the modulation of its pauses, occasionally cloying and oppressive.

On the whole, however, Mr. Barrett has evinced both talent and genius in his little poem, and sustained a flight far above the common level. Some passages of it, and those not a few, are of the first order of the pathetic and descriptive; we hope, therefore, (in compliment to our own judgment,) that he will not, after another lapse of years, quarrel with his present lady as he did with his first; nor, with the characteristic inconstancy of all professed admirers of the sex, repudiate and vilify a second Woman, for the sake of adopting a third.

ART. XII.—*The Holy Bible, newly translated from the original Hebrew; with Notes critical and explanatory.* By John Bellamy, Author of 'The History of all Religions.' London. 1818.

WE can scarcely conceive an employment of more serious responsibility, than that of translating the Holy Scriptures from their original languages. When we consider that they convey the word of the Most High to man, and unfold those truths which concern his eternal interests, it is of the utmost importance that their meaning should be clearly given, without addition or diminution, without admixture, perversion or corruption, that those who cannot peruse them in the original tongues may be enabled to ascertain their contents with the greatest possible accuracy.

This was forcibly felt by the government in the reign of James the First, when our present authorized version was made with every human provision for accuracy and general excellence. The work, which was then produced by the joint labour of the
most

most learned men in the kingdom, with the greatest care and deliberation, and with the advantage of all the aids that could be supplied by any authority, ancient or modern, has justly been deemed, (in the words of Dr. Gray,) 'equally remarkable for the general fidelity of its construction and the magnificent simplicity of its language.'

But, while it has been thus admired for its general excellencies, it has never been contended that it is a perfect work, or that there are no particular passages susceptible of improvement. Notwithstanding the clearness of the language of Scripture on the more essential points, it is admitted that, occasionally, in the poetical parts especially, texts occur of difficult construction, the elucidation of which has employed with various success the labours of the learned. In rendering these, the translators gave that sense which, on the whole, they deemed to be the best, not that which should be so clear and decided as to unite the opinion of every biblical critic in its favour.

But, independently of the passages, where the difficulty of the construction has produced diversity of opinion as to the sense, and of a few others perhaps in which the translators, as human beings, have erred in judgment; considerable advancement has been made, since the period of the translation, in the criticism of the Bible; the knowledge of the original languages has been in some instances improved; particular texts have been illustrated by the successful labours of the learned:—to which may be added, that the natural flux of our language has rendered some expressions less appropriate, and less easily understood than when the translation was first made.

It can never, therefore, be supposed that the fact of our possessing a translation so excellent on the whole can render unnecessary the labours of those learned persons, who attempt improvements, whether their object be to give a correcter meaning in particular passages, or to alter for the better the general course and character of the style. Of the many attempts of this description, some have proceeded from incompetent and injudicious persons, and have speedily sunk into oblivion. Others have been the matured fruits of the industry, learning, and talents of such men as Lowth, Blayney, Horsley, and Newcome, men, whose qualifications for the work were undoubted. That these and other sound scholars have materially assisted the cause, and produced many valuable elucidations of particular passages, is gratefully acknowledged by all who are acquainted with their works. Yet, with all the respect which we feel for their labours, we venture to express a doubt whether any new translation of even a single book of Scripture has appeared since the publication of the authorized version, which, taken as a whole, has come up to its standard, either for the general fidelity and correctness

rectness with which it conveys the sense of the original, or the dignity, simplicity, and propriety of the language in which that sense is conveyed.

The person, whose work is now before us, Mr. John Bellamy, some time ago issued proposals for publishing 'a new Translation of the Holy Bible.' We confess that, from the first, we augured no good from them. We scarcely knew Mr. Bellamy by name; we could meet with no one who knew much more of him; and the only proof of his competence, was presumed to be afforded by what appeared to us a series of wild unmeaning trash, but which he himself dignified with the name of 'Hebrew Criticisms,' published in a periodical Journal which passes through few hands. Nor did it appear to us that the bold design of newly translating the whole Bible, instead of trying his strength on some single portion of it, implied that he took a just measure either of his own powers or of the nature of the work in which he had engaged. But, on reading his proposals, we found insinuations and assertions respecting modern translations, which convinced us that he is apt to make them at hazard. We found, too, several specimens of his new translation printed in parallel columns, with the corresponding texts of the received version. These specimens perfectly astonished us; it seemed impossible that they could proceed from a person possessed in any tolerable degree of the qualifications requisite for a translator of the Bible, and we began to fear that his work might eventually prove worse than useless; that it might have a very mischievous tendency, as far as its influence should reach, in shaking the confidence of the unlearned in the certainty of those interpretations of the Hebrew Scriptures, which have hitherto, and with the greatest justice, been universally received.

Mr. Bellamy, however, was encouraged to proceed by a list of subscribers, not large indeed, but containing some illustrious and dignified names. He even obtained permission to dedicate his translation to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. He obtained also the subscriptions of some learned and respected dignitaries of the church. In regard to the latter, it is gratifying to see them on general occasions extending their patronage for the encouragement of sacred learning; but we confess that, in the present instance, we felt some regret that names, which deservedly carry weight on such a subject with the public, should be found recommending a work of this nature, from a person whose competence to the office which he had undertaken was unknown.

The first part of Mr. Bellamy's 'new translation of the Holy Bible,'* containing his introduction and the book of Genesis, has
confirmed

* The title-page to this work is inaccurate. It is called 'the Holy Bible newly translated'

confirmed our worst anticipations. We find him to be a person whose arrogance, presumption, and contempt of others are perfectly intolerable, who proceeds in a rash and wild spirit of innovation, setting aside, on the authority of his own assertion, the decisions of the learned and the wise, and hazarding statements of the most intrepid kind, on the slenderest foundations. His knowledge of the Hebrew consists in little more than a common acquaintance with the meaning of the roots, and the more ordinary and obvious rules of grammar, not of the peculiarities of idiom, and the niceties of construction: he is, besides, totally destitute of judgment. Generally speaking, when a person proposes to give a new translation of the Bible, or of any other well known book, we are prepared to expect that the most he will endeavour to accomplish will be, to express the received meaning of the original with greater closeness or propriety, and, where the construction is difficult, to bring out the sense with greater clearness. Not so Mr. Bellamy; he pretends not, in the ordinary meaning of the word, to give a new translation, but to make new and unheard of discoveries of the sense; and this, in plain historical passages, where the meaning and construction of the words have hitherto been deemed as little subject to doubt, as in any sentence that was ever written in any language.

Before we examine the manner in which he arrives at these discoveries, we intreat the reader to reflect for a moment how the probabilities stand, on the first view of such a proceeding. That part of the Bible which we are now considering is the oldest composition in the world; and has been always revered by Jews and Christians, as proceeding from a person inspired by God, and conveying the records of his dispensations to his creature. To say that as much pains have been bestowed on the discovery and elucidation of the meaning of this and the Bible at large as were ever bestowed on the most admired writings of classical authors, is to put the matter on too low a ground. The feeling of the high importance of the sacred book, and the reverence with which it has been viewed, have caused it to be sifted and examined with far more scrupulous diligence. Every phrase has been the subject of painful investigation; whole treatises have been composed on single passages; the principles of its grammar and construction have been carefully explored; translations have been made not only in modern times, but when a dialect of the Hebrew language was vernacular, and carefully handed down for our use; and concordances have been formed of every individual word. In short, all human means have been employed in the development of the true sense of Scripture. And will it be be-

translated from the original Hebrew.' Now the term Holy Bible includes the Old and New Testaments, and, as only the Old Testament is written in Hebrew, it is only that part of the Holy Bible which can be 'translated from the original Hebrew.'

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lieved, after all this, that, in plain historical passages, where there is no doubt about the integrity of the text as to a single letter affecting the sense, and where the language has hitherto been deemed so clear that no suspicion even of a doubt has been hinted—will it be believed that in such passages, every person, ancient or modern, Jew or Christian, has hitherto been grossly mistaken, and that the day on which Mr. John Bellamy published his new translation was the first on which the true meaning was unfolded to the understandings of mankind!

But we have not even yet come to the worst part of Mr. Bellamy's proceedings. In his notes on many of those passages which, as he pretends, have been hitherto understood in a sense at variance with the original, he eagerly dwells 'on the absurdity and inconsistency of the received sense,' and retails at full length the objections which have been advanced by the most notorious infidel writers, as Chubb, Morgan, Tindal, Sir William Drummond, &c.; objections which have been refuted over and over, but which, as if with the most determined purpose of mischief, he repeats in the most offensive language. Thus, (Introduction, p. xiii.) he says, 'No one can possibly silence the arguments which objectors have advanced against the common translations of the Bible.' Again;—'As long as such objectionable passages are permitted to *disgrace the pages* of the sacred volume, if men were to preach with the language of angels, arguments, however reasonable for the defence of the Scriptures, cannot possibly produce any ultimate good.' At Gen. vi. 6. after bringing together all the impious trash that has ever been written about repentance being ascribed to the all-perfect God, he says, 'Surely it is a reproach to all the Christian nations to see the errors of the early ages still retained in the sacred pages.' At Gen. xi. 1. after a similar collection of the objections advanced by the most malicious unbelievers, he says, 'The received view of this subject as it now *unfortunately stands* in all the translations, operates against the religion of the Bible. The most strenuous advocates of the sacred volume *can neither comprehend nor believe it, and it does them credit*, because it is not contained in the original: while, on the other hand, it is one of those objections which render the Deist so formidable in his arguments against the Scriptures.' And at Gen. xxii. he bursts forth into language more outrageous than we ever met with among the bitterest effusions of the most envenomed infidel. 'Every individual must necessarily feel here *that disgust which is impossible for all the powers of language to describe*;' 'when we consider what is stated, one of the most *astomishing considerations* is, that the Scriptures during this long period have been preserved from oblivion, and have been deemed sacred in the eyes of Europe to the present day.'

Language

Language like this naturally leads to a suspicion, that the writer is secretly endeavouring to serve the cause of infidelity, and to undermine as much as possible the credit of the Bible. On this subject, we leave others to form their own opinions; and when we have said that, in other passages, as far as outward professions go, he appears to be a believer in its divine original, and anxious to preserve its credit, we shall quit all general observations on the nature and tendency of his work, and descend to particulars.

The eagerness of Mr. Bellamy to lower the credit of all existing translations, and to make way for the reception of his own, is so great, that he does not wait to insert passages to this effect in the body of his work, but prints them on the cover, so that those who do not even open his book, may yet enjoy the benefit of having their confidence in the correctness of the authorized version shaken. In his address on the cover, he says, '*It may be necessary* to inform the public that no translation has been made from the original Hebrew, since the 128th year of Christ. In the fourth century, Jerome made his Latin version from this Greek translation; from which came the Latin Vulgate, and from the Latin Vulgate all the European translations have been made, thereby perpetuating all the errors of the first translators.'

'*Necessary* to inform the public!' In what sense he uses the word he does not explain, and we are left to conjecture whether he feels himself impelled by a physical or moral necessity to take this step; but, in no sense can it be necessary to inform the public of what is completely and absolutely false. And no assertion can be more palpably untrue than that the Bible has never been translated from the original Hebrew since the time of Aquila, who is the person alluded to, we conceive, as having translated it about the 128th year of Christ. To specify a few only—there were the Greek translations of Symmachus and Theodotion, made within a century after that of Aquila; of Latin translations there was that of Jerome, not made, as Mr. Bellamy states, from this Greek translation, but from the original Hebrew; in more modern times that of Sanctus Pagninus, made from the Hebrew, under Leo X. and afterwards revised by Arius Montanus; that of Sebastian Munster, in 1534-5, of which Father Simon says, that of all modern translations, it best expresses the sense of the Hebrew text; and Dupin, that it is 'the most literal, and at the same time the most faithful, of any done by protestants.' There is also the version of Junius and Tremellius, published in 1587, expressly called in the title-page, *Biblia sacra, sive Libri Canonici, Latini recens ex Hebræo facti*. So much for Mr. Bellamy's first assertion!

Again; he informs his readers that, 'in the fourth century, Jerome made his Latin version from this Greek translation.' To
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prove the falsehood of this, we can produce an authority which the writer, we conceive, very highly values, we mean that of a Mr. John Bellamy; in the Introduction, p. xx. he quotes the very words of Jerome, that 'he was induced to attempt a Latin translation from the Hebrew.' In fact, it is matter of historical record, of which it is most strange that a person who professes to have inquired into these things should be ignorant, that Jerome first employed himself in revising the old Latin version, but, having lost the fruits of his earlier labours by the treachery of a person to whom he entrusted them, he determined to persist no longer in revising an old translation from the Greek, but to make a new translation from the Hebrew. For this, he was well qualified by the study of Hebrew from his earliest youth, having spent many years of his life under the instruction of Jewish doctors in Egypt, at Jerusalem, and at Tiberias, and sparing neither pains nor expense to make himself perfect master of the language. 'Hieronymus, (says Walton, Polygl. proleg. p. 69.) vir acri et fervido ingenio, rem Ecclesiæ utilem se facturum existimabat, si novam versionem ex Hebraico fonte exprimeret, quam ingenti animo et laboribus indefessis tandem perfecit, quæ magis quàm reliquæ cum Hebræo conveniebat et accuratior erat.' Such is the accuracy of Mr. Bellamy's second assertion in this notable passage!

His third, that 'from the Latin Vulgate, all the European translations have been made,' is of equal value with the rest. In Roman Catholic countries, indeed, where the Latin Vulgate is prized beyond its just value, the versions into the vernacular tongues have been chiefly made from this, and not from the original: but the case is far otherwise in protestant countries. All the principal English translations, in particular, have beyond question been made directly from the Hebrew. The Geneva Bible, for instance, translated by English refugees, and first printed in 1557, is described in the title-page as being '*translated according to the Hebrew and Greke*, and conferred with the best translations in divers languages.' In forming Archbishop Parker's Bible, directions were given to the learned men employed, to compare diligently the old translation *with the original text*. It was objected that this translation did not always strictly follow the Hebrew, and in some places was purposely accommodated to the Greek, an objection which fully proves that it pretended to be formed from the Hebrew, otherwise the charge would not have been made. But, as Lewis says in his history of English translations, 'to any one who peruses it with care, this censure will appear to be ill founded.' And that our authorized version was framed from the original languages, was, we believe, never called in doubt by any one before Mr. Bellamy. For the present we shall only remind the reader that the title-page

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of it is, 'The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised.'

In order to further his purpose of exciting impressions in the public mind unfavourable to the accuracy of the received translation, Mr. Bellamy produces, also on the cover, a list of persons who, according to his statement, were of opinion that 'a new translation of the Scriptures was absolutely necessary.' Of the authorities which he quotes, some, as Purver, Wesley, Romaine, will not carry much weight with the public; others, indeed, such as Lowth, Kennicott, Newcome, Blayney, were persons of real learning, to whose judgment great deference will be at all times paid. In thus quoting their opinions, however, Mr. Bellamy has made a representation which is completely false; these persons were amongst the warmest admirers of the authorized version as to its general fidelity, and the propriety and dignity of its language; their opinions merely went to this extent, that advantage might now be taken of the improvements in modern criticism to illustrate the meaning of Scripture, in some obscure passages; that here and there a partial error might be corrected, and better words be occasionally substituted for those which, by the flux of language, had become obsolete or inelegant, or, in some degree, departed from their pristine meaning. By quoting their authority, however, as a sanction for his 'new translation,' he evidently wishes to impress us with the belief that these learned men were of his opinion, namely, that our present version is full of errors, and does not, in the main, convey the true sense of the original. We can well conceive what their astonishment and grief would be if they could know that their words had been produced by Mr. Bellamy to justify representations as far removed from their real opinions as from truth.

But we think it necessary to advert more particularly to some of the assertions of this writer, in disparagement of our present authorized version, and especially to his principal charge that it was not made from the original Hebrew. In his general Preface, p. i. he says, 'As the common translations in the European languages were made from the modern Septuagint and Vulgate; where errors are found in these early versions, they must necessarily be found in all translations made from them.' And after mentioning the number of those concerned in framing the present authorized version, he subjoins, 'But it appears that *they confined themselves to the Septuagint and the Vulgate*, so that this was only *working in the harness of the first translators*, no translation having been made from the original Hebrew only for 1400 years.' At p. xiii. he affirms, that 'the common translations of the Bible are only the Greek and Latin speaking in the European translations.' And at

p. xiv. 'he again reminds the reader, to remember that the present authorized version and all the national versions of Europe were translated from the Latin Vulgate; and thus all the errors made in the early ages of the Christian church have been perpetuated.'

In answer to all this, we aver most distinctly that our authorized version was made, not from any translation either ancient or modern, but directly from the original Hebrew and the Greek. We apprehend that, with every considerate reader, the simple affirmation of the translators themselves to this effect will be amply sufficient. We have alluded already to the title-page of the version. We now add a passage from the preface. 'If,' say they, 'you ask what they had before them, (in framing this translation,) truly it was the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, the Greek of the New! And it will be allowed (we think) that they knew the fact as well as Mr. Bellamy, and are as worthy of belief. But the fact is capable of the most satisfactory proof. If the reader will take the trouble of comparing a few verses, in the 1st chapter of Genesis for instance, of the English version, with the Hebrew, the Greek Septuagint, and the Latin Vulgate, (he may find them in Walton's Polyglott, ranged in parallel columns,) he will at once be convinced, from the agreement of the minuter words and turns of expression, that it was made directly from the Hebrew. For example, at Gen. i. v. 2. the English version has, 'the earth was without form and void.' Here the words of the Greek are Ἡ γῆ ἦν ἀόρατος καὶ ἀκατασκέυαστος, in which the literal sense of the two adjectives is 'invisible' and 'unformed,' agreeing substantially with the original, but not closely expressing it. The Latin is, 'Terra erat inanis et vacua,' where the two adjectives express the sense of 'void,' but not 'without form.' Thus no one translating the Greek or the Latin would have been led to the exact expression which our English version gives. It is only from the original that the expression 'without form and void' is derived, the Hebrew expression חָדָו וְרֵק, bearing exactly this meaning. At the end of the same verse, the English is, 'The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.' The Greek has, πνεῦμα θεοῦ ἐπεφέρετο ἐπάνω τῷ ὕδατος; the Latin, 'Spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquas;' from either of which expressions a translator would give 'the spirit of God moved or was carried upon or above the water.' It is only from the Hebrew that the peculiar expression is obtained 'moved upon the face of the waters,' which is the closest possible rendering of the words על מַנִּי הַמַּיִם. So at v. 3. the English version gives, 'Let there be light,' which is the exact translation of the Hebrew. The Vulgate has, 'Fiat lux,' 'Let light be made,' the same as to sense, but differing in words. This then affords a proof that the English was not translated from the Latin. Again, at v. 6. the English version renders, 'Let

'Let it divide the waters from the waters.' The Hebrew idiom here is peculiar, so that, while the sense is plain, the expression does not admit of exact rendering into English. In this instance, the words of the English version happen to have a close conformity with the Latin Vulgate, but they differ very widely from the Greek, where the expression is, *Ἐστω διαχωρίζον, ἀνὰ μέσον ὕδατος καὶ ὕδατος*—literally, 'Let it be dividing between water and water.' The text therefore proves that the English version was not formed from the Greek, as the other did that it was not formed from the Latin. If the reader proceeds, he will find it manifest, beyond all question, that the general character of the English is to conform closely to the Hebrew in those passages where, the sense in all versions being the same, there is a partial difference in the turn and form of the expression, and that it frequently varies either from the Greek or from the Latin, or from both, so as to afford the clearest proof that it was not made mediately from them but directly from the Hebrew. With all we know of Mr. Bellamy, we feel not a little surprised, that he should have ventured on an assertion, which the slightest examination would wholly disprove.

Another of Mr. Bellamy's methods of disparaging the authorized version is by general insinuations against the competency of the persons employed on it. 'It was well known,' he says, p. ii., 'that there was not a critical Hebrew scholar among them.' Again, 'the translators have left it' (the authorized version) 'defective in mood, tense, person, gender, infinitive, imperative, participles, conjunctions, &c. and in many instances, *almost in every page*, we find verses consisting in a great part of italics, in some, a third part, and in others, nearly half,—so that the meaning of the sacred writer is by these interpolations always obscured, and in many instances perverted.' In another place, he says, 'For the most part, these italics are lamentable corruptions which pervert the sense of the original, make the sacred writer say what he never did say, and which, in things the most important, charge God with commands he never gave.—Had the Hebrew been critically understood by the translators, so as to have translated from it only, there had been no necessity for many of these additions in the text.' p. xi. And he winds up all, with affirming, that 'in a number of instances the modern translations are no better than comments, *which are as opposite to the sense of the original text as error is to truth.*'

Assertions of this nature, however calumnious, as they are not grounded on any particular instances, cannot be fully confuted without a distinct consideration of every text to which they may apply, that is, without going regularly through the Bible. We shall have a few words to say respecting the insertions in italics, before we close this Article. In the mean time, we desire the reader to remem-

ber that no insertion of any kind is made in the English Bible, which did not, in the judgment of the translators, appear necessary to express more clearly and fully the sense of the original Hebrew; yet these are represented by this daring perverter of the truth as interpolations, obscuring the sense, making the text speak what was never intended, and charging God with commands he never gave!

But Mr. Bellamy is not more courteous to the other existing translations; 'since the time of Aquila, A. D. 128, (he says,) I do not find that the translators in any one instance have confined themselves to the Hebrew *only*.' p. x. And he makes it his own peculiar boast that he translates literally from 'the pure Hebrew text *only*.' —p. 2.

From his general manner, we readily comprehend what he means by translating from 'the Hebrew *only*'; namely, that he throws aside the assistance afforded by the best ancient versions, and attends *solely* to the Hebrew text. Now we have no hesitation in saying that, had our translators proceeded in this way, they would have forfeited that reputation for sound judgment and learning, which they have so justly established, and produced a version by no means entitled to that high character which the present bears. Let us recollect a little how the matter stands. The Hebrew, in which the books of the Old Testament are written, has ceased to be the vernacular language of any nation for more than 2000 years; and, what is very different from the case of the Greek and Latin languages, of which abundance is come down to us, both in poetry and prose, we possess in the ancient Hebrew those books only which form the volume of the Old Testament. Under such circumstances, if we had no translations of them, made in times when greater advantages for interpretation were afforded, than we now enjoy, we should frequently be at a loss to ascertain the true sense. Many words and forms of construction occur in these books, some perhaps only once, others not more than two or three times; and if we were left to discover the meaning of them either from the context, or from internal evidence, we should find the task of translating the Scriptures with certainty, often very difficult, and sometimes even impossible. But, providentially, we possess, together with the Hebrew, several valuable versions of great antiquity, which accurately record the meaning of the original as it was understood in those early times, and therefore afford a most important guidance to us in interpreting it at present. We have, in the first place, the Greek version, well known by the name of the Septuagint, which has ever been prized most highly by both Jews and Christians as conveying generally the true interpretation of the Hebrew. This version was made at a time (about B. C. 270) when the language of the Bible had scarcely ceased to be vernacular; for, although the Jews who
returned

returned from the captivity used a mixture of the Hebrew and Chaldee, yet it is probable that some societies of them, who escaped the general captivity by flying into neighbouring countries, still spoke the original language quite or nearly in its purity: or if the language was not at that time any where strictly vernacular, yet it had ceased to be so only for a short period: many writings in it of various descriptions then existed, no doubt, which have since been wholly lost, not to mention grammars, dictionaries, and other assistances for interpretation, remaining from the period when the language was in use. Thus no reasonable doubt can exist that the authors of the Septuagint version possessed the means of making it most faithful to the original. That they really did so make it, is confirmed by the fact of its general reception amongst the Jews from the first, by its being quoted by many early writers who had the best means of ascertaining its fidelity, and by the concurring opinions of all antiquity. But the circumstance which affixes as it were the seal of authority to the accuracy of the Septuagint version is, its being quoted by our Saviour and the inspired writers of the New Testament. We observe that Mr. Bellamy, with a view to his own purposes, strains every nerve to make his readers hold the Septuagint version in contempt, and calls that which we possess, the *spurious* Septuagint. Hard names carry no weight when unsupported by solid arguments; and not a semblance of argument is produced by him to excite the least suspicion that the version now called the Septuagint is materially different from that which has always borne this name. We readily allow indeed that it is not a perfect work: as it is the production of human beings, it contains errors and imperfections; as it has been preserved by human means, it has suffered occasionally by negligence and mistakes of transcribers. But we speak the concurring sentiment of all learned men when we affirm that, taken as a whole, it has come down to us in a state of great purity and perfection; and that we have the highest possible authority for deeming it to convey, in the main, a faithful record of the true sense of the Hebrew Scriptures.

But, in addition to the Septuagint, we possess other important assistances derived from antiquity for the interpretation of the Hebrew. We have the Samaritan version, made, as is thought, before the birth of Christ; the Chaldee Paraphrases, or Targums of Onkelos on the law, and of Jonathan on the prophets, being free translations of the Scriptures, made about the time of Christ; we have the Syriac version, made, according to constant tradition, not long after the time of the Apostles; the Latin Vulgate, formed from St. Jerome's translation from the Hebrew, which was made at the close of the third century. We have also some scattered fragments of three translations of the Old Testament into Greek, all made in

the second century severally by Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, together with versions of less antiquity into eastern and other languages; all these, having been made, more or less, with advantages for the right interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, far greater than any modern translator possesses without their aid, are justly entitled to very great consideration. And a person who professes to translate from 'the Hebrew *only*,' or who, in other words, wholly throws aside the valuable assistance of the ancient translations, proclaims in the outset his utter want of judgment, and tells the public that while he is attempting to execute an important work, he neglects some of the most valuable means of executing it faithfully.

We now proceed to a particular consideration of some of those passages, in which Mr. Bellamy, from his knowledge of the Hebrew, professes to make discoveries of the true meaning of the original, which have escaped the penetration of every former translator. In doing this, we beg to remind the reader that in questions which concern the meaning of words in the dead languages, we cannot, in the nature of things, bring the point at issue to a mathematical demonstration, but must refer it to the common authority and consent of mankind. If, for example, Mr. John Bellamy should think proper in his wisdom to contend that the word *niger* in the Latin language signifies *white*, and not black, as has been universally thought, and should pretend to prove that, in every passage where the word occurs in Latin authors, a much better sense would be made by translating it white, than black, we could never prove to a demonstration that he is wrong: we could only plead the concurring authority of all who have interpreted the word, to shew that it really signifies '*black*,' and that it is used with this sense wherever it occurs.

The first passage to which we shall direct our attention is Gen. ii. v. 21, 22. where it has always been understood, that woman was formed by the Almighty from the side of man. The English translation, agreeing with every known translation, states that, after the Lord God had caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, 'he took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman and brought her unto the man.' A beautiful reason is afforded in the words which follow, for this dispensation of the Creator, that it was designed as a symbol of the close and entire union that should subsist between a man and his wife, who is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and that they two should be 'one flesh.' That the infidel objector may have found matter for his scoffs in this, as in other passages of Scripture, affords not the slightest proof that it is really deserving of ridicule, or that it records any thing inconsistent with reason or with the known perfections of the Deity. But our
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present business is with the fact whether this is or is not the undoubted sense of the original. Mr. Bellamy boldly affirms that it is not. 'A translation' (he says) 'more foreign to the true meaning of the original could not have been given:' and he therefore renders it in this improved manner—

'Then he brought one to his side, whose flesh he had inclosed in her place. Then Jehovah God built the substance of the other, which he took for the man, even a woman: and he brought her to the man.'

Before we proceed, we entreat the reader to pause, and reflect on what is involved in this assertion of Mr. Bellamy's,—nothing less arrogant, in fact, than, that all who have translated the passage before, whether Jews or Christians, have completely mistaken a plain historical passage, and that he is the first person who has discovered its true sense. Nor is this all. The fact of woman having been formed from the side of man has been universally received as matter of belief by Jewish rabbis and by Christian fathers, by all, in short, who have admitted the divine authority of the book of Genesis. But it must have been entirely on the declaration of this passage that such a belief was ever formed. The universality, therefore, of the belief affords the fullest proof of the universal agreement which has prevailed respecting its sense.

In order, however, to shew more fully that all who have had the best advantages for interpretation have agreed as to the meaning of this passage, we think it worth while to produce the rendering of it from the oldest versions. The Septuagint has *Ἐλαβε μίαν τῶν πλευρῶν αὐτῆ καὶ ἀνεπλήρωσε σάρκα ἀντ' αὐτῆς, καὶ ἠκοδόμησεν πλευρὰν ἣν ἔλαβεν ἀπο τῆ Ἀδὰμ εἰς γυναῖκα.* The Targum of Onkelos gives it, literally, according to the Latin words which follow.* 'Et tulit unam de costis ejus, et replevit carne locum ejus—et ædificavit costam quam tulerat de Adam in mulierem.† The Hebræo-Samaritan, *Cepit unam de costis posuitque carnem pro eâ—ædificavit autem costam quam sumpsit ex Adamo, in mulierem.* The Syriac—*Sumpsit unam e costis ejus, et applicavit carnem loco ejus, et condidit costam quam sumpserat ex Adamo in mulierem.* The Arabic—*Extraxit unam costarum ejus, et obturavit locum ejus carne, et fabricavit costam quam acceperat* (here ex Adamo is omitted) *in mulierem.* The Latin Vulgate

* We here quote from Walton's Polyglott bible.

† It is worthy of remark that Mr. Bellamy, whenever it suits his purpose, considers the authority of Onkelos, conclusive for the meaning of Hebrew words. In a note on Genesis iii. 22. after referring to passages in the Targums of Onkelos and Jothan, he says, 'as these two writers are allowed to have been the most eminently learned men among the Jews, and who lived when the Hebrew language was a national language; it is full authority to determine the meaning of the word,' &c. Why then does he ever depart from their authority by rendering passages differently from them? If what he says of their authority is true in one passage, it is true in all.

—Tulit unam de costis ejus, et replevit carnem pro eâ, et ædificavit Dominus Deus costam quam tulerat de Adam in mulierem. In addition to these, we have mentioned already the Greek translations made in the second Christian century, of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, of which some fragments only are preserved; but it so happens that those fragments are sufficient to prove that they rendered the passage precisely in the same sense. The translation of this passage by Theodotion is extant, and he renders it precisely in the same words as the Septuagint. Those of Aquila and Symmachus are lost; but their translation of part of the next verse is preserved, which proves fully how they understood the preceding verses. For, in the expression of the next verse as it stands in our translation, 'therefore she shall be called woman, because she was taken from the man,' they render the latter words, *Ὅτι ἐκ τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀληφθῆν αὐτῇ*, which clearly proves that they collected from the whole passage that woman was formed from man. Thus it appears that while in these ancient versions there was here and there a minute difference as to the words, there is a most complete agreement as to the sense, so as to shew that not the smallest doubt prevailed about the right interpretation at the times when those versions were formed.

But Mr. Bellamy boldly flies in the face of all these authorities, affirms that he understands more of Hebrew than was understood by those concerned in framing former versions, and that he alone can give the true sense where they have all fallen into the grossest errors. Let us see how he proceeds.

The words of the original are ויקח אחת פסלעתי, which is as literally translated, as the words admit, 'and he took one of his ribs;' the words exactly correspond to the Latin words *Et cepit* (or *tulit*) *unam de costis ejus*, and there is as little reason to doubt about the meaning of the Hebrew words as of the Latin. But, says Mr. Bellamy, וקח may be translated 'and he brought.' 'It requires,' he says, 'a word from the same root more consistent with the obvious and rational meaning of the passage: for this word varies in its application, as words vary in all languages.' He then quotes Numb. xxiii. 18. for the signification 'he brought:': 'therefore,' he proceeds, 'this clause will truly read, 'then he brought.' We trust the reader will admire his logic, that because a word in one passage bears a *peculiar* sense, *therefore* it may be used in that sense whenever it occurs: but, in fact, he has made some mistake; for in the only passage (Numb. xxiii. 18.) where he affirms that the word occurs in the sense of 'brought,' it so happens that it does not occur at all. However, whether it be possible or not to adduce any single instance in which the word is rendered in the sense of 'bring,' we are prepared to state most distinctly, on the authority

authority of all Hebraists, that its proper acknowledged sense is *cepit, sumpsit, abstulit*; it corresponds exactly to the Latin *capio*, and we should as soon expect to see *capio*, followed by *a* or *de*, translated 'to bring to,' as לקח followed (as it here is) by the preposition ב translated with that meaning.

The next word חמח is allowed to signify 'one,' 'unam,' in the feminine. The ensuing word סלעתי is manifestly composed of the preposition ס a, ab, de, the plural noun in regimine רלעתי, 'ribs,' and the pronoun masc. post fixed ו 'his,' the whole signifying 'from, or of, his ribs,' corresponding exactly to the Latin 'de costis ejus.' Now, says Mr. Bellamy, in this place only, in all the Scripture, is the word רלע rendered to mean a rib.' This assertion may be true; but then it should be remembered that all Hebraists and translators, ancient and modern, agree that it here *does* signify 'a rib,' and Mr. Bellamy alone thinks that it does not. The root רלע, according to every Hebrew authority, signifies a rib, a side. Buxtorf says, *Costa, synecdochicè latus*, thence the side or chamber of a building, the beam of a building, which is, as it were, its rib; *substructio, trabs substructionis*. As to this sense *all authorities are agreed*, and nothing more can be done than to place these on one side, and Mr. Bellamy's assertion on the other. But he translates the preposition ס before רלעתי, 'to,' instead of 'from,' 'of,' and for so *doing he does not pretend to assign any reason whatsoever*. Now, if there be any thing established in the sense of Hebrew words, it is that ס abbreviated for ס has the general sense 'from,' 'of,' 'out of,' a, ab, de, and that the contrary sense 'to' is as opposed to it as light to darkness. We know not that any idiomatic use can be produced to justify, in a single instance, such a rendering; but if it could, we should hold that it would avail nothing to claim that sense for it in a plain sentence. Just as in the Latin prepositions, *a* and *e*; there may be particular idioms, a *dexterâ* 'on the right hand,' *e contrariâ parte*, 'on the contrary side'; but who in his senses would therefore say that, in passages of plain construction, *a* and *e* may be rendered at pleasure, 'on,' instead of 'from,' 'out of'? We affirm then that, in rendering the words 'he brought one to his side,' Mr. Bellamy not only runs counter to all authorities, but departs from the regular established meaning of the words, insomuch that, if such a plan of proceeding be admitted, there can be no certainty in any language.

The ensuing words ויסגר בשר חתונה, usually rendered 'and closed up the flesh instead thereof,' Mr. Bellamy is pleased to translate, 'whose flesh he had inclosed in her place.' What the sense of this is intended to be we cannot conceive; but that seems to form but a small part of his consideration. We shall only state that there is not a particle of reason given by him for departing from the received

ceived translation; that he renders the verb in the preterpluperfect tense, instead of the perfect, without the slightest authority; and that there is a complete absence of every word in the Hebrew, corresponding to the pronoun relative 'whose,' which he introduces into the translation.

We proceed to the words of the next verse. יבן יהוה אלהים את חוצל אשר לקח מן האדם לאשה, which are rendered in our received version, 'and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman.' The translation would have been more strictly correct, but perfectly the same in sense, in this form: 'and the Lord God formed the rib, which he had taken from the man, into woman.' These Mr. Bellamy thinks proper to translate, 'Thus Jehovah God built the substance of the other, which he took for the man, even a woman.' Now we venture to say that no translation was ever made in any language more manifestly incorrect, or betraying more complete ignorance in the person who made it. The words which he renders, 'he built the substance of the other,' are יבן את חוצל, with the conversive van, 'he formed, made, built,' ædificavit in the Latin. את, which he translates 'the substance of,' is, as we shall have to state hereafter, merely the mark of the accusative case. חוצל, which he renders 'the other,' is the same word which occurred in the preceding verse, signifying 'a rib.' The reason assigned for this strange translation, follows.

'The word חוצל is here rendered the rib, as above, instead of the other, viz. the other one, made like Adam. It is necessary to observe that the word את, which comes before חוצל, is omitted in the common version. חוצל has the ה to be rendered by the article the, viz. the other, meaning Eve.'

This is all that he says on the subject, and this is manifestly no reason at all. In fact the translation of the word rests *entirely* on his own arbitrary assumption, and he might as well translate it a house, a tree, or any thing else. The words which follow, אשר לקח מן האדם Mr. Bellamy renders 'which he took for the man,' instead of 'from the man,' as in every other translation. We have already stated that the preposition מן means 'from,' a, ab, de; for departing from this meaning here he gives the following reason.

'When the word מן refers to, or is connected with a cause, or reason given in the context, it is rendered by *for, because of*. See Zach. viii. 10. "Because of the affliction," viz. because before these days there was no peace:—so in Exod. ii. 23. "By reason of the bondage"—Dan. v. 19. "For"—Jer. vii. 7. "Even for."

To this we answer, 1st, that it rests entirely on Mr. Bellamy's gratuitous assumption as to the word being at all in this passage connected with a cause or reason assigned; no one besides him has ever seen any thing in the words but a simple statement

ment of the fact of the rib having been taken from the man. 2d. He is grossly mistaken in the very sense which he would impose. It is true that, in the passages at Zach. viii. 10. Exod. ii. 23. Dan. v. 19. מִן is rendered 'because of,' 'by reason of,' 'for;' but then it is in a sense in which 'from' may be substituted with perfect indifference; for instance, Zach. viii. 10. 'From, or because of, the affliction'—Exod. ii. 23. 'From, or by reason of, the bondage'—Dan. v. 19. 'From, on account of, for, the majesty which he gave him, all people—feared before him.' This will be completely evident by turning to the passages with their context: and in the fourth text which he produces, Jer. vii. 7. the phrase is completely idiomatic, לִמְן עוֹלָם עַד עוֹלָם. 'From infinite time till infinite time,' rendered, in English phrase, 'for ever and ever.' Indeed, where the Dictionaries refer to the sense of 'propter' for this preposition, the translation might still be 'from'; as in Psal. civ. 7. referred to by Taylor. 'At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.' This may as well be 'from thy rebuke—from the voice,' &c. Indeed this is its stricter meaning, and as such it is given by Pagninus, *Ab increpatione tuâ—A voce tonitru tui*, &c.—So in the Septuag. *Ἀπο επιτιμῆσεως—ἀπο φωνῆς*. On the other hand, as far as we understand Mr. Bellamy's meaning when he translates, 'which he took for the man,' he uses the word 'for' in the sense of 'for the use, the help, the society of the man'—a sense of the word widely differing from that of the passages produced above, and for which, as the sense of the Hebrew מִן, we are convinced that no single text can be produced.

The remaining word, נָשָׂא, he translates 'even a woman;' but he does not pretend to assign even a single reason for departing from the version which all others have given, 'to or into a woman.' 'He made—into a woman,' formavit or ædificavit in mulierem; this is the obvious sense of נָשָׂא preceded by the preposition לְ—a preposition, the use of which in this and similar senses, is one of the distinguishing elegancies of the Hebrew language.

We now leave the reader to his own opinion as to Mr. Bellamy's having proved (as he says) from the original that all the translators have mistaken the true sense of this passage; or rather, (for there can be no room for difference here,) to his own astonishment at the effrontery which, on such grounds, and with such pretensions, has ventured to make so gross a charge against them.

We proceed to the passage immediately following, in which, also, Mr. Bellamy has made a new discovery of the sense. It is said, Gen. ii. v. 25. that Adam and Eve, when first created, were both *naked*, but, in the state of innocence in which they then were, 'were not ashamed.' This is the sense in which the words have been understood by all translators and interpreters, ancient and modern, whose

whose opinion on the passage is recorded. But, says Mr. Bellamy, all this has arisen from a mistake; the word ערום, which has been rendered 'naked,' ought to be rendered 'prudent;' and, accordingly, he translates the passage 'now they were both of them prudent, the man and his wife.' Many insurmountable objections (he says) present themselves to the sense commonly received. As he does not specify them, we shall not trouble ourselves with conjecturing to what he may allude, but shall only observe that we know of none which do not admit of the readiest answer, and that objections ten times greater may be brought against the strange sense which he would impose. 'The lexicon writers, (he says,) and, *from them*, the translators, have placed the word ערום, rendered *naked*, under the root ערה; but *it certainly belongs* to the root ער, from which come the words, *subtil, craft, guile*, and, in a good sense, *wisdom, prudence*.' After producing some instances, in which ערום does bear this sense, he adds 'therefore it must appear that the self-same word *cannot* mean both *naked* and *crafty*.' Now let us observe, in the first place, his expression 'the lexicon writers, and *from them* the translators' have given the word the sense of *naked*; as if this sense had been given in modern times, and as if we did not possess translations made when the Hebrew was nearly vernacular, in which this sense is given. With regard to his assertion, that the word 'certainly belongs to the root ער,' signifying *craft, wisdom*; he allows, indeed, that the lexicon writers, or, in other words, all the most learned Hebraists, place the word under a different root; but then he boldly affirms that they are wrong, as if he thought that his own would bear down every other authority. When, however, he asserts that the same word cannot signify both *crafty* and *naked*, he asserts what is contradicted by evidence, for it happens occasionally in all languages, that the same literal word, being derived from different sources, bears two meanings completely distinct from each other. But that the word before us, ער, with or without the servile ו, does really signify 'naked,' is placed beyond all possible doubt by a number of passages, in which, to substitute the sense of *prudent* or *crafty*, would wholly destroy the meaning. For instance, at Job i. 21. 'Naked (ער) came I out of my mother's womb,' &c. What would be thought of the passage if thus translated, '*Prudent* came I out?' &c. Again, Job xxiv. 7. in the description of the wicked, 'They cause the naked (ער) to lodge without clothing.' Again, v. 10. 'They cause him to go naked (ער) without clothing.' What would be the sense of these passages if *prudent* were substituted for *naked*? Once more: After the command given to Isaiah (xx. 2.) to put off sackcloth from his loins, &c., it is added, 'and he did so, walking naked (ער) and without shoes.' It were endless to recite passages of this description, in which the un-

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doubted sense of the word is 'naked,' and in which it would be in contradiction to all sense, as well as in opposition to all authority, to give it the sense of *prudent*, which Mr. Bellamy has the confidence to say it can only bear.

Our next instance of Mr. Bellamy's new discoveries occurs at Gen. vi. 6. The words of the original are וינחם ייחזקאל כי עשה את האדם בארץ ויתעצב אל לבו; thus translated in our received version, 'And it repented the Lord that he had made man, on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.' Mr. Bellamy contends that the sense is totally mistaken, and he translates the passage, 'Yet Jehovah was satisfied that he had made man on the earth: notwithstanding he idolized himself at his heart.'

In pretending to shew the error of the received sense he thinks proper to state as follows:

'This part of the history has been for ages resorted to by the enemies of revelation to prove that the Hebrew lawgiver did not write by inspiration, because it must be allowed that repentance cannot be applied to God; he who is all perfection cannot do any thing to repent of.'

Mr. Bellamy is perfectly right in saying that the enemies of revelation have endeavoured to throw discredit on the Bible, from the circumstance of repentance, and other human feelings, appearing to be ascribed to the Deity. But all such objections have been refuted over and over, by explaining that the imperfections of language require that the great Spiritual Being should be spoken of in terms derived from earthly objects. No reflecting person ever supposes that when He is said to be angry, to awake to vengeance, to be grieved at the heart, to stretch forth his arm, to see, to hear, &c. He really consists of bodily parts, or is subject to human passions. The human parts and properties which are ascribed to him are merely used as symbols to express his power, omniscience, &c.; and He is said to feel human passions when his actions bear a resemblance to those of human beings when actuated by those passions. Thus the *anger* and *grief* of the Deity signify the displeasure due to sin and disobedience; his *vengeance*, the execution of those judgments which he has denounced against them. In a similar manner, when he is said to have *repented*, it is not meant in a human sense that he felt sorrow for what he had done, but only that he changed his outward conduct towards men, in consequence of their altered behaviour towards him, just as men are wont to do when they are actuated by a feeling of sorrow or repentance for what they have done. But after all, how does Mr. Bellamy's translation get rid of the objection? He translates 'Jehovah was satisfied that he had made man on the earth.' Now, in a *literal* sense, to attribute *satisfaction* to the Deity, is as inconsistent with

with the perfection of his nature as to ascribe to him any other human passion or feeling.

But to proceed to Mr. Bellamy's *proof* of error. Let it be remembered that in support of the received sense, there is the same concurrence of all authorities, ancient and modern, which we alleged in the former instance; that the Septuagint version, the Syriac, the Targum, the Samaritan, the Arabic, the Vulgate, besides every known commentator and interpreter, ancient and modern, are all in perfect agreement, all directly opposed to Mr. Bellamy. He makes an objection to the expressions 'it repented the Lord'—'it grieved him,' of which no schoolboy of a tolerable understanding would have been guilty. 'There certainly is no word (he says) in the original for the neuter pronoun *it*; with regard to the expression, 'it grieved him,' 'a second error,' he adds, 'is made, viz. the introduction of the pronoun of the third person, *him*, for which there is no authority in the Hebrew.' He is so profoundly ignorant of the plainest forms of speech as not to know that the impersonal expression, 'it repented the Lord'—'it grieved him,' is merely another mode of saying 'the Lord repented'—'he grieved or was grieved.' There are two words (he continues) in this verse which have been misunderstood and misapplied by the translators. The one נָחַם, which, according to him, never bears the sense of *repent*; the other נָחַם, which does not bear that of *grieve*. In regard to the first he quietly allows that there occur, at least, sixty passages in the Bible in which the word is rendered in the sense of *repent* by our translators—he might have added, by all translators, ancient and modern; and we apprehend that this alone is *conclusive* as to its properly bearing this sense. But he spends much time in going through all these texts, and attempting to shew that, in each, the word *comfort* should be substituted for *repent*. We need not say that his labour is altogether unsuccessful, unless indeed the success he aims at be to discredit the Bible, by making it unintelligible. For instance, 1 Sam. xv. 29. 'The strength of Israel will not lie nor *repent*.' How absurd must it be to say—'The strength of Israel will not lie nor *be comforted*?' Or, Job xlii. 6. 'I abhor myself and *repent* in dust and ashes.'—'I am *comforted* in dust and ashes!' Or, lastly, Jer. xviii. 8. 'If that nation—turn from their evil, I will *repent* of the evil that I thought to do unto them.'—'I will be comforted of, or concerning, the evil?' &c. The case will be precisely similar in almost every one of the texts in which he would substitute *comfort* instead of *repent*, as the sense of נָחַם. In fact his assertion that this word never bears the sense of *repent*, is contradicted by such proof, and such a mass of authority, that, even after all we have seen of Mr. Bellamy, we are really astonished at his having the hardihood to hazard it.

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The second word, which Mr. Bellamy affirms to have been wholly misunderstood, is *יחזעב*, usually translated 'He grieved himself,' but which, as he maintains, signifies 'he idolized himself.' He might as well have assumed any other meaning. According to all the highest authorities, the root *עצב* signifies simply 'to grieve;' in Hiphil, 'to cause to grieve, dolore afficere;' and in Hithpael, (the form in which it here occurs) 'to grieve within oneself,' *dolore se afficere, dolere apud se*, as Simonis expresses it. *עצב*, as a noun, in a sense derived from the former, signifies also 'an idol,' quia, as Castelli says, *molestiam affert cultoribus*; and thence the verb in Hiphil sometimes signifies 'to worship an idol;' but to give the word in Hithpael the sense of 'to idolize oneself,' (by which, we suppose, he means 'unduly to extol oneself,') is not only to oppose decidedly every known authority, but to claim a sense connected only in appearance with any of those which the root is allowed to bear. Mr. Bellamy, however, is a contemner of all ordinary authorities; we will therefore bring against him one which we know to be paramount with him; we mean, that of Mr. John Bellamy. The word *עצב* occurs in Hithpael only once in the Bible, besides in the passage before us, viz. at Gen. xxxiv. 7.; and there he translates it in the very sense which, in the present text, he rejects as improper. 'The sons of Jacob came from the field—and the men grieved themselves (*יחזעבו*).' Either Mr. Bellamy is right in rejecting the received sense of the word, or he is wrong. If right, why does he not reject it uniformly? If wrong, why does he reject it at all? What can be considered certain in language, if such arbitrary assumptions are allowed? and, above all, what is to be thought of a man who thus adopts in one page what he rejects as inadmissible in another?

We have, perhaps, said enough of Mr. Bellamy's new discoveries respecting the meaning of Scripture. At the risk, however, of being tedious, we will advert, as briefly as we can, to another instance. It is a received part of scriptural history, Gen. xxii. 2. that the Almighty proved the faith and obedience of the patriarch Abraham by commanding him to sacrifice the child of his hopes; that the patriarch prepared to obey the divine command, and that, in consequence of his ready obedience, the great promise was made to him, that in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed. Mr. Bellamy discovers that it is a grievous mistake to suppose that God commanded him to offer up his son, and affirms that 'this is one of the most unaccountable things in the sacred history, as it stands in the vulgar versions.' Is it possible, he asks, that the all-perfect Being would require Abraham to put his son to death in direct opposition to His own commands respecting human sacrifice? The answer to this is obvious, that the Deity did not intend the command to be executed, and that His whole design was

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to prove the faith and obedience of the patriarch, which *proof* could not be afforded better than by a command against which all his feelings most strongly revolted. In support, however, of this objection to the received sense, Mr. Bellamy contends that the words should be thus rendered, 'Take now thy son—to the land of Moriah: and cause him to ascend there concerning the offering, upon one of the mountains which I shall mention to thee;' instead of the usual translation, 'Offer him up for a burnt offering,' &c.

Now, let us consider with what palpable inconsistencies this new interpretation invests the whole narration. It is first stated (v. 1.) that God tempted or proved Abraham, which manifestly implies that some signal trial of his obedience was to follow; then, according to Mr. Bellamy, there merely ensues a command of the plainest kind, and one which involves no trial, viz. to go with his son, and offer sacrifice on a particular mountain. Abraham, however, *contrary to the divine command*, (still according to Mr. Bellamy's interpretation,) prepares to sacrifice Isaac; the Deity approves of his conduct in so doing, and says 'because thou hast not withheld thine only son, surely blessing I will bless thee,' &c. The mere comparison of such a mass of absurdity with the plain narrative of the received versions, must convince every reader that the one cannot but be right, the other wrong.

To come, however, to the words themselves *ועלה שם לעלה*. The root *עלה* signifies generally 'to ascend.' Hence *עלה* 'a burnt offering' from the ascent of the smoke, and *ועלה לעלה* 'to cause to ascend (or to offer) for a burnt-offering.' But, says Mr. Bellamy, *לעלה* means 'concerning a burnt-offering.' To this we answer that to give the preposition *ל* the sense of 'concerning' is very unusual, if at all admissible; and that every allowed principle of interpretation requires that words in plain passages should be taken in their ordinary sense. We answer further that we can produce a competent authority,—no less, in fact, than his own, to convince him that the received translation is right. For, in the same chapter, the very same words occur; and how does he translate them? not according to his new discovery, but exactly as they have always been rendered by others, and as they are rendered in our received version. Abraham found a ram fastened in a thicket by the horns and, as Mr. Bellamy translates, 'he went and took the ram (*ועלה*) and offered him for a burnt offering instead of his son.' We have thus another unequivocal proof that Mr. Bellamy does not himself believe what he asserts respecting the error of the received translation; for, within the space of eleven verses, he adopts that as right, which he had before condemned as wrong.

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with further details. We shall only add therefore that, in every instance where Mr. Bellamy has

has pretended to discover a sense of plain historical passages unknown to former translators, the effrontery of his attempt is fully equalled by the ignorance, inconsistency and incapacity which he displays in carrying it into effect.

We now proceed to take a short view of his success in clothing the meaning of the original in an English dress, in those parts where he allows the sense to be the same as has been always understood. His pretension, we have seen, is to give a *close* translation of the Hebrew: the consequence is that, while he uses English words, he makes no accommodation whatever to English idiom; and has, therefore, for the most part, produced strings of words, which scarcely deserve to be called English sentences. He has had predecessors in this way; among others, Henry Ainsworth, who, about the year 1639, published a version of the five books of Moses, the Psalms, &c. on a plan which he calls making Scripture its own interpreter, where, professing to render the Hebrew into English, word for word, he produces a version of so harsh and uncouth a description, that Lewis, in his history of English Translations, (p. 353.) after giving a specimen, asks whether it can be believed that Ainsworth was an Englishman and understood his own language! The case is precisely the same with Mr. Bellamy.

Gen. ii. 3, 4, 5. 'Therefore God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because, before it, he ceased from all his work; for God created, to generate. These are the generations of the heaven and the earth, when he created them: on the day Jehovah finished, earth and heaven. Even every plant of the field, before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for Jehovah God had not caused rain on the earth; moreover, nor a man, to till the ground.'

Gen. ii. 23, 24. 'And the man said; Thus this time, bone after my bone; also flesh after my flesh; for this he shall call woman; because she was received by the man. Therefore a man will leave, even his father, and his mother: for he will unite with his wife; and they shall be, for one flesh.'

In such passages as these (and we could produce them from every page) it would be often impossible for the English reader to comprehend the meaning of the original, unless he had the authorized version at hand to *interpret* that of Mr. Bellamy. How infinitely inferior is a translation of this hard and dry nature, to that in use, where there is such an accommodation to the native idiom as to make the language easy and intelligible, and yet no essential departure from the original! But, independently of the general uncouthness of this absurd attempt to preserve the Hebrew idiom, Mr. Bellamy's translation abounds with inconsistencies, improprieties, and alterations of the words of the authorized version manifestly for the worse. We will produce a few passages from the first chapter of Genesis, as specimens of the whole.

V. 1. 'In the beginning God created the substance of the heaven and the substance of the earth.' '*The substance of*' Mr. Bellamy conceives, he says, to be the meaning of the word *אֶת* which precedes *הַשָּׁמַיִם* and *הָאָרֶץ*, 'the heavens and the earth.' Now it is the opinion of Hebraists of the first authority that *אֶת* preceding a noun, after an active verb, is merely the mark of the accusative case. It is true that Parkhurst considers *אֶת* to mean 'the very substance of a thing,' 'the,' 'the very;' but, allowing him to be right, the proper translation would be 'the very heaven and the very earth,' *ipsam cœlum et ipsam terram*; not 'the substance of the heaven and the earth,' an expression, from which would naturally be understood, not that the heaven and earth were created, but that the substance was created from which the heaven and the earth were afterwards formed. But let it be granted that Mr. Bellamy is right in his translation of this passage. We conceive no position will be more generally allowed than that the same word, when similarly applied in different passages, should be rendered in the same sense. Now what is the fact? The word, *אֶת*, occurs similarly applied in this very chapter more than a dozen times; and in no one instance, excepting this of v. 1. does he translate it 'the substance of,' or give it any peculiar force. Thus at v. 4. he does not say 'God saw that *the substance of the light* was good,' but 'God saw that the light was good.' At v. 7. 'God made *the expanse*;' at v. 16. 'God made *the two great lights*,' &c. Mr. Bellamy must either be right in the sense he contends for of the word *אֶת*, or he must be wrong. If wrong, why does he express it at v. 1.? If right, why does he omit to express it in all the other passages?

V. 3. 'Then God said, Be light.' Mr. Bellamy finds fault with the expression of the received translation, 'Let there be light,' because, there is no authority for the word 'let' in the original, and because, as implying permission, it is not applicable to the Creator. We have seldom met with a remark founded on more consummate ignorance. He does not seem to know that the word 'let' is auxiliary in the form of the third person imperative in English, and that 'Be it' and 'let it be' are forms of expression perfectly synonymous, permission being no more implied in the one than in the other.

V. 5. 'So the evening and the morning were the first day.' The literal translation of the Hebrew is, 'The evening was, and the morning was, the first day.' As he professes to translate with extreme closeness, why has he deserted his principle here?

V. 6. 'Be there a division between the waters, &c.' The word which he translates 'a division' is *מְבָרֵל*, which is manifestly the participle *benoni* in Hiphil from *בָּרַל* to divide; and the literal rendering

rendering is, 'Be it (or let it be) dividing; or causing to divide, between the waters, &c.' This is most properly expressed by our translators, 'Let it divide.' Mr. Bellamy evidently, from sheer ignorance of Hebrew, mistakes מְבַרֵךְ for a noun substantive.

V. 10. 'The *conflux* of the waters.' The rendering of our translators 'the gathering together of the waters,' is much more simple and agreeable to the original.

V. 11. 'The earth shall *germinate* grass.' To say nothing of Mr. Bellamy's not knowing a neuter verb from an active, how much more simple is our version, the earth shall 'bring forth grass'!

'Fruit yielding fruit after his kind, *with its seed in it*. In the last words is a positive error, for he has wholly omitted the relative pronoun אֲשֶׁר in the expression אֲשֶׁר זָרַענוּ בוֹ. Our version rightly expresses it, 'Whose seed is in it or in itself.' Mr. Bellamy has made a similar mistake at v. 12.

V. 14. 'Thus they shall *endure* for signs.' The Hebrew word is a form of the verb חָיָה 'to be'; which he translates, indeed, in all the contiguous verses, in the sense of 'to be'; but which he thinks proper in this place to render 'endure.' This, instead of close translation, is more loose than could possibly be approved, even in one who did not make a peculiar boast of giving a close translation.

V. 17. 'Then God *arranged* them.' Our translators, far more elegantly, 'God set them.'

'For the light upon the earth.' Here Mr. Bellamy shews his utter ignorance of the plainest principles of Hebrew. The word which he renders 'for the light' is לְהָאֵיר, which he evidently supposes to be a noun substantive אֵיר light, with ל 'for' and ה 'the' prefixed. It happens, however, that there is no such substantive as אֵיר, signifying light in the Hebrew language. The word, in fact, is a verb, regularly formed in the infinitive in Hiphil, and signifying 'to give or cause light,' as our translators correctly render it.

V. 20. 'The water shall bring forth abundantly *the soul of life*.' Had Mr. Bellamy endeavoured to translate the verse into nonsense, he could not have succeeded better than he has done. The words נֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה, which he renders 'the soul of life,' evidently mean 'the living creature,' the creature, or the 'moving creature that hath life,' as our translation gives it.

V. 31. 'Thus God *provided* for all that he had made.' Here is a needless departure from the original; which simply says 'God saw all that he had made.'

From these examples, all occurring in a single chapter, our readers

ders will be sufficiently enabled to appreciate Mr. Bellamy's pretensions to an *improved* translation of the Bible. In a former passage, we alluded to his assertions respecting the words inserted in italic, as interpolations which obscure the sense, make the Bible speak what it never did speak, &c. As this is a matter of some importance, we will trace these italics through a considerable part of the first chapter of Genesis; it will then appear that Mr. Bellamy himself has for the most part inserted the very same words which the authorized translators have done, although, far inferior to them in accuracy, he has often omitted to mark them as insertions; and, in some instances, where he has not made them, left the sense in perfect obscurity.

Gen. i. 2. Engl. Transl. 'Darkness *was* upon the face of the deep.'

Here Mr. Bellamy inserts the word *was* as necessary to the sense, but does *not* mark it as such by Italics.

V. 4. 10. 12. 18. 21. 25. 31. E. T. 'God saw—that *it was* good.'

In all these passages, the original stands 'God saw כי טוב 'that good.' It was obviously necessary to express this Hebrew idiom by the insertion of the words 'it was:' and Mr. Bellamy finds it necessary to make precisely the same insertions. At v. 4, he inserts the word 'was,' 'that the light was good;' and, in all the other verses, he inserts, as the authorized translators have done, 'it was:' but, with a carelessness which is quite inconceivable, he has marked only two out of the seven instances in italics. As the expression in all the cases is precisely the same, there is not a particle of reason for this distinction: we attribute it, in fact, to positive carelessness. But, we must again ask, is this the man to tax others with carelessness? and to *improve* upon the authorized version?

V. 7. E. T. 'Waters which *were* under the firmament—waters which *were* above, &c.' Here Mr. Bellamy inserts *were* in each case, as our translators do, and marks it in italics.

V. 29. E. T. 'Every herb—which *is* upon the face.' 'Every tree in the which *is* the fruit.' The word in italics is inserted to make the sense clear in both these clauses. Mr. Bellamy makes the same insertions, but does *not* mark them in italics.

V. 30. E. T. 'Wherein *there is* life.' Mr. Bellamy inserts the verb in the same manner as our translators, and in this case, differing from the last, he does notice it in italics.

There remain two instances in which our translators have made insertions of more importance, and which, as will be seen, are clearly necessary to prevent ambiguity. The first is at v. 16. 'And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night: *he made* the stars also.' Here the words *he made* are obviously inserted to preclude the ambiguity which

which would exist without them, since it might appear that the verb 'to rule' governed 'the stars, as well as 'the night;' 'to rule the night; the stars also.' Now, as the meaning of the original is clear, and it was the purpose of the translators to convey the meaning to the English reader, we consider their insertion of these words as a proof of the judgment with which they proceeded. But, if this could admit of a doubt, Mr. Bellamy's translation will be sufficient to prove the point. It stands thus, 'God made two great lights—the lesser light, to rule the night; also the stars.' Here that ambiguity is most apparent, which it was the object of our translators to remove. The second instance is of a similar description. v. 29. God says, 'Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed,' &c. then, after several intervening clauses, at v. 30. '*I have given every green herb for meat.*' Here, in consequence of the distance of the verb 'I have given,' v. 29. from the words which it governs, 'every green herb,' the translators have not left it to be understood, but have most properly supplied it for the sake of clearness. Mr. Bellamy, on the contrary, has not supplied it, and has left the sense perfectly unintelligible; for he has placed a full stop at the end of v. 29: and rendered 30 as follows—'And to every beast of the earth, also to every bird of the heaven, yea to all moving on the earth, in which is the soul of life; even every herb, for food: and it was so.' So much for Mr. Bellamy's insinuations respecting the insertions in *italic*!

But Mr. Bellamy particularly plumes himself on his attention to punctuation.

'I have paid,' he says, (Introd. p. xi.) 'particular attention to the punctuation. In the common version, we frequently find it so neglected that the first proposition is made to run into the second, and the second into the third, by which the true sense is not known. I have therefore closely adhered to the Hebrew punctuation, which will be found to add great light to numbers of passages hitherto obscure.'

We will give a few specimens of his skill in this department. The following passages are pointed exactly as they appear in his book.

'Gen. 1. i. In the beginning God created, the substance of the heaven.

4. And God saw, that the light, was good: thus God divided, the light, from the darkness.

10. And God called, the dry land, earth.

ii. 10. And a river went forth from Eden; to water the garden: which from thence divided; and became, four heads.'

These specimens (and similar ones pervade the whole work) are sufficient to shew the valuable fruits of Mr. Bellamy's particular attention to this part of grammar. We know not that, in any book

of any kind, we ever saw a system of punctuation so decidedly absurd. We have been accustomed to suppose that the stops should be so placed as to guide the eye to a clear view of the meaning of a sentence: Mr. Bellamy's *rule* seems to be quite the reverse, if he act by any rule; viz. to place them so as to confuse and obscure the sense in every possible way. Here are nominatives disjoined from the verbs with which they agree, verbs disjoined from the accusatives which follow them, clauses broken in the most portentous manner without the slightest reason. We beg our readers not to believe that he has followed, as he asserts, the Hebrew punctuation. His system, we can confidently assure them, is entirely *his own*; and when he states that he has 'adhered to that of the Hebrew,' he only shews that his knowledge of Hebrew punctuation is on a par with his knowledge of the meaning of Hebrew words. He imputes neglect on this head to our translators; we can only say that they have succeeded infinitely better by *neglecting* the subject than he has by paying it *particular attention*.

We had intended a few remarks on some of Mr. Bellamy's notes, but our decreasing limits warn us to contract our plan. We shall therefore only observe that they are for the most part full of positive assertions without proofs, and written in a style which clearly evinces that the writer holds in sovereign contempt every opinion but his own: he is besides so rambling and desultory that we have not always the advantage of duly appreciating his arguments, because it is impossible to understand them. In his very first note on Gen. i. 1. for instance, he enters into a long discussion to prove that *no* plurality is implied under the word Elohim.

'The manifest error made by those who have pleaded for the plurality of Elohyim, God, is that they have not observed the distinction between polytheism and personality. By polytheism must necessarily be understood a plurality of gods; but by personality, consistently with the obvious meaning of the word, no such an idea as a plurality of gods can be formed in the mind. This error has been confirmed by the very improper understanding and customary application of the Latin word *persona*.'

He then proceeds to state that, when the Latin was a living language, the word *persona* meant a character or office; 'but has so far degenerated into tangible materiality, that, instead of its being used as it was anciently, it is applied to mean the material body of man.' We hope the reader comprehends it. Mr. Bellamy, however, does not wait for this, but rapidly starts off to a discussion of the antiquity of the Hebrew language and its connexion with the Arabic; which has just as much to do with the immediate subject of the note as a dissertation on the north pole. At Gen. ii. and iii. he considers the scriptural accounts of the temptation and of the fall

as allegorical, an opinion which has been often maintained. It will not be suspected that he produces any new arguments in favour of it, or that he presents those on which he rests in a very striking or intelligible form; at the same time, he takes especial care to place in the foreground the stale objections of infidelity to the received meaning. On a former occasion* we were led to notice these arguments, when they were pursued to a much greater length than they now are. We do not hear that the disciples of this school are on the increase; and therefore we shall not trouble our readers or ourselves by engaging in the discussion.

On Abraham's temptation, Mr. Bellamy observes—

‘It appears by the common version that all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, *because Abraham had hearkened to the voice of God*. But, as this is contrary both to Scripture and reason, it will also appear plain that the translation of this clause is not consistent with the original. We cannot hesitate in concluding that the happiness or blessing of any nation or individual never depended on the obedience of Abraham; viz. because he had hearkened to the voice of God.’

Now it is well known to every reader of Scripture that the blessing to be conferred on all nations was never understood to depend on Abraham's obedience or disobedience. The promise of a Redeemer had been made in express terms long before; and it depended on Abraham's obedience, not whether that promise should be fulfilled at all, but whether it should be fulfilled *in his line*, or in any other line. This is as clear as words can make it in the received version. Gen. xxii. 16, 17, 18. *Because thou hast done this thing, in blessing I will bless thee, &c. and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice.* We find it difficult to attribute these gross misrepresentations to mere ignorance or negligence; there seems to be direct malice against the Holy Scriptures.

We now take our leave of Mr. Bellamy with a hope that we shall never have to attend to him again on any similar occasion. We live in an age, in which, in every department of literature, shallow pretenders are endeavouring to impose upon the world a persuasion that they are deeply and profoundly learned. Many deplorable examples have come within our notice, but none more striking than this before us. We never witnessed an instance in which a person has undertaken an important work with loftier claims, but with more slender qualifications. Still we do not think that we should have bestowed so much notice upon Mr. Bellamy, if the subject in which he engaged had been merely literary. We might then have suffered him to enjoy tranquilly a character, if he could have obtained it, for superior erudition. But, since he has thought proper

* Vol. IX. No. XVIII. Art. IV.

to make those Holy Scriptures, which are the groundwork of our faith and hopes, the subject of his fanciful interpretations, and to pursue a course which obviously tended to impair the reverence, and shake the confidence of the public in the truths derived from them, it appeared to us that we should be wanting in our duty if we did not examine his pretensions, and endeavour to prevent his seducing any one into unfounded doubts respecting the certainty of received scriptural interpretations.

There is one subject to which we think it right again to allude before we close; we do it, we confess, with some anxiety, and with feelings of real respect towards those concerned. We speak of the list of subscribers to Mr. Bellamy's publication, which, as we have said, includes the names of many members of the Royal Family, of several of the nobility, of the dignified clergy, and other respectable individuals. It is well known that, when illustrious and honourable names appear in a list of subscriptions to a work, they are usually reputed to convey the approbation of those individuals, and have therefore the direct effect of recommending it to the public. We venture then respectfully to ask, is it fitting that such a work as this should continue to go forth thus sanctioned and recommended? We do not wish a single name to be withdrawn solely on our representation; but we do most earnestly hope and trust that the attention of those who have patronized the work will be particularly called by it to its general nature and tendency, and that, if they should find our strictures to be well founded, they will seriously consider the propriety of continuing their support.

ADDENDUM

to the Article on Light's Travels, p. 204.

Since our Article on Captain Light's Journey in Egypt and Nubia was printed off, a very curious discovery has been made respecting the bones found in the sarcophagus of the pyramid of Cephrenes. Major Fitzclarence, in his journey overland from India, reached Cairo shortly after the opening of this pyramid had been accomplished by Belzoni; and, with the zeal and enterprise incident to his profession, he determined to enter into the pyramid, and examine, for himself, the wonders of the central chamber, so recently laid open. With less reverence, perhaps, for the august repository of the mighty dead than might have been felt by a contemporary of the Pharaohs, he brought away a few fragments from the *domus exilis Plutonia*, and among the rest some small pieces of bone, one of which proved to be the lower extre-

mity

menty of the thigh bone, where it comes in contact with the knee joint. This singular curiosity was presented by Major Fitzclarence to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, who submitted it to the inspection of Sir Everard Home.

Sir Everard, entertaining no doubt of its being part of a human skeleton, took it to the Museum of the College of Surgeons, that, by adjusting it to the same part of different sized skeletons, he might be enabled to form some estimate of the comparative stature of the ancient Egyptians and modern Europeans. On a closer and more laborious examination, however, the fragment was found to agree with none of them; and it finally appeared that, instead of forming any part of the thigh-bone of a human subject, it actually made part of that of a cow.

This discovery, it must be admitted, somewhat deranges our previous speculations on the original destination of the pyramids. The large sarcophagi, (and indeed we always considered them as unnecessarily large for the human figure,) instead of being the depositories of the remains of the kings of Egypt, would now appear to have been hollowed out and sculptured with such extraordinary skill and pains to receive the mortal exuviae of the tutelary deities; and those immense masses, in which they were intombed, to have solely owed their boundless cost and magnificence to a reverential regard for 'the brutish forms' of Apis or Osiris. Unless indeed, (which we do not think at all improbable,) the fanatic sovereigns of Egypt, like the wretched devotees who, to steal into heaven,—

' Dying, put on the weeds of Dominick,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised,'

chose to be placed in the same sarcophagus with their gods, either to share their earthly honours, or to ensure their divine protection.

That human bones will be found in this solemn chamber of death, we in no wise doubt; meanwhile, it ought to excite no surprise that Mr. Belzoni should consider the small fragment of which we have spoken as belonging to a human body, since it required all the practical knowledge of the College of Surgeons to ascertain the subject of which it once formed a part.

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and erudition; the names of Sir Joseph Banks, the venerable President of the Royal Society, of Van Troil, Sir John Stanley, Mr. Hooker, Sir George Mackenzie, Doctor Holland, and Mr. Bright, need only be mentioned to establish this fact. But the journeys and the observations of these gentlemen were confined to particular parts of the island, and nearly to the same parts. In this respect Dr. Henderson has gone far beyond them all. He has visited every corner of the island, and is the first, at least of our countrymen, who has crossed the central desert, skirted the northern and eastern coasts, and passed a winter among the natives; and although he may occasionally have borrowed the language of his predecessors in describing objects which were seen by himself, his book will be found to contain much new matter, both in morals and physics. In his character of a missionary he was necessarily led to mix more intimately with the natives, and to study more closely their moral and religious dispositions, than one who visits the island merely as a naturalist, or for the sake of gratifying his curiosity. Dr. Henderson is besides a well-informed, sensible, pious man, little, if at all, tainted by those narrow-minded prejudices and superstitions with which most of the missionaries are imbued; and though occasionally somewhat credulous, yet generally viewing things correctly, and describing them as they exist. If we were disposed to object to any parts of his narrative, it would be those in which he endeavours to find allusions in the appearances and customs of Iceland, to those of oriental nations; or takes occasion to apply scripture usages and phrases to times and circumstances where they sometimes so ill accord as to become, not merely incongruous, but ridiculous. These, however, are but slight blemishes, where so much sound and substantial matter prevails.

It was our intention to separate the natural from the moral phenomena, and to take a connected and condensed view of each; but on second thoughts, it occurred to us that such a plan would not do that justice to Dr. Henderson's book to which it is so well entitled. We shall therefore accompany him in his peregrinations round the island; first, however, glancing in a general way at the present state of Iceland; which may prevent interruption, by exempting us from the necessity of explanation as we proceed on the journey.

Iceland is situated in the northern Atlantic, between the parallels $63^{\circ} 36'$ and the Arctic circle, and between the meridians of $13^{\circ} 15'$, and $24^{\circ} 4'$, being in mean length, from east to west, about 280, and in mean breadth from north to south, 210 miles. Its coasts are every where much indented with deep bays and inlets, called *fjords* or *firths*: its superficial contents, however, may be estimated at 40,000 square miles, and its population, which from its registers is pretty well ascertained, at 48,000; or about $1\frac{1}{2}$ persons to every square

square mile. There is reason to believe that the average population was formerly above 60,000; but it never recovered the loss it sustained by famine from 1753 to 1759, which carried off 10,000 persons, and the more dreadful scourge of 1707, when the small pox destroyed 16,000 persons. Vast numbers since that period have perished by this fatal disease; but the general introduction of vaccination has happily of late years arrested its progress. With the exception of Reykiavik on the southern coast, which may contain about 500 inhabitants, and half a dozen other places along the different coasts, called villages, which consist of three or four houses and a church, the population is scattered over the plains and the valleys, in insulated farm-houses, from some of which the nearest farm is at the distance of eight or ten miles. The central parts are nearly, if not wholly, uninhabited. 'The interior of Iceland,' says Sir George Mackenzie, an extent of, perhaps, not less than forty thousand square miles,* is a dreary, inhospitable waste, without a single human habitation, and almost entirely unknown to the natives themselves.' The general surface and appearance of the country are thus described by Dr. Henderson.

'The opinion that this island owes its formation to the operations of submarine volcanoes, is not only confirmed by analogical reasonings deduced from the appearances presented by other islands, which are confessedly of volcanic origin, but gains ground in proportion to the progress of a closer and more accurate investigation of the geological phenomena which every part of it exhibits to the view of the naturalist. In no quarter of the globe do we find crowded within the same extent of surface such a number of ignivomous mountains, so many boiling springs, or such immense tracts of lava, as here arrest the attention of the traveller. The general aspect of the country is the most rugged and dreary imaginable. On every side appear marks of confusion and devastation, or the tremendous sources of these evils in the yawning craters of huge and menacing volcanoes. Nor is the mind of a spectator relieved from the disagreeable emotions arising from reflection on the subterraneous fires which are raging beneath him, by a temporary survey of the huge mountains of perpetual ice by which he is surrounded. These very masses, which naturally exclude the most distant idea of heat, contain in their bosom the fuel of conflagration, and are frequently seen to emit smoke and flames, and pour down upon the plains immense floods of boiling mud and water, or red-hot torrents of devouring lava.'—*Introduction*, pp. 1, 2.

Every hill almost is a volcano; but, besides the immense number of smaller cones and craters, there are, at least, thirty of more remarkable appearance, of which nine have been in a state of activity in the course of the last century. Streams of brown lava, denuded of all vegetation, vast chasms, from some or other of which

* Twenty thousand is much nearer the truth: 40,000 being the extent of the whole island.

volumes of smoke are perpetually ascending, with multitudes of hot springs, occur in every part of the island. 'Many of these springs,' says Dr. Henderson, 'throw up large columns of boiling water, accompanied by immense volumes of steam, to an almost incredible height into the atmosphere, and present to the eye of the traveller some of the grandest scenes to be met with on the face of the globe.' Of these springs there are eight or ten, not perhaps of equal magnificence with the well known Geysers, though scarcely less remarkable; some throwing up jets of thick boiling mud, and others, of black sulphureous vapour.

In the midst of this region of fire are not fewer than twelve or fourteen mountains, whose summits are covered with eternal ice and snow. In the language of the country these mountains are termed *Yökuls*, which may not improperly be translated *Glaciers*. Their heights vary from three to six thousand feet above the level of the sea; and some of them are occasionally disturbed by internal fires.

It is in the valleys between the inferior hills, and on the plains which the streams of lava have spared, that the cottages of the peasants are generally found, and that a scanty herbage for three or four months in the year affords a miserable subsistence to a few horses, cattle and sheep, and sometimes a little hay for the winter. In years of extreme scarcity, the poor animals are fed with dried fish cut small, and with various kinds of sea weed collected on the shores. Olafsen and Povelsen assure us, that on the island of Briðafjörð the cattle have been kept alive by feeding them with dry turf. It is said that the Norwegians, on their first arrival, found extensive forests growing on Iceland, and this account is somewhat warranted by the trees occasionally dug out of the peat bogs; such trees, however, are rare, and none have been discovered exceeding a foot in diameter: at the present day there is probably not a tree in a growing state on the whole island that measures ten inches. Dr. Henderson, indeed, says that among the remains of the forest of *Hals*, on the northern coast, are stumps of birch that measure two feet in diameter: but we doubt the correctness of this statement; it should unquestionably be, in circumference. The *forest*, as it is called, of Borgarfjörð, on the western coast, is the proudest in the whole island, and its largest birches are eleven or twelve feet high, and measure at the base from five to six inches in diameter.* It is also supposed that grain was once produced on the island; but the present race have met with no encouragement to persevere in their attempts to cultivate it. A few greens and potatoes are occasionally raised, but even these do not always succeed.

* Hecker's Journal of a Tour in Iceland.

The climate, as might be expected, is exceedingly unsteady; but Dr. Henderson did not consider the winter which he spent in Iceland as more severe than in the south of Scandinavia; and was surprised to find the temperature of the atmosphere, not only less severe than that of the preceding winter in Denmark, but equal to that of the mildest which he had passed either in Denmark or Sweden.

'In the month of November, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer did not sink lower than 20° , and it was nearly as often above the freezing point as below it. On the 6th of December, with clear weather and a light breeze from the east-north-east, it sunk to $8^{\circ} 30'$, after which, especially towards the end of the year, the weather became remarkably mild, and continued in this state till near the middle of January; the thermometer for the most part between 34° and 40° . On the 10th and 11th of January it fell as low as $15^{\circ} 30'$, but rose again in a short time, and continued much more frequently above than below the point of congelation till the 7th of March, when we had a strong wind from the N. N. W., and the mercury, which had stood the preceding day between 30° and 34° , sunk in the morning to $9^{\circ} 30'$, at noon to 8° , and at nine o'clock in the evening it fell as low as $4^{\circ} 30'$, which was the strongest degree of frost we had the whole winter. The following evening it was at 6° ; on the 9th it rose to 10° ; on the 10th to 19° ; and so on till the 13th, when it got again to 32° , and continued for the most part above it the whole of the month. On the 12th of April it fell to 19° , but otherwise kept varying between 32° and 52° . About the middle of May the atmosphere grew colder, occasioned most probably by the approach of some masses of Greenland ice, and on the 18th and several of the following days the mercury was at 29° .'—pp. 352, 353.

These 'masses of Greenland ice' sometimes fill all the bays or firths, more especially those on the northern coast. In this calamitous visitation the weather becomes more unsettled; fogs, and a cold chilling atmosphere spread over the whole island, the little vegetation that may exist is totally destroyed, and the cattle perish from hunger—yet we are gravely assured that the presence of ice does not produce cold!* a doctrine that may, perhaps, surprize the simple Icelander, but will, we suspect, contribute little to his comfort. Did the author of this notable discovery never hear of seamen anticipating their approach to islands of ice, from the diminished temperature, long before they could be seen? if not, we must then take the liberty of informing him, with Horatio, that—

* The correctness of the writer's conclusions may be estimated from the accuracy with which his premises are stated. 'It may be shown that, under the Pole, the action of the solar light is, at the time of the solstice, *under the Pole*, one fourth part greater than at the equator, and sufficient, in the course of a day, to melt a sheet of ice an inch and a half thick.'—(*Ed. Rev.* No. LIX, p. 11.) 'It may be proved by experiment that, under the Pole itself, the power of the sun at the solstice could, in the space of a week, melt a stratum of five inches of ice' (*ib.* p. 17.)—which can only mean (if, indeed, it means any thing) that the power of the sun is to the action of the solar light, as 5 to $10\frac{1}{2}$, or that 3 and 1 are the same thing, under the Pole.

'There are more things in heaven and earth and sea,
Than are dreamt of in his philosophy.*

Such is the physical sketch of that island, to which its first discoverer, Nadodd, in the ninth century, gave the appropriate name of *Snæland*, (the land of snow,) which was afterwards changed by Floki, a Norwegian pirate, like his predecessor, to that of *Iceland* (as some say) from a spirit of contradiction; his two companions, Heriolf and Thorolf, being so well satisfied with its appearance and productions, that the former depicted it as 'a most delightful country;' and the latter, to convey an idea of its richness and fertility, asserted 'that butter dropped from every plant:'—it might, in fact, do so without making butter remarkably plentiful in Iceland.

We shall now take a concise view of the condition and character of the inhabitants of this extraordinary island. As its original settlers were voluntary exiles, who abandoned Norway from a dread of the tyranny of the ruling prince, the form of government adopted in their new abode was just the reverse of that which they had fled from; and its suitableness to the circumstances of the people may be inferred from its long continuance of nearly four hundred years.

'The existence and constitution of the Icelandic republic exhibit an interesting phenomenon in the history of man. We here behold a number of free and independent settlers, many of whom had been accustomed to rule in their native country, establishing a government on principles of the most perfect liberty, and, with the most consummate skill, enacting laws which were admirably adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the nation. Unintimidated by any foreign power, guided solely by their own natural genius, and uninfluenced by any other principle than the love of liberty, security, and independence, they combined their interests and their energies in support of a political system, at once calculated to protect the rights of individuals, and inspire the community at large with sentiments of exalted patriotism.'—*Int.* p. 24.

In the year 1261 their liberties were somewhat abridged by becoming tributaries to their original country; but they expressly stipulated that they should be allowed to retain their ancient laws and privileges, and that they should be exempt from all taxes. In 1387 they were transferred to Denmark, but no alteration took place; nor are we aware of any material change in their internal polity from that period till the year 1800, when the *Althing*, or general assembly of the island was abrogated, and a supreme court,

* Sir George Mackenzie has given the register of the thermometer, and remarks on the weather, furnished by Mr. Fell in the winter of 1810, when the Greenland ice beset nearly two-thirds of the whole island, and the consequence was one of the most dreadful winters that was ever known; and yet, though the gales of wind were terrible, and snow and hail fell in abundance, the mercury never descended lower than 6°, and but once, below zero, a point to which it has descended in England. 'It exhibits, however,' as Sir George observes, 'a dismal picture of an Icelandic winter, and rouses the most lively feelings of compassion for the condition of the inhabitants of so desolate a region.'

consisting

consisting of a chief justice, two assessors, and a secretary, substituted in its room, from which an appeal lies to the high court in Denmark. In ancient times the punishment for murder was hanging; for child-murder, drowning; and for witchcraft, burning. At present the only punishment inflicted on the island is fine, imprisonment, and whipping; if a capital crime should occur, which is extremely rare, they are obliged to send the criminal to Denmark to suffer the sentence of the law, as no person could be found on the whole island to carry it into execution. When Sir Joseph Banks was in Iceland in 1772, the clergyman of Thingvalla, then fifty years of age, told him that he remembered in his youth the execution of a woman for the murder of an illegitimate child. She was drowned in a part of the river, under a cascade. 'The criminal was tied up in a sack which came over her head, and reached as far down as the middle of her legs, a rope was then fastened to her, and held by an executioner on the opposite bank; after standing an hour in that situation, she was pulled into the water, and kept under with a pole till she was dead.*

The original settlers not only constructed temples, and instituted the same rites to Thor which prevailed in their native country, but carried over with them the wood of their Norwegian temples, and the very earth on which their altars had stood. Little more, however, than a century had elapsed from the first colonization of the island before several attempts were made from Norway to introduce the Christian religion among its inhabitants, but with indifferent success. At last, in the year 1000, two exiles of the names of Hialti and Gissur returned to Iceland with the full determination 'of advocating the cause of Christianity,' even at the risk of life. They proceeded to the general assembly then sitting, accompanied by seven men dressed in sacerdotal garments, and carrying large crosses in their hands. While engaged in pointing out the superiority of Christianity to paganism, intelligence was brought to the assembly that a neighbouring mountain was vomiting out flames, which the heathen immediately ascribed to the wrath of the deities at the attempt to subvert the ancient faith. 'Can it be matter of surprize,' they exclaimed, 'that the gods should be angry at such speeches as those we have just heard!' One of the pagans however, Snorro Goda by name, from a conviction perhaps of the truth of what he had heard, pertinently replied, 'What then was the cause of the anger of the gods when the very lava on which we now stand was burning?†' From this time it was agreed that paganism should be abolished, and the religion of Christ adopted in its stead. All

* Sir J. Banks's MS. Journal.

† 'Quid igitur exanderunt dii, cum scopulus cui nunc insistimus conflavit?'
Osten and Povelson, from the Kristni-Saga.

that was stipulated for, on the part of the idolaters, was, that those who chose might worship their gods in private, eat horse-flesh, and expose infants. There was some difficulty with regard to the rite of baptism, from a reluctance of the natives to be plunged into cold water, but this was got over by immersing them in one of the hot springs. Monks and convents now began to abound, and a yearly tribute was exacted from the people by the see of Rome. The religion remained catholic till the year 1540, when the doctrines of the Reformation were introduced, and continue to the present day.

There does not probably exist a more meritorious set of men than the clergy of Iceland, nor any who are so wretchedly paid for their clerical functions. 'The richest living,' says Dr. Henderson, 'does not produce two hundred rix-dollars, twenty and thirty rix-dollars are the whole of the stipend annexed to many of the parishes, and there are some in which it is even as low as five.' The bishoprics of Skalholt and Holum were united in the year 1797, and an episcopal see was erected at Reykjavik for the whole island. They have one archdeacon, eighteen provosts or deans, one hundred and eighty-four parish livings, and more than three hundred churches: what these are may be collected from the brief description of the first that occurred to Dr. Henderson—that of Moss Fell. 'The church is built of wood, has a coat of turf around the sides, and the roof consists of the same material. It has only two small windows at the east end, and a skylight to the south; and the whole structure does not exceed *thirteen feet* in length and *nine* in breadth.'—(p. 26). As the clergy could not possibly subsist on the scanty provision allowed them, they have, each, their sheep and cattle farms, and perform all kinds of manual labour, such as shoeing horses, mowing grass, cutting peat, &c. Their own concerns however are very rarely allowed to interfere with their clerical duties, in the discharge of which they are laudably punctual, and particularly attentive to the moral and religious education of their young parishioners. Every clergyman keeps a register of the age, condition, character, conduct, and ability of every person within his parish, for the inspection of the dean at his annual visitation.

The good effects of this pastoral care are most sensibly felt by all who have visited this interesting island. In the midst of the physical horrors with which they are surrounded, 'steeped,' as they are, 'in poverty to the very lips,' the general state of mental cultivation, and the diffusion of knowledge among the inhabitants, have no parallel in any nation even in Europe: nor is this owing altogether to the attention of the clergy, or to the institution of public schools; for there is but one on the island; 'yet it is exceedingly rare,' says Dr. Henderson, 'to meet with a boy or girl, who has attained the
age

age of nine or ten years, that cannot read and write with ease. Domestic education is most rigidly attended to; and it is no uncommon thing to hear youths repeat passages from the Greek and Latin authors, who have never been farther than a few miles from the place where they were born; nor do I scarcely ever recollect entering a hut, where I did not find some individual or another capable of entering into a conversation with me, on topics which would be reckoned altogether above the understandings of people in the same rank of society in other countries of Europe.' Of the state of general intelligence and information, a striking instance was afforded in a peasant, on the very northernmost part of the island, to whom our author read the letter of the King of Persia to Sir Gore Ouseley relative to the Persian New Testament. 'Having mentioned that it was dated in the year 1229, a little boy, who was standing behind us, observed, that "it must be a very old letter"—"No my lad," replied the peasant, turning to him, "You must recollect that letter is not written according to our computation; it is dated agreeably to the Hegirah."—vol. ii. p. 222.

The Icelanders are a very moral and religious people, and punctual in the performance of both public and private exercises of devotion; 'and this,' says Sir George Mackenzie, 'even amidst the numerous obstacles, which are afforded by the nature of the country, and the climate under which they live. The Sabbath scene at an Icelandic church is indeed one of the most singular and interesting kind. The little edifice, constructed of wood and turf, is situated perhaps amid the rugged ruins of a stream of lava, or beneath mountains which are covered with never melting snows; in a spot where the mind almost sinks under the silence and desolation of surrounding nature. Here the Icelanders assemble to perform the duties of their religion. A group of male and female peasants may be seen gathered about the church, waiting the arrival of their pastor; all habited in their best attire, after the manner of the country; their children with them; and the horses, which brought them from their respective homes, grazing quietly around the little assembly. The arrival of a new-comer is welcomed by every one with a kiss of salutation; and the pleasures of social intercourse, so rarely enjoyed by the Icelanders, are happily connected with the occasion which summons them to the discharge of their religious duties. The priest makes his appearance among them as a friend: he salutes individually each member of his flock, and stoops down to give his almost parental kiss to the little ones, who are to grow up under his pastoral charge. These offices of kindness performed, they all go together into the house of prayer.'

'Their predominant character,' Dr. Henderson says, 'is that of unsuspecting frankness, pious contentment, and a steady liveliness of temperament,

temperament, combined with a strength of intellect and acuteness of mind, seldom to be met with in other parts of the world.' He denies that they are either a sullen or melancholy people, and in this he is borne out by the testimony of Dr. Holland, who observes, that 'the vivacity of their manner frequently forms a striking contrast to the wretchedness which their external condition displays.' In personal appearance they are rather above the middle size, of a frank and open countenance, a florid complexion, and yellow flaxen hair. The women are more disposed to corpulency than the men.

In the description of their houses few traces of comfort are to be found.

'In general, the Icelandic houses are all constructed in the same manner, and, with little or no variation, exhibit the plan of those raised by the original settlers from Norway. The walls, which may be about four feet in height by six in thickness, are composed of alternate layers of earth and stone, and incline a little inwards, when they are met by a sloping roof of turf, supported by a few beams which are crossed by twigs and boughs of birch. The roof always furnishes good grass, which is cut with the scythe at the usual season. In front, three doors generally present themselves, the tops of which form triangles, and are almost always ornamented with vanes. The middle door opens into a dark passage, about thirty feet in length, by five in breadth, from which entrances branch off on either side, and lead to different apartments, such as, the stranger's room, which is always the best in the house, the kitchen, weaving room, &c. and at the inner end of the passage lies the *Badstofa*, or sleeping apartment, which also forms the sitting and common working-room of the family. In many houses this room is in the garret, to which the passage communicates by a dark and dangerous staircase. The light is admitted through small windows in the roof, which generally consists of the amnion of sheep, though of late years glass has got more into use. Such of the houses as have windows in the walls, bear the most striking resemblance to the exterior of a bastion. The smoke makes its escape through a hole in the roof; but this, it is to be observed, is only from the kitchen, as the Icelanders never have any fire in their sitting-room, even during the severest cold in winter. Their beds are arranged on each side of the room, and consist of open bedsteads raised about three feet above the ground. They are filled with sea weed, feathers, or down, according to the circumstances of the peasant; over which is thrown a fold or two of wadmél, and a coverlet of divers colour. Though the beds are extremely narrow, the Icelanders contrive to sleep in them by couples, by lying head to foot. Sometimes the inside of the rooms are panelled with boards, but generally the walls are bare, and collect much dust, so that it is scarcely possible to keep any thing clean. It is seldom the floor is laid with boards, but consists of damp earth, which necessarily proves very unhealthy.'—vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

The diet of the Icelanders, consisting almost solely of animal food, and chiefly of fish, either fresh or dried, and the want of cleanliness

liness in their personal and domestic habits, which is an evil incident to their situation, produce cutaneous diseases under their worst forms, and render the itch, scurvy, or leprosy, common throughout the island. Dr. Holland informs us, that the latter of these exhibits, in many instances, all the essential characters of the genuine elephantiasis, or *lepra Arabum*, and that it is a disease of the most formidable and distressing kind. It does not seem, however, that these maladies are particularly hostile to life, or that the Icelanders, though stated to be generally of a weakly habit of body, fall short of the usual period of human existence. It appears from a table of population given by Sir George Mackenzie,* that, in 1801, when the number of inhabitants was 47,207, there were 41 between the ages of 90 and 100; 443 between 80 and 90; and 1698 between 70 and 80; and, indeed, Dr. Holland thinks it probable that the longevity of the Icelanders rather exceeds the average obtained from the continental nations of Europe.

In addition to the diet just mentioned, the inhabitants have in their short summer plenty of milk and butter; but nine-tenths of them know not the luxury of bread or vegetables. Their butter, which 'drops from every plant,' after the whey has been pressed out, will keep, it is said, for twenty years, and we are told by Olafsen and Povelsen, that, during the prevalency of the popish religion, a large building was set apart, at each of the episcopal sees, for the purpose of laying up a store of it, which was packed in chests of thirty or forty feet in length, by four or five feet in depth, to be distributed among the poor and necessitous as occasion required. Its sourness and rancidity are not disagreeable to an Icelandic palate. When butter fails, they are glad to supply its place with tallow. 'Of this,' says Mackenzie, 'we have seen children eating lumps with as much pleasure as our little ones express when sucking a piece of sugar candy.' The *skier*, a dish not unlike to what is known in Scotland by the name of Corstorphine cream or Hattitkit, is in general use. The common beverage is sour whey mixed with water:—to wine, ardent spirits, beer, or any other intoxicating liquors they are, generally speaking, utter strangers. Yet with all these privations, with all the inclemencies of the climate, and all the alarm and danger from physical causes, such is their unconquerable attachment to their native island, that an universal belief prevails among them, that 'Iceland is the best land on which the sun shines.' So truly has the poet sung—

'The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone,

Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own.'

Our readers will now be prepared to accompany Dr. Henderson on his long, toilsome, and perilous journey round this most interest-

* Travels in the Island of Iceland, p. 281.

ing island. We are not sure that we are strictly correct in designating him as a missionary; his object in visiting Iceland being, as he tells us, 'exclusively to investigate the wants of its inhabitants with respect to the Holy Scriptures; to adopt the most eligible measures for the speedy distribution of the copies which had been provided for them by the bounty of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and to establish a similar institution among the Icelanders, for the purpose of providing them in future with seasonable and adequate supplies of this invaluable repository of Divine revelation;'—in all of which, we are happy to find, he was eminently successful.

Dr. Henderson left Copenhagen in June, 1814, and landed at Reykiavik on the 15th July, amidst the salutations of the friendly islanders, who, flocking down to the strand in a crowd of men, women, and children, filled the air with exclamations of 'Peace, come in peace!—the Lord bless you!' and the like expressions, conveying to the stranger a favourable prepossession of the religious feelings of the people; which was soon confirmed, by a visit to the archdeacon, who gave our author a specimen of the high estimation in which the divine oracles are held by the Icelanders, by producing a copy of the Bible in folio, a great part of which had suffered by the devouring tooth of time; but the defective leaves of which had all been replaced, and the text supplied in the most accurate manner, and in a style of penmanship that would do honour to any writing-master in Europe. 'On my putting the question, (Dr. Henderson says,) whether it had not been written by a clergyman, or some other person in a public capacity? I was told, to my no small surprize, that it had been done by a common peasant, and that such instances of elegant penmanship are by no means uncommon in Iceland.'

To ascertain the actual wants of the people, in a spiritual point of view; to leave copies of the Scriptures as specimens; to make the necessary arrangements for the circulation of them, Dr. Henderson determined to proceed directly across the desert to the northern parts of the island, and from thence to pursue the route along the eastern coast. Accordingly, horses and every necessary article for travelling were put in preparation, and on the 26th July our traveller left Reykiavik, in company with Captain Von Scheel, a Danish officer, employed in a survey of the coasts, from whom he obtained much valuable information.

On the first day's journey, they had a moor to cross not less than eighteen miles in width, so dreary that, for the space of five hours, not a single house or hovel appeared, nor even a living creature, with the exception of a few golden plovers, which, from their melancholy warble, only added to the gloominess of the scenery. At midnight they reached a small cottage, on Thingvalla lake, the inhabitants

habitants of which, though disturbed in the midst of their slumbers, instead of grumbling at having their repose broken, manifested the utmost willingness to serve them. The master of the house, who was very poor, on being presented with a Bible, received it with every demonstration of gratitude and joy.

We may here exemplify, once for all, our author's proneness to apply Icelandic to Oriental customs, and scriptural phrases to trivial incidents. Their mode of travelling he immediately discovers to be 'quite Oriental;' and almost fancies himself, he says, in the midst of an Arabian caravan, for no other reason that we can perceive, than that horses were used instead of camels: and when Captain Von Scheel had roused up the inhabitants of Thingvalla cottage with the salutation of '*Her se Gud!*'—may God be in this place! and was answered, '*Drottinn blessa þik,*'—the Lord bless thee!—'my imagination,' says Dr. Henderson, 'led me instantly to the field of Boaz;' and our Saviour's injunction immediately occurred to me, 'When ye enter the house, salute it; and if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it.' The customary salutation on meeting a person, which, in Icelandic, is *Sæl vertu*, corresponds exactly, we are told, with the Hebrew *Shalom lach*, and the Arabic *Salam aleik*. The conclusion, however, of the Icelandic ceremony is any thing but Oriental.

'Both at meeting and parting, an affectionate kiss on the mouth, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, is the only mode of salutation known in Iceland, except sometimes in the immediate vicinity of the factories, where the common Icelander salutes a foreigner whom he regards as his superior, by placing his right hand on his mouth or left breast, and then making a deep bow. When you visit a family in Iceland, you must salute them according to their age and rank, beginning with the highest, and descending, according to your best judgment, to the lowest, not even excepting the servants: but, on taking leave, this order is completely reversed; the salutation is first tendered to the servants, then to the children, and, last of all, to the mistress and master of the family.'—vol. i. p. 29.

From Thingvalla the track led across a plain, entirely covered with lava, to the bank of a frightful chasm called *Almannagiá*, 'where the solid masses of burnt rock have been disrupted, so as to form a fissure or gap not less than a hundred and eighty feet deep, in many places nearly of the same width, and about three miles in length.' The parish of Thingvalla consisted of twelve families; the church, which was somewhat larger than that of Mossfell, was filled with barrels, books, and chests, which served the purpose of seats, and 'on a shelf before the altar stood the pastor's coffin, prepared by himself.' Miserable as the place now was—'a spot,' says Sir George Mackenzie, 'of wildness and desolation, on every side of which appear the most tremendous effects of ancient

ancient convulsion and disorder, while nature sleeps in a death-like silence amid the horrors she has formed,'—it was here that the Christian religion was first established on the island; it was here too that the seat of the *Althing*, or general assembly, was held for the period nearly of nine hundred years.

On the margin of the lake are several hot springs, some of which throw the water to the height of three feet and emit a considerable quantity of steam. In the hottest, the thermometer of Fahrenheit ascended to 212°: the water was sulphureous, and the incrustations formed by the depositions were extremely delicate and beautiful. From hence they proceeded to the Geysers; the heat of the weather was intense, and the mosquitoes were very troublesome. These extraordinary jets of boiling water, which have been so often and so minutely described, occupy nearly twenty pages of Dr. Henderson's book; and no wonder, as they certainly display 'one of the most magnificent and unparalleled scenes in nature.' The name, he tells us, is derived from the Icelandic verb *geysa*—'to rage, to burst forth with vehemence and impetuosity.' The following is his description of the *New Geyser*, called by the natives *Strocker*, from *strocka*—'to agitate, to bring into motion,' properly, *to churn*.

'On the morning of the 29th I was awakened by Captain von Scheel, at twenty-three minutes past five o'clock, to contemplate an eruption of the spring, which Sir John Stanley denominates the *New Geyser*, situated at the distance of an hundred and forty yards to the south of the principal fountain. It is scarcely possible, however, to give any idea of the brilliancy and grandeur of the scene which caught my eye on drawing aside the curtain of my tent. From an orifice, nine feet in diameter, which lay directly before me, at the distance of about an hundred yards, a column of water, accompanied with prodigious volumes of steam, was erupted with inconceivable force, and a tremendously roaring noise, to varied heights of from fifty to eighty feet, and threatened to darken the horizon, though brightly illumined by the morning sun. During the first quarter of an hour, I found it impossible to move from my knees, on which I had raised myself, but poured out my soul in solemn adoration of the Almighty Author of nature, to whose controul all her secret movements and terrifying operations are subject:—"who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; who toucheth the hills, and they smoke." At length I repaired to the fountain, where we all met, and communicated to each other our mutual and enraptured feelings of wonder and admiration. The jets of water now subsided; but their place was occupied by the spray and steam, which, having free room to play, rushed with a deafening roar to a height little inferior to that of the water. On throwing the largest stones we could find into the pipe, they were instantly propelled to an amazing height; and some of them that were cast up more perpendicularly than the others, remained for the space of four or five minutes within the influence of the steam, being successively ejected and falling again in a very
amusing

amusing manner. A gentle northern breeze carried part of the spray at the top of the pillar to the one side, when it fell like a drizzling rain, and was so cold that we could stand below it, and receive it on our hands or face without the least inconvenience. While I kept my station on the same side with the sun, a most brilliant circular bow, of a large size, appeared on the opposite side of the fountain; and, on changing sides, having the fountain between me and the sun, I discovered another, if possible still more beautiful, but so small as only to encircle my head. Their hues entirely resembled those of the common rainbow. After continuing to roar about half an hour longer, the column of spray visibly diminished, and sunk gradually till twenty-six minutes past six, when it fell to the same state in which we had observed it the preceding day, the water boiling at the depth of twenty feet below the orifice of the shaft.

'The most enrapturing scene, however, that we beheld, was exhibited on the morning of the 30th. About ten minutes past five, we were roused by the roaring of *Strocker*, which blew up a great quantity of steam; and when my watch stood at the full quarter, a crash took place as if the earth had burst, which was instantaneously succeeded by jets of water and spray, rising in a perpendicular column to the height of sixty feet. As the sun happened to be behind a cloud, we had no expectation of witnessing any thing more sublime than we had already seen; but *Strocker* had not been in action above twenty minutes, when the *Great Geyser*, apparently jealous of her reputation, and indignant at our bestowing so much of our time and applause on her rival, began to thunder tremendously, and emitted such quantities of water and steam, that we could not be satisfied with a distant view, but hastened to the mound with as much curiosity as if it had been the first eruption we had beheld. However, if she was more interesting in point of magnitude, she gave the less satisfaction in point of duration, having again become tranquil in the course of five minutes; whereas, her less gaudy, but more steady companion, continued to play till within four minutes of six o'clock.'—vol. i. pp. 50—55.

This interesting account is accompanied by a bold view of the *Geyser*, exceedingly well executed. Our author observes in a note, that, on his return from the north, he found the operations of these celebrated fountains still more magnificent than they were the preceding year; several of the jets reaching an elevation of not less than a hundred and fifty feet. This is much higher than any English traveller had observed them: but a Danish officer of the name of Ohlsen found them, by a quadrant, to jet two hundred and twelve feet; and Olafsen and Povelsen state the height at three hundred and sixty feet. The highest jet observed by Van Troil, was ninety-two feet; by Sir John Stanley, ninety-six feet; by Mr. Hooker, about one hundred feet; and by Sir George Mackenzie, ninety feet.

Dr. Henderson, on his second visit, boasts of having discovered a key to *Strocker*, by the application of which he conceives he was enabled to make that beautiful spring not only play when he had a mind,

mind, but to throw its waters to nearly double the height of a common eruption; this was accomplished by flinging into the pipe a great quantity of the largest stones that could be found, when it immediately began to roar with more than usual violence, the water became greatly agitated, the eruption commenced with inconceivable velocity, and the jets exceeded two hundred feet in height; the fragments of the stones were thrown much higher, and when the water was all exhausted, the column of steam continued to rush up with a deafening roar for nearly an hour.

The premature explosion of the Strokr with augmented fury, in consequence of the derangement occasioned by this violent experiment, like a too great excitement of the animal body, was followed by a tranquil state of exhaustion, as no symptoms whatever of a fresh eruption appeared the following morning. 'As I wished, however,' says the Doctor, 'to see it play once more before I bade an everlasting farewell to these wonders of nature, and especially being anxious to ascertain the reality of my supposed discovery, I got my servant to assist me, about eight o'clock, in casting all the loose stones we could find into the spring. We had not ceased five minutes, when the wished for phenomena recommenced, and the jets were carried to a height little inferior to what they had gained the preceding evening.'—(vol. i. p. 57.) We could have wished that the Doctor had repeated the experiment more frequently, and at shorter intervals of time, before he laid claim to the discovery of a key. The throwing of stones into the pipe, as a provocative to the fury of the Strokr, is not new, and has indeed been noticed before. Sir George Mackenzie observes, that on doing this to the great Geyser, when the water was perfectly still, a violent ebullition instantly followed, the steam escaping by the agitation of the water.

From the Geyser our travellers proceeded to the last habitation on this side the desert, called Holum. It was occupied by a numerous but very poor family, the whole of whom kissed the Doctor, in token of their thankfulness for the present of a New Testament. Of this book the eldest girl made such good use, that, on his return the following year, there was not a passage to which he had made the most indirect allusion, which she did not quote with the same facility and accuracy, as if she had read it from the text.

The next night was passed on the deep sandy desert, and the following day they travelled over a surface of broken lava, having, on one side of them, mountains covered with everlasting ice, and on the other, clouds of smoke ascending from the Geysers and the dreadful magazines of fire concealed in their neighbourhood. The road lay at the foot of *Arnarfell Yökul*, a prodigious ice-mountain, extending at least eighty miles, close to which they had to travel
twenty

twenty hours, exposed to a cold piercing wind; 'we were not only,' says our author, 'far from the habitations of men, but deserted even by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.' Here, he adds, borrowing the emphatic words of Jeremiah, 'no voice of cattle is ever heard; both the fowl of the heavens and the beast are fled; they are gone!' As they proceeded, torrents of lava, full of deep chasms, cracks, and blisters, presented themselves in every quarter; and these torrents had all been ejected from the mountain of ice!

It was five days before they descended into the valley of Eya-fiord, on the northern shore, whose small specks of verdure afforded an agreeable relief to the eye, after travelling so long amidst naked stones, ice, and snow. At the first farm-house, Dr. Henderson received numerous applications for Bibles; 'a young man, who had been sent for one by his poor and aged parents, received the joyful present with an uncommon degree of humble simplicity in his countenance.' He began to read, and all around sat down or knelt on the grass and listened with the most devout attention. 'As he proceeded,' says our author, 'the tears began to trickle down their cheeks, and they were all seemingly much affected.' He learned indeed, from the clergyman of Audabrecka, that 'the standard of morality was never higher in the north of Iceland than at the present day;' that 'crimes were almost unheard of;' and that 'the sin of drunkenness was nearly annihilated:' he admitted, however, that the disappearance of this last vice, from which all others spring, might be owing to the high price of spirituous liquors, and the inability of the people to purchase them—'Our poverty,' said this good clergyman, 'is the bulwark of our happiness.'

In this valley the cottages and churches were superior in size to those in the southern parts of the island, and neater and better built. Eynfiord is, in fact, a town of eighteen or twenty houses; it was formerly famous for its herring fishery, but of late years the fish have deserted it.

Dr. Henderson paid a visit, on his way from this place, to Bagisa, the residence of Jon Thorlakson, the celebrated poet of Iceland and translator of Milton; he was making hay, but on hearing of the approach of strangers he hastened home, and bidding them welcome, ushered them into his humble apartment.

'The door is not quite four feet in height, and the room may be about eight feet in length by six in breadth. At the inner end is the poet's bed, and close to the door, over against a small window not exceeding two feet square, is a table where he commits to paper the effusions of his muse. On my telling him, that my countrymen would not have forgiven me, nor could I have forgiven myself, had I passed

through this part of the island without paying him a visit, he replied, that the translation of Milton had yielded him many a pleasant hour, and often given him occasion to think of England; but as his residence was so far north, and he had now lived so long without seeing any of Milton's countrymen, he had not entertained the most distant idea that ever he was to be favoured with such a gratification.'—vol. i. p. 97.

Dr. Henderson speaks in high terms of this translation; in many instances, he says, it almost seems to surpass the original itself; and he considers the poet's inability to give it to the press, as a real loss to Scandinavian literature. The whole annual income of this worthy man is stated not to exceed thirty rix-dollars, (about £6:5s. sterling,) and of this nearly half is given to another clergyman who officiates for him at a distant parish. In allusion to his poverty, the too common lot of poets, he has composed a few verses, of which the following is a literal translation. 'Ever since I came into this world I have been wedded to Poverty, who has now hugged me to her bosom these seventy winters all but two; and whether we shall ever be separated here below, is only known to Him who joined us together.'—vol. i. p. 98.

Our traveller now proceeded in an easterly direction, crossed the Híaltadals-Yokul, about 2000 feet in height, and descended to Holum, once an episcopal residence, and whose church is still the best in the island, being built of stone, with a roof of wood, and having seven windows on each side. The house and grounds were in the possession of Mr. Jonson, formerly one of the rectors of the public school, a learned and sensible man, by whom, and indeed by the whole family, Dr. Henderson was treated with the utmost kindness and attention; of which the following is a curious instance.

'When the hour of rest approached, I was conducted by my kind host and hostess into a back apartment, where was an ancient but excellent bed, on which, I had every reason to conclude, more than one of the Holum Bishops had reposed. A ceremony now took place, which exhibits, in the strongest light, the hospitality and innocent simplicity of the Icelandic character. Having wished me a good night's rest, they retired, and left their eldest daughter to assist me in pulling off my pantaloons and stockings, a piece of kindness, however, which I would a thousand times rather have dispensed with, as it was so repugnant to those feelings of delicacy to which I had been accustomed. In vain I remonstrated against it as unnecessary. The young woman maintained it was the custom of the country, and their duty to help the weary traveller. When I had got into bed, she brought a long board, which she placed before me to prevent my falling out; and, depositing a basin of new milk on a table close to my head, bade me good night, and retired. Such I afterwards found to be universally the custom in Icelandic houses. Where there are no daughters in the family, the service is performed by the landlady herself, who considers it a great honour

honour to have it in her power to shew this attention to a stranger.'—vol. i. pp. 114, 115.

Husavik, on the north-east corner of the island, possessed the best garden our author had yet met with, producing potatoes, cabbages, turnips, carrots, beans, pease, parsley, and onions; it belonged to a Danish gentleman, and furnished a proof how much 'the ungenial influence of climate might be subdued by the energy of persevering and indefatigable industry.' Near this place are the sulphur mines of Myvatn, and the three remarkable hot springs known by the names of *Nordur-hver*, *Oxa-hver*; and *Sydster-hver*. The pipe of the first is little inferior to that of the Great Geyser; but it is said to play only on the approach of tempestuous weather, when its jets become very frequent and lofty.

The *Oxa-hver* is supposed to have derived its name from an ox which had fallen into one of the neighbouring apertures, and was thrown out of this spring. The propulsions of the water are described to take place every five or six minutes in the following order: 'Immediately after an eruption, it continues to boil quietly about three feet below the orifice, for the space of a minute and a half, after which its ebullitions commence and increase, and the water ascends for about two minutes more, when a denser body of steam makes its escape, and the water, reaching the mouth of the aperture, begins to boil more furiously, and overflows the greater part of the mound. In the course of the following minute, a rumbling noise is heard below, immediately after which the water explodes, and the jets, which are all nearly of the same height, continue to be ejected, with a roaring noise, to the height of between fifteen and twenty feet, for the space of a minute, when the water instantly sinks into the pipe, and resumes its original station. The operations of this spring, during the whole of their progress, are conducted with the utmost regularity, and do not seem to vary half a minute in any of their stages. During the eruption, immensely large rolling volumes of steam burst from the mouth of the pipe, and render the scene more superbly grand and noble.

'The incrustations, formed by the depositions of this fountain, are peculiarly beautiful.'—vol. i. pp. 144, 145.

The *Sydster* is the smallest of the three. It consists of three apertures, two of which regularly alternate their jets; the third is quiet. Horrebow has asserted that when the water of the largest is put into a bottle, it continues to jet twice or thrice with the fountain; but if the bottle be immediately corked, it bursts in pieces on the first eruption of the spring. 'I am sorry,' says Dr. Henderson, 'I did not then know of this circumstance.' This and his belief in the economical mice of Olafsen and Povelsen, may be reckoned among the instances of his credulity. For the latter of these stories, however, he has the sanction of Pennant, who, reasoning from the sagacity of the beaver and squirrel, was not dis-

posed to question its probability. 'A party of six or ten mice select a flat piece of dried cow-dung on which they heap a quantity of berries; this, by their united force, they drag to the side of the river which they have to cross. As soon as launched they all embark; and placing themselves with their heads towards the centre and their backs towards the water, their tails hanging in the stream serve as so many rudders to steer them across.' Mr. Hooker laughs at this idle tale, and observes that every sensible Icelander does the same. Not so Dr. Henderson; on the contrary, he boasts of having established the truth of 'this important fact in natural history'; and adds, moreover, that these sagacious mice make use of dried mushrooms as sacks to carry their provisions home. His vouchers for the fact are the clergyman of Briamslæk, and a lady 'in particular, who recollected having spent a whole afternoon, in her younger days, at the margin of a small lake on which these skilful navigators had embarked, and amused herself and companions by driving them away from the sides of the lake as they approached them.'—vol. ii. p. 187.—We doubt, after all, whether the Doctor's authorities will be considered as having established the 'important fact in natural history.'

The description of the extensive streams of lava which, issuing from Leirhnukr and Krabla, between 1724 and 1730, inundated almost the whole plain along the northern and eastern shores of the lake Myvatn, calls forth a note of several pages on the traces of lava, volcanoes and hot springs to be found in the Bible, which we could well have spared. Between those two volcanoes is situated the sulphur mountain, on which are vast beds of sulphur covered with so thin and deceitful a crust as to render it exceedingly dangerous to pass; presenting in places 'the most beautiful aluminous efflorescence, not more than half an inch in thickness;' through this bed of pure sulphur a column of steam issues with a hissing noise; and at the edge of the plain an abrupt and precipitous descent excited in our traveller's breast 'a momentary trepidation and awe.' Yet he adds,

'I had scarcely recovered from my consternation, when a more terrific scene opened on my view. Almost directly below the brink on which I stood, at the depth of more than six hundred feet, lay a row of large caldrons of boiling mud, twelve in number, which were in full and constant action; roaring, splashing, and sending forth immense columns of dense vapour, that, rising and spreading in the atmosphere, in a great measure intercepted the rays of the sun, who stood high above the horizon in the same direction. The boldest strokes of poetic fiction would be utterly inadequate to a literal description of the awful realities of this place; nor can any ideas, formed by the strongest human imagination, reach half the grandeur, or the terrors, of the prospect. I stood for about a quarter of an hour, as if I had been petrified, with
my

my eyes intensely fixed on the dreadful operations that were going on in the abyss below me, when, turning to the left, I had a full view of the tremendous *Krabla*, the *Obsidian Mountain*, and two or three other volcanic mountains, whose names I could not learn with any certainty.* —vol. i. p. 168.

The escape of a vast quantity of vapour strongly impregnated with sulphur, and the frequent eruptions of boiling mud, made it dangerous to move on this part of the mountain. But the horrors occasioned by a nearer approach, and a more perfect view of the crater of *Krabla* are stated as ‘absolutely indescribable.’ ‘The moment,’ says Dr. Henderson, ‘that my eye took in the whole of the scene, I became conscious of sensations the most repulsive and abhorrent. At the bottom of a deep gully, lay a circular pool of black liquid matter, at least three hundred feet in circumference, from the middle of which a vast column of the same black liquid was erupted, with a loud thundering noise.’ The mass of matter thus thrown up in jets to the height of thirty feet consisted of water and sulphur, mixed with a bluish black bolus, ‘equal in diameter to the column of water ejected by the Great Geyser at its strongest eruptions.’ The jets take place every five minutes, and last about two minutes and a half. Such is the brief and imperfect abstract of a scene, the awful impression of which, Dr. Henderson says, no length of time will ever be able to erase from his mind.

Near to *Krabla* is the *Obsidian Mountain*, so called from the abundance of this material found on its surface. The long disputed point respecting the Neptunian or Plutonian formation of this substance and pumice stone, has been completely set at rest by Sir George Mackenzie having found both pumice, obsidian and slags in conjunction, composing a great stream of lava, about twenty miles to the north-east of Mount Heckla.*

After many perils, especially in fording the *Yokul* river, our travellers had still a desert of six miles to cross, in a very dark night, without a guide, or the possibility of tracing any path, which obliged them to dismount, and ‘commit themselves to the instinct of their horses;’ one of which, an old experienced animal, led the way over heights and hollows, till they were suddenly stopped in their progress by a steep elevation, the nature of which they were unable to ascertain with all their groping, until the servant called out ‘Ho! here is a window.’ Such adventures are not uncommon in Iceland. A Danish officer told our author that he was once puzzled in this way in the dark, and did not discover his situation till one of the fore feet of his horse sunk into a hole, which turned out to be the chimney of a house. The house on the roof of which Dr. Henderson had thus fortunately stumbled was

* *Travels in Iceland*, p. 364.

Grimstad, where he met with a most cordial reception from all the family, consisting of a widow, with three sons and seven daughters, all in the bloom and sprightliness of youth; cheerfulness and content shone in every countenance: removed to the distance of thirty miles from the nearest habitation, the inhabitants of this obscure and solitary farm preserve all the original simplicity of natural habits; they are unsuspecting, liberal and kind; and, what is still more to their praise, rationally pious, and possessed of 'a superior degree of religious information.'

Another desert, stretching in a south-easterly direction, brought our traveller to Hof, once famous for its heathen temple, the door of which still serves for that of the church. It is the residence of a dean. 'The parish of Hof contains upwards of four hundred souls; yet there is only one parishioner, upwards of eighty years of age, that cannot read, and this individual is prevented by a natural infirmity.' What a humiliating contrast do these poor islanders afford with one part—we fear with many parts—of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland!*

On leaving Hof, Dr. Henderson proceeded southerly through the White Syssel, on the eastern coast, by Lagarflot and Eskifjord. At the former of these places he had occasion to verify the remark of the good pastor of Audabrecka, 'that poverty was the bulwark of their happiness;' for here, where the soil is rich in pasture, and the fishery very productive, intoxication was not uncommon, and 'swearing, sloth, and slander,' appeared to be habitual vices.

At Eskifjord, Dr. Henderson collected some chalcedonies and other mineralogical specimens, and 'contemplated,' he says, 'the infinite wisdom of God in some exquisite groups of crystals which presented themselves in every direction.' The basaltic columns of Hornafliot of five, six and seven regular sides attracted his notice, and he ascertained that where jointed they were all concave at the upper end, and fitted exactly to the convexity of the lower end of the superior joint. The natives call these natural structures *Trüllahlad*, or the 'Giant's Wall,' and the caverns usually found among them *Dverga Kamrar*, or the 'Dwarf's Chambers;' whence our author infers that they have been accustomed to view such uncommon appearances as the production of certain intelligences superior to man. The beautiful pillars and stacks of basaltic rock at *Stappan*, and, above all, the cave resembling that of Fingal on *Staffa*, suggest to our author, from the similarity of the objects and the co-

* From a report of the Society for the Support of Schools in the Highlands and the Islands of Scotland, it appears that, in two parishes, on the main land, consisting of 6,945 persons, 5,849 are unable to read; and in four parishes of the Islands, out of a population of 14,056, no less than 12,218 are unable to read; so that in a population of 31,001 souls there are only found 2,934 who can read a word of any language!

incidence of the names, an idea of the latter having originally been imposed by the same people.

He now traversed the bases of the vast chain of ice mountains on the eastern coast, as the Breidamark Yokul, Oræfa Yokul, &c. many of which, like the glaciers of Switzerland, are in progressive motion, and are here travelling downwards towards the sea; more particularly that of Breidamark, which must soon reach the shore; and 'then,' says our author, 'all communication between the southern and the eastern districts by this route will be cut off.' Oræfa Yokul is the highest mountain in the whole island. It burst in the year 1362 with a dreadful explosion, the effects of which are still but too visible, and are forcibly described by Dr. Henderson.

Amidst this wreck of nature, amidst these forlorn and savage scenes of desolation and decay, our traveller found a farm called *Hof*, occupied by a person known over the whole island by the name of 'David of the Wilderness,' remarkable for his enthusiastic attachment to ancient Scandinavian literature, and for retaining the habits and disposition of his forefathers. We are told that he possesses upward of a hundred *sagas* in manuscript, most of which he has by heart; he has also a large collection of more recent rhymes, and, as he is himself a rhymers, his stock on hand is probably very considerable.

With David for his guide, our traveller sets out for Shaftsfell. On the road he crosses the tract laid waste by the dreadful exundation of the Oræfa volcano in 1727. We would gladly have inserted the interesting account of this most awful visitation, had our limits permitted; but we must hasten to the eruption of the Skedera Yokul, which took place in 1783.

'This eruption (says Dr. Henderson) not only appears to have been more tremendous in its phenomena than any recorded in the modern annals of Iceland, but was followed by a train of consequences the most direful and melancholy; some of which continue to be felt at this day.

'Immense floods of red-hot lava were poured down from the hills with amazing velocity, and, spreading over the low country, burnt up men, cattle, churches, houses, and every thing they attacked in their progress. Not only was all vegetation, in the immediate neighbourhood of the volcano, destroyed by the ashes, brimstone, and pumice, which it emitted; but, being borne up to an inconceivable height in the atmosphere, they were scattered over the whole island, impregnating the air with noxious vapours, intercepting the genial rays of the sun, and empoisoning whatever could satisfy the hunger or quench the thirst of man and beast. Even in some of the more distant districts, the quantity of ashes that fell was so great, that they were gathered up by handfuls. Upwards of four hundred people were instantly deprived of a home; the fish were driven from the coasts, and the elements seemed

to vie with each other which should commit the greatest depredations; famine and pestilence stalked abroad, and cut down their victims with ruthless cruelty; while death himself was gluttoned with the prey. In some houses there was scarcely a sound individual left to tend the afflicted, or any who possessed sufficient strength to inter the dead. The most miserably emaciated tottering skeletons were seen in every quarter. When the animals that had died of hunger and disease were consumed, the wretched creatures had nothing to eat but raw hides, and old pieces of leather and ropes, which they boiled and devoured with avidity. The horses eat the flesh off one another, and for want of other sustenance had recourse to turf, wood, and even excrementitious substances; while the sheep devoured each other's wool. In a word, the accumulation of miseries, originating in the volcanic eruption, was so dreadful, that in the short space of two years, not fewer than 9,336 human beings, 28,000 horses, 11,461 head of cattle, and 190,488 sheep perished on the island!—vol. i. pp. 274, 275.

The next stage was the Abbey of Kyrkiubæ (now a respectable farm) a place of great celebrity in the annals of Iceland, as having been inhabited by *Papar*, or Irish Christians, previously to the arrival of the Norwegians on the island; but it attracted the attention of our author from another cause.

‘A little to the east of Kyrkiubæ is one of the finest specimens of basaltic architecture I have ever beheld. It lies close to the road, in the middle of the sand, and forms nearly a perfect square, measuring twenty-five feet in length, by twenty in breadth. The pillars are all pentagonal, and are joined together in the most exact manner. The interstices between them are nicely filled up with a thin stratum of a yellowish colour, and about the eighth part of an inch in thickness, which, being edged in along the surface, as if done with a trowel, suggests at first sight the idea of mortar. On a closer survey, however, it evidently appears to be a natural cement that has run in a liquid state while the pillars were forming. Their greatest diameter is about nine inches. The surface, which is nearly level with the sand, is as smooth as pavement; and, having been bleached by the rains, wears a greyish aspect, which renders the spot very conspicuous, and is finely contrasted with the blackness of the surrounding sand. According to a tradition still current in the neighbourhood, these pillars were the foundation and floor of a monastery at a very remote period; and indeed, considering the fact that Irish Christians once frequented the place, it is not altogether improbable, that, on their discovery of this bed of basalt, they may have erected a religious house on it, especially as it bore so striking a resemblance to the Giant's Causeway in their native country.’—vol. i. p. 301.

Keeping along the coast, our traveller directed his course to Oddê, where he found the amiable, learned, and hospitable host, the dean Steingrím Jonson, mentioned by Sir George Mackenzie. From this place Mount Heckla was seen to rear its snow-capped summits to the clouds. Our old acquaintance does not appear to the

the same advantage in Dr. Henderson's pages, as in some of those in which we had been accustomed to contemplate him; and we felt, at first, a little mortified at his degradation.

'The recollection of the desolation which it has spread over the adjacent country, (Dr. Henderson says) inspired the mind with a temporary melancholy: was it not for this, there is little in Heckla to attract the notice of the traveller, even supposing him never to have seen any other mountains but those in its vicinity. The *Trehyrning* has a far nobler and more picturesque appearance. Having been accustomed to hear of this Volcano as rivalling Etna, a strange prejudice in favour of its magnitude and grandeur had rooted itself in my mind, and I fancied the very sight of it must be replete with gratification. Now, however, when I had it direct before me, at a distance of about four and twenty miles, it sunk into comparative insignificance.'—p. 341.

The heat of Heckla, for the last three years has considerably diminished the snow; this circumstance, with the long interval since the last eruption, has given rise to the apprehension that some new explosion is at no great distance. But the same story, and the same apprehensions were stated to Sir George Mackenzie in 1810; at that time a thermometer placed among the slags on the side of the middle peak rose to 144°.

From Oddé our traveller proceeded to Eyrarbacka, traversed the craters known by the name of Trölladyngiar, or 'magic heaps,' and passing the Desolate Mountains, came, after a fatiguing ride, to the Tröllabörn, or 'Giant's Children,' a number of small chimnies formed by the cooling of the lava; and on the 20th September, after an absence of fifty-eight days, and a journey of more than 1200 miles, attended with many inconveniences, and much peril, reached Reykiavik in safety.

Here Dr. Henderson passed the long dreary winter, which however happened to be an unusually mild one. He does not appear to have attended much to the meteorological phenomena of Iceland; the most considerable of which, the Aurora-borealis, or Northern Lights, he had, he says, an opportunity of contemplating almost every clear night. It is not a little remarkable, that a phenomenon of so striking a nature as to force the attention of all descriptions of persons, and even of the irrational part of the creation, should still occasion a doubt among philosophers whether its appearance is attended with a rustling noise. It seems to be the fashion of the present day, not only to question the fact, but also to deny the possibility of it; gratuitously assuming, however, as the basis of this denial, that the Aurora being removed beyond the limit of the atmosphere, it is not in the nature of things, that it should produce any sound: but we are not told, by whom or by what process the altitude of this meteor has ever been determined. The testimony of eye-witnesses is certainly in favour of its emitting a

noise.

noise. Dr. Henderson says, 'when they are particularly quick and vivid, a crackling noise is heard resembling that which accompanies the escape of the sparks from an electric machine.' Sir Charles Giesecke, who had frequent opportunities in Greenland of observing them streaming forth with peculiar brilliancy, has remarked that they sometimes appeared very low, when they were much agitated, 'and a crashing and crackling sound was heard like that of an electric spark, or of the falling hail.' Gmelin gives a most terrific account of the effects of the *Aurora-borealis* on the borders of the Icy Sea; all the animals are terror-struck, the dogs of the hunters are seized with such dread that they crouch on the ground, while the streams of brilliant light, in every tint of the rainbow, 'crackle, sparkle, hiss, make a whistling sound, and a noise equal to that of artificial fire-works.' 'I have frequently,' says Hearne, a plain unostentatious traveller, 'heard them making a rustling and crackling noise, like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind.'

On the 16th of May, 1815, Dr. Henderson again set out from Reykiavik to complete his mission by visiting the western parts of the island. This journey need not detain us long, as a great part of it has been performed, and the occurring objects described, by previous visitors from this country.

Provided with a tent, he very rarely slept in an Icelandic habitation; but at the small farm of Kampur he was driven to it as his only resource.

'Having left my tent and bedding at Hvol, I was now under the necessity of choosing an Icelandic bed, which, I must confess, I did not like, on more accounts than one; but as my fatigue was excessive, I was the more easily reconciled to my situation. I was shewn into an out-house, while the mistress of the farm made up a bed for me in the sleeping apartment, to which I soon repaired, through a dark passage, from which a few steps led me into my chamber. The most of the family being still in bed, raised themselves nearly erect, naked as they were, to behold the early and strange visitor. Though almost suffocated for want of air, I should soon have fallen asleep, had it not been for an universal scratching that took place in all the beds in the room, which greatly excited my fears, notwithstanding the new and cleanly appearance of the wadmel on which I lay. At one period of the operation, the noise was, seriously speaking, paramount to that made by a groom in combing down his horses. Ultimately, however, every disagreeable emotion was stilled by the balmy power of sleep, and I enjoyed, for five hours, the soundest repose I ever had in my life.'—vol. ii. pp. 84, 85.

The innumerable small islands scattered over the great bay of Breidafjord are the products mostly of submarine volcanoes, and many of them rest on magnificent pillars of basaltic rock. They abound with eider-ducks, sea-parrots, and other fowl, which stunned the ears of our author with their clang, and in rising almost darkened

darkened the atmosphere. The clergyman of Flatey, the best inhabited of them, has two parishes, one on the mainland, which renders his official duties perhaps the most perilous as well as the most laborious of any in the Icelandic church; yet such is the miserable pittance which he receives, that he is obliged to follow other occupations for the maintenance of his family, and has the reputation of being the best seal catcher on the island.

On crossing Arnarfjord, we are entertained with some idle stories about the cunning of foxes, which have frequently been repeated, without being the more true on that account. Near Briamslæk, on the northern shore of the Breidafjord, and in a ravine of the mountain behind the parsonage, a more worthy object engaged Dr. Henderson's attention. It was 'one of the most interesting displays of *surturbrand* to be met with in the island.' Sir George Mackenzie could procure no satisfactory account of the situation in which *surturbrand* occurs; some said it was found on rocks, others in alluvial soil; Olafsen and Povelsen say it is found in both, 'but their description,' says Sir George, 'cannot be relied on; and we may look on this substance as one of the interesting objects that remain to be investigated in this remarkable country.' Dr. Henderson's account is therefore the more important as being drawn up from ocular inspection.

'Compared with others in the vicinity, the mountain is but of inconsiderable height, not appearing to rise to an elevation of more than 600 feet. A torrent from the rising hills behind has cut its way through the different horizontal strata of which it is composed, so that a cleft presents itself between forty and fifty yards in depth. The east side of this cleft is entirely covered with debris, except at some particular spots, where rugged masses of a yellowish tuffa tower above the surface; but the west side is more perpendicular, and consists of ten or twelve strata of *surturbrand*, lava, basalt, tuffa, and indurated clay, successively piled above each other. The *surturbrand* is undermost, and occupies four layers which are separated from each other by intermediate beds of soft sand-stone or clay. These layers are of unequal thickness, from a foot and a half to three feet, and run to the length of about thirty yards, when they disappear in the debris. They differ also in quality; the two lowest exhibiting the most perfect specimens of mineralized wood, free from all foreign admixture, of a jet black; and such pieces as have been exposed to the sun shine with great lustre, and are very splintery in their fracture. The numerous knots, roots, &c. and the annual circles observable in the ends of the trunks or branches, removed every doubt of the vegetable origin of this curious substance. The only changes it has undergone are induration and compression; having been impregnated with bituminous sap, and flattened by the enormous weight of the superincumbent rocks. Some few branches stretch at times across the bed, but in general they all lie parallel with one another, and are frequently pressed together, so as to form a solid mass. The third stratum is not

so pure, being mixed with a considerable portion of ferruginous matter; grey externally, but black in the fracture, has no lustre, and is much heavier than the former, yet possesses evident traits of its vegetable character. The fourth or uppermost stratum consists of what the Icelanders call *steinbrand*, or coal, from which it differs only in the absence of the gloss, and its containing a quantity of earthy matter. It still retains some faint marks of wood.

‘Remarkable as the appearance of this rock-wood undoubtedly is, a still more surprising phenomenon makes its appearance between the second and third strata, viz. a bed of dark grey schistus, about four inches in thickness, that admits of being divided into numerous thin plates, many of which possess the tenuity of the finest writing paper, and discovers on both sides the most beautiful and accurate impressions of *leaves*, with all their ramifications of nerves, ribs, and fibres, in the best state of preservation. The whole of the schistose body is, in fact, nothing but an accumulation of leaves closely pressed together, and partially interlaid with a fine alluvial clay. It is also worthy of notice, that when you separate any of the leaves from the mass, they are uniformly of a greyish or brown colour on the surface, and black on the opposite side. Most of those on the specimens now before me are of the common poplar, (*populus tremula*,) and some of them, in the judgment of an eminent botanical gentleman,* appear to be of the *populus takkamahaka*. A few birch and willow-leaves are also observable, but very small in size: whereas many of the poplar leaves are upwards of three inches in breadth.’—vol. ii. pp. 114—116.

There are only three ways, Dr. Henderson says, in which *surturbrand* can be supposed to originate;—first, by the overturning and entombing of large forests, which may have existed on the island at a remote period. Secondly, by an accumulation of drift-timber from the Missouri, (this is quite new to us,) or from the northern coasts of Siberia. Or, lastly, ‘it may have grown in a former world.’ It is not for us to decide whether any and which of these speculations of the Doctor be the true one; the last predominates in his own mind, though, for fear of offending pious ears, he thinks it necessary to explain what is meant by a ‘former world.’ This may be right; but he might surely have suppressed, without prejudice to his work, the hypothesis concerning ‘the forests that grew on the *sunk continent* that now supports the Atlantic.’

The *surturbrand* is chiefly used by the natives for the smithy: but being very hard and susceptible of a high polish, it is also employed for tables and other ornamental articles of household furniture. From a specimen seen by Sir George Mackenzie, he concluded it to be oak; but Professor Bergman, from two pieces sent to him by Von Troil says, ‘I can almost affirm, with perfect certainty,

* Professor Hornemann of Copenhagen.

that the largest is of the *pinus abies*.* Neither oak, pine,* nor poplar, however, were ever known to grow in Iceland.

Something very similar to the *surturbrand* has recently been discovered on the flat isthmus of the Cape of Good Hope, about ten miles from the shore of Table Bay. The Dutch fancy it to be the remains of ships; but have not yet decided whether they are some of those which fetched peacocks for Solomon, or Chinese junks which brought the Hottentots to the Cape, or, as the more serious part of the colony suppose, the remains of Noah's ark. Some specimens of this fossil wood, exhibited at Sir Joseph Banks's, had very much the appearance of Bovey coal; other pieces had the grain of the wood perfectly distinct and resembling that of cedar.

Once more Dr. Henderson makes a rapid journey to the very northern extremity of the island, and a more rapid return to the southward; but as there is a want of agreement between his chart and his text, it is no easy matter to trace his movements. We find him, however, considerably to the southward of Bæ on the Hrútafiord, when, on the night of the 23d of June, 'the king of day, like a vast globe of fire, stretched his sceptre over the realms of night;' that is to say, in plain language, for we do not greatly admire the purity of the Doctor's metaphor, the sun did not set: we are told indeed, that he remained in the same degree of altitude above the horizon for half an hour. Now as Bæ is in latitude 65° 30', and the whole body of the sun was above the horizon for half an hour, the refraction must have been prodigious, unless indeed Dr. Henderson viewed it from a higher mountain than we suspect to be in that quarter of the island. Here also 'the singing of swans on the neighbouring lakes added to the novelty of the scene.' The Icelandic swan sings or whistles while in full health and vigour, and does not, like the swan of Cayster, or rather of the poets, reserve his melody for his own dirge. 'Its sound,' says Pennant, 'is *whoogh, whoogh*, very loud and shrill, but not disagreeable, when heard far above one's head, and modulated by the winds. The natives of Iceland compare it to the notes of a violin: in fact, they hear it at the end of their long and gloomy winter, when the return of the bird announces the return of summer; every sound must be therefore melodious which presages the speedy thaw, and the release from their tedious confinement.'

Our traveller's next station is Baula, a conical mountain 3000 feet in height, the lower part of which is of white-coloured basalt, scattered about in the wildest disorder. Dr. Henderson regrets that this mountain was not examined by Sir Geo. Mackenzie and his party, as it is incontestibly, in his opinion, the most remarkable

* Mr. Hooker heard of one pine, (*pinus sylvestris*), but did not see it.

mountain on the island. So think the natives; for as none have yet been able to reach its summit, it is fabled that there is to be found on it a beautiful 'country, constantly green, and abounding in trees, inhabited by a dwarfish race of men, whose sole employment is the care of their fine flocks of sheep.'*

From Baula our traveller proceeded to Reykiadal, or the 'Valley of Smoke,' justly so named from the numerous columns of vapour which its hot springs incessantly send forth. One of these springs is described as remarkable for the resemblance of its operations to those of a steam-engine. In this valley Dr. Henderson was nearly suffocated with hot and dense vapours. 'At the distance of only a few yards before me,' he says, 'roared not fewer than sixteen boiling caldrons, the contents of which raised in broken heights were splashed about the margins, and ran with great impetuosity in numberless streamlets down the precipice on which the springs are situated.'

At Saurbæ our author met with an object of a different nature to excite his admiration, in the person of an old clergyman of seventy-four years of age, living on a small farm capable only of affording pasture to a few sheep and cattle, with a stipend of about thirty six-dollars a year. 'A man,' says our author, 'who had read more of his Hebrew Bible than hundreds of the more opulent clergy in Great Britain; and what was more surprising, did not commence the study of the original language of the Old Testament, till he had reached his sixtieth year.'—Justly does our author observe, that 'to whatever part of this surprising island the traveller may turn, he is sure to meet with some phenomenon or other, either of a physical or moral nature.' On the 29th of June he returned, for the second time, to Reykiavik.

Once more this indefatigable traveller set out, on the 18th of July, for the northern extremity of the island, to complete the object of his mission. In this journey he visited the remarkable cavern of Surtshellir, formed by a crust of lava, measuring about 40 feet in height, by 50 in breadth, and extending to the length of 4304 feet, containing within it many beautiful stalactites, vast quantities of ice and snow, and in some places water. The Doctor gives a minute account of this subterranean cavern, in which he spent four hours;—when he left this chilly vault and came into the open sunshine, the transition, he says, was 'almost the same as if one had suddenly exchanged a Greenland winter for an African summer.' We regret that we can only find room for that part of the description which opens upon the central desert.

'We now entered the aperture at the opposite end, and almost instantaneously found ourselves enveloped in thicker darkness than ever, but

* Hooker's Tour in Iceland, p. 244.

met with neither water nor stones. The floor was covered with a thick coating of ice, and dipped so rapidly, that, finding it impossible to keep our feet, we sat down, and slid forward by our own weight. On holding the torches close to the ice, we could discover its thickness to seven or eight feet, clear as crystal. It was not long till we reached a spot, the grandeur of which amply rewarded all our toil: and would have done so, though we had travelled an hundred times the distance to see it. The roof and sides of the cave were decorated with the most superb icicles, crystallized in every possible form, many of which rivalled in minuteness the finest zeolites; while, from the icy floor, rose pillars of the same substance, assuming all the curious and phantastic shapes imaginable, mocking the proudest specimens of art, and counterfeiting many well-known objects of animated nature. Many of them were upwards of four feet high, generally sharpened at the extremity, and about two feet in thickness. A more brilliant scene perhaps never presented itself to the human eye, nor was it easy for us to divest ourselves of the idea that we actually beheld one of the fairy scenes depicted in eastern fable. The light of the torches rendered it peculiarly enchanting.—vol. ii. pp. 195, 196.

We must here (though much remains on which we could dwell with pleasure) close our account of these interesting volumes, which we venture to say will be found productive of a very high degree of instruction as well as amusement, by all who have any relish for the grand and awful scenes of nature, or for the honest and artless simplicity, now so rarely found, of an uncorrupted race of people.

We had nearly overlooked the Appendix. It contains (besides a translation of a spirited Icelandic Ode on the Bible Society) an 'Historical View of the Icelandic Translations of the Scriptures,' compiled with great diligence; and an 'Inquiry into the Nature and Characteristic Features of Icelandic Poetry,' which evinces not only good taste, but an acquaintance with the subject never attained before, we believe, by any of our countrymen.

ART. II.—*Women; or, Pour et Contre. A Tale.* By the Author of 'Bertram.' 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1818.

A HASTY reader might wonder what could induce an author to take up a style of composition which appears to unite the extremes of vulgarity and heroics, of poverty and pedantry—to spoil a very ordinary story by extraordinary exertions, and to throw away thoughts and language, which would furnish out another *Bertram*, upon the ephemera of a circulating library. We have however discovered, or believe that we have discovered, that the work is not quite what it appears, nor the reverend author altogether so weak and inconsistent as he seems to be at first sight. He aspires (according to our view of the subject) to convey instruction through the
pages

pages of a romance; and as children (he writes evidently for extreme youth) are prevailed upon to take their powders in jelly, he has endeavoured to make his lessons palatable by administering them in the shape of a novel.

The great object of the author is to turn this species of writing into ridicule—to show with how little talent or ingenuity three volumes may be concocted—to exhibit the monstrous, the impossible absurdities which can be passed off as a plot—and to expose the raving nonsense which novel readers are content to receive as sublimity and pathos.

We have before seen some attempts of this kind, and we remember to have read the *Heroine* and one or two other mock romances with considerable amusement; but these were feeble and ineffective compared with the present production,—their irony was too fine, and their pleasantry hardly sufficiently obvious; nor did they expose, in sufficient caricature, all the absurdities which they proposed to laugh out of countenance:—the admirable work now before us is of a much higher pitch; in the first place its size and appearance (no inconsiderable points in the merit of a novel) are copied exactly from some of the best models; the insidious design of a satirical pamphlet is easily detected, but the imposing gravity of three volumes, of about three hundred pages each, sets suspicion (as well as some others of the faculties) asleep, and a reader may swallow the whole dose before he finds out that he has been tricked.

In the next place the author has taken care, every now and then, to assume so grave and serious a tone, that the detection of his pleasantry is postponed from page to page. Very often, when you are just ready to burst out, and ‘laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,’ the solemn wag puts on so sober a countenance that your muscles recompose themselves, and your delusion, or at least your wonder, is agreeably prolonged, even to the very catastrophe.

The third peculiar merit of this parody, for such we must call it, is that the objects of its ridicule are not imaginary: the author grapples manfully with the prevailing taste of the public, and does not hesitate to caricature the most striking characters of the most popular romances of the day; and his happy, though audacious art contrives to render personages copied from *Madame de Staël*, or the author of *Waverley*, absolutely ridiculous. This is the most effective part of the work, and if it happily shall diminish the admiration which but too many persons feel for *Corinne* or *Meg Merrilies*, the reverend monitor will, we presume, consider his time as not mispent.

The last and not the least merit which we shall notice is, that he has artfully contrived to wheedle the incautious reader into a
great

great deal of miscellaneous literature ; and while he appears to be relating the story of a gang of mad Irish men and women, he is really expending the fruits of his severer studies. The learning is not, as we shall see, very deep, nor very accurate ; but still it is so much above what young ladies would otherwise read at Brighton or Broadstairs, that we think the author is entitled to great commendation for this happy mode of conveying instruction.

We have strong doubts whether it be quite fair to attempt to give a summary of the story. The absurdities, which pass off well enough when spread through three volumes, will hardly bear gathering up into half a dozen lines ; and the reader who should look at the mere skeleton of the plot, might accuse the author of pursuing his ridicule too openly, and of destroying the effect of his satire by the extreme lengths to which it is carried. We are aware of all this ; but as there are several points of pleasantry which we can hardly bring to light without making some kind of statement of the story, we hope the ingenious author will forgive us if we venture on a brief but faithful abstract of the fable.

In the month of November, (the day unluckily is not mentioned,) in the year 1814, about seven o'clock in the evening, the stage coach which plies between a remote province in Ireland and the capital, broke down at the little village of Lucan, about five miles from Dublin. In this coach happened to be Mr. or rather Master De Courcy, a well-grown lad of good property, who had just left school and was proceeding to finish his education at the university of Dublin. His guardians (like true *novel* guardians) had sent him unattended, even by a servant, to find his way into his college, of which he knows nothing, through a city in which he never was. When the coach breaks down all the other passengers choose, most unaccountably, to remain at Lucan for the night, but De Courcy—the only one probably who knows nothing of the way—sets forth manfully for the city ; the evening was, as usual, delightful, but it degenerated, as usual, into a stormy night : in the outskirts of the town our young traveller meets, as usual, a post-chaise and four driving furiously along—as usual, there is a heroine in it—as usual, she is in the power of some monster who is hurrying her away with some atrocious design. De Courcy, as usual, pursues the carriage, and after several of the usual difficulties rescues the beautiful and insensible Eva from an old hag in whose cottage she had been just deposited by the unknown ravisher, and restores her to her guardian, who luckily happens to be in the streets at that time of night, and hearing a person inquiring for a hackney coach naturally guesses he can be no other than the preserver of his niece.—But the guardian is a methodist, who, little inclined to improve his acquaintance with De Courcy, takes his niece home without giving her preserver

even an invitation to pay them a visit—the visit of inquiry is notwithstanding paid, and Charles and Eva become deeply enamoured of each other; *he*, our readers already know, is a perfect model of a man, six feet high, dark eyes, brown hair, and the noblest intelligence of countenance; *she*, on the contrary, is fair—touchingly fair—her eyes are of the usual melting blue, and her deportment has all the usual amiable and graceful timidity of the soft-eyed maids of romance. She is just fifteen, quite a marriageable age, but as he is only seventeen, and as both are in good health, new incidents must be imagined to make the book go on a little longer before it can be concluded either by death or wedlock.

Accordingly, a brilliant Italian actress arrives in Dublin—not Madame Catalani, but a Madame *Dalmatiani*, who is a perfect parody of Corinne. With her too De Courcy is fascinated and by degrees enamoured, till at last he divides his time between the methodist meeting-house, where Eva never lifts her gentle eyes from her hymn book, and the theatre, where the adorable Dalmatiani wins all hearts and transports all imaginations. But she is no common actress. She is a woman of property, and rather plays from vanity and enthusiasm than for profit. She keeps a great house, troops of servants, gaudy equipages, an elegant table, and gives splendid assemblies, at which she sings, dances, and talks prose and poetry after the manner of her prototype. She is so fine a judge of the arts that she carries about with her a 'beautiful cast of the Venus de Medici,' to which she modestly transfers the wreaths which her admirers offer to her. De Courcy is admitted to her select society; she, as in courtesy bound, grows enamoured of him—he, in return, becomes intoxicated with her; but she is, notwithstanding appearances, a woman of nice virtue, and De Courcy is a man of nice honour; so their love is all of a matrimonial tendency, and he offers her his hand. Poor Eva in the meanwhile pines away; she is too gentle to fret. De Courcy has fits of repentance, and Zaira (Madame Dalmatiani) is perplexed between jealousy of the one, love of the other—the stage in the evening—the assembly at night; in short, one wonders how she can avoid running mad.

Sur ces entrefaites, et à propos de bottes, the allies arrive in Paris, and thither the fascinating Zaira and the faithless Charles hasten. They are now inseparable and recognised lovers, and again the novel is threatened with a premature conclusion, when Charles fortunately learns from a French gentleman, that Zaira the young; the beautiful, the pure, has been *many years* married, and has even borne a child. 'At these words Dé Courcy rushed from the house in a species of fury and despair,' (vol. iii. p. 47.); and the thought of his 'intellectual' angel's having condescended to bear a child, staggers his resolution of marrying her: at this critical moment

moment his prudent guardian writes to him, (not to know why he has left his college and gone strolling through Europe at the age of seventeen years and seven months,) but to dissuade him from marrying Madame Dalmatiani who is only twice as old as himself. This beautiful and parental epistle concludes in these words:—

‘Let not the country that can boast a Grattan, a Curran, a Moore, an Edgeworth, a Lady Morgan, a Phillips, a Shiel, reckon a character so degraded among those of her children!

Even this pathetic apostrophe might have failed, and Charles De Courcy might have disgraced the country of Charles Phillips, but that he hears from an acquaintance just arrived from Ireland that Eva is dying—not a sham Irish death,—but really and *bonâ fide* dying.

This fatal intelligence strikes him to the heart—it is his own death-wound; his constitution, never strong, is suddenly impaired, and his conscience as suddenly awakened; he hastens back to Ireland to attend the bed-side of Eva. Zaira is heart-broken at his evasion, and as near death’s door as either Eva or De Courcy—but she musters up strength to follow him. Then comes the usual death-bed *eclaircissement*—the old hag from whom De Courcy had rescued Eva, and who figures on sundry occasions throughout the work, in all the squalid distraction of an Irish pauper lunatic, turns out to have been *once* a most beautiful young peasant girl seduced by a man of fortune—Zaira, the young, the elegant, the intellectual, is her bastard daughter, who ran away with an Italian fiddler,—and Eva is the child of Zaira and grand-child of the beggar woman!

The conclusion now becomes easy—Eva, De Courcy, and the beggar-woman all die on the spot, and Madame Dalmatiani is left, like Moonshine and Wall, to bury the dead!

Such is the story; and we believe our readers will now agree that it presents a collection of all the extravagancies of all novels which none but a master-hand would have made.

It is now time to show that the execution surpasses the design; ‘*materiam superat opus*,’ as Madame Dalmatiani would have said.

The imitations of Corinne are too diffuse to be extracted; some of them are very comical, but in others truth obliges us to say there is somewhat of exaggeration. Corinne never talks either Greek or Hebrew; while Zaira is a perfect Polyglott, quotes all the mottos of the Spectators and Ramblers in the original tongue—and talks you

————Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak.

For instance, when she thinks she is dying the following are represented as her meditations.

'Then crowded on her mind the awful story of that night in Alexandria, when the sound of subterranean music and revelry, passing out towards *the enemy's camp*, was heard by those who were feasting with Antony and Cleopatra at their last banquet, reminding them terribly of the contrasted splendour of their former destiny, and the gloom of that which was approaching. Then followed the tremendous *Misakavupda urvudis*, of the Jewish history, when God left them for ever; when *Ichabod* was pronounced by the voice of the Eternal Judge, and the glory of their hierarchy and their temple departed from them for ever.'—vol. iii. p. 272, 273.

This is but a small sample of Zaira's erudition—the reverend author has artfully contrived to communicate under her name all he knows, and, we sometimes suspect, a little more.

Let us observe how naturally he beguiles his young readers into historical, classical, and scientific knowledge in extracts of a letter from Zaira to Delphine, a French lady of her acquaintance.

'You cannot comprehend what I have felt, since I learned the object of his (De Courcy's) attachment is an evangelical female. You do not exactly understand this phrase, Delphine. You can explain it to yourself by *the puritans of Cromwell's time with whose history you are well acquainted*. Mezentius, who united a dead body to a living one, was guilty of a less crime and less cruelty than he who unites De Courcy with this girl.—With her sect all the enjoyments, all the privations of life, are to be viewed exactly *in the same plane*.—Like the *Arabian chief* when he was going to burn the library of Alexandria, they would have employed the short dilemma.—Would not Guido's Aurora, and Raphael's Cartoons, and Rembrandt's Descent from the Cross, be all mortgaged at this moment for the vile wooden cut of an evangelical preacher, with his lank hair and Iscariot visage?—Would not Sculpture, if she pleaded for her life with Laocoon in one hand and Niobe in the other, be rejected for some spruce monument over Dr. Coke or Dr. Huntington?—vol. ii. p. 139—148.

Thus in order to comprehend the single word *evangelical*, a young lady may be induced to inform herself concerning the puritans of the seventeenth century and the tyrant Mezentius, whose history she cannot have cheaper than in Lempriere's classical dictionary or Dryden's Virgil; the phrase of *seen in the same plane* will force her into geometry; the Alexandrian library will open to her the history of Mahomet and his followers. As for dilemmas, Auroras, Iscariots, Cartoons, Laocoons, and Niobes, we suppose she may already have heard of them; but we marvel where she is to look, for the two doctors:—and we are obliged to confess our suspicions, that, in speaking of Rembrandt's Descent from the Cross, the reverend author himself hallucinates, and that for Rembrandt

brandt we should read Rubens. See then what a store of knowledge these passages force upon the reader!

'Delphine's answer,' we are told, 'contained that mixture of *frivolity*, wordliness, &c. &c. which formed her character.'—p. 149.

'It is impossible that you can longer deceive yourself. You never deceived me. You love this man. For it happens that we never dream of *commencing* friends, till we have actually *taken our degrees* as lovers in the last stage. Then your tirade against that poor girl and her religion. Can any power on earth persuade me, that you would sit down to study divinity, for the sake of abusing a set of people, whom you would care no more about than the *Camisards* of France; only that you choose to be in love with a boy whom one of these pretty puritans has captivated?

'Fear not, my charming Zaira! there will always be enough to love the world, if all the begging *Bonzes* of the East were united with all the mendicant orders of Europe, and they again backed by the ghosts of the RUMP-parliament, raised from the dead for the purpose. Do you remember your admirable *Shakspeare*? "Thinkest thou, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Yea, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too!"

'And now, my dear Zaira, that I have removed your apprehensions about the world being turned upside down by these moral *Archimedes's*, have the goodness to remove mine (if you can) about yourself. All my levity forsakes me when I think of your situation. Waken, waken, my charming Zaira, from your dream! it is but a dream; or sleep on and perish, as the botanists did in their tour of exploration on the coasts of New Holland.

The cant of university-*commencements*—the *Camisards* of France—the begging bonzes—the RUMP Parliament—Shakspeare, Archimedes, and Sir Joseph Banks!—A young lady may well exclaim, 'If Delphine be *frivolous*, what must I be, who, except Shakspeare and that parliament with the queer name, have never heard of any of these affairs?' Emulation will be thus generated; information will follow, and boarding-school girls will be as profound as the reverend author of Bertram.

This correspondence concludes with a pleasant ridicule of the inconsistency into which novelists are often betrayed by labouring after consistency. This same learned lady, because she is a French woman, and of course *frivolous*, must write thus of the capture of Paris.

"*Mon dieu!*—The allies are absolutely within a few leagues of Paris. What horrors surround us! I know not how *mon joli chat* will escape. They say those Cossacks eat cats! Horrible, I will rather perish first.

"Ah, my beautiful Zaira, the artillery of the allies is sending its thunders from the heights of Montmartre. What an event! How astonishing! What a disgrace to the history of civilised nations!

Paris, the metropolis of the world, invested by hostile forces! Paris, that like Sparta, never saw the smoke of an enemy's camp! After this, the sacking of Rome by pagan Goths, or by catholic imperialists in the time of Clement, may be read with very little emotion. Ah, my God! what will become of my cat if the Cossacks eat him?—vol. ii. p. 161—163.

Sparta, Rome, Brennus, Pope Clement, and my cat!

We have examples in abundance of all kinds of absurdity in Greek, Latin, Italian, and above all in English, with which the author endeavours to amuse us, but we have not room to spare for any more extracts. Parodies, as we once before said, should be short—Mr. Mathurin's, though admirably sustained, is too long, and we may venture to say also that the mask is never sufficiently removed—we know that the reverend author means to be merry at the expense of novel writers and port-folio pedants, but we regret to say that we have heard that some persons, mistaking his book for a serious production, have censured it as degrading, by its folly, its ignorant pedantry, its constant fustian, and its occasional blasphemy, the character of a clerical author; while others, equally well disposed, but more simple, have looked upon it not only as serious but as meritorious, and have praised it as having all the qualities of an excellent novel. Though both these opinions are alike unfounded, we would advise the writer to take warning from them. We are satisfied that he would repel either imputation with equal indignation, but he ought not to expose himself to such misapprehension; and we are glad to see that instead of the perplexing riddle of a mock romance, he has been employing himself, to the same moral end, on a volume of 'Sermons' which we have seen advertised, and which we have no doubt will be as excellent in their way as 'Bertram' or 'Women,' and at least by their name and character be sacred from any of the misconstructions put on the volumes we have just endeavoured to vindicate.

ART. III. *Samor, Lord of the Bright City. An Heroic Poem.*

By the Rev. H. H. Milman, M.A. 8vo. pp. 374. London. 1818.

THERE is scarcely any department of literature, indeed we might say of any art or science, in which certain characteristic changes may not be remarked in almost every age, either as to the manner or the degree in which it is pursued. These changes it is always interesting to notice, either for the causes from which they flow, or the consequences to which they give birth. If we mistake not, a revolution of this nature has been observable of late years in the criticism of this country, especially in that department of it which professes to regulate poetical taste, and assign the rewards of

of poetical merit; and we shall, perhaps, experience the indulgence of our readers if we take the opportunity, afforded to us by a poem of great power, of explaining the nature of the occasional change alluded to, and of making a few remarks on the consequences resulting from it.

Poetical criticism of old was a laborious task, undertaken with a due respect for the subject of its animadversions, yet sustained with a due sense of its own importance; it was open and responsible; professedly, perhaps ostentatiously, scientific; directed to its own proper objects, and confined within the limits of its own province. Ignorance in the individual might occasionally make this criticism contemptible, or malevolence render it odious; the wilings too of every age have claimed a prescriptive right of amusing themselves at the expense of the critics. But these were not *ἀνία βέλγη*; they fell innocuous—and, on the whole, however its comparative rank in the scale of literature might vary at different periods, poetical criticism was, and could not fail to be, highly respectable.

We have said that it was confined to the limits of its own proper province; if we were required to explain what we understand that to be, we should say that poetical criticism should properly be conversant with every thing in poetry, but that which flows exclusively and directly from the native power of the poet. It should watch over the correctness of language, metre, imagery, metaphor, the appropriateness of all these both to the character of the whole, and to the particular part under examination. This is one class of its duties; another, though less strictly so, is to observe upon the positive richness and variety of these ingredients, the force and glow of the language, the harmony and changing cadence of the versification, the perfection and grouping of the imagery, the number and vividness of the metaphors. Rising still higher, but still within the same limits, its duty is to consider the choice of the subject in many different points of view, the relation of the parts to each other, the unity of the whole; the conception, the sustainment, the contrast of the personages, the purity of the thoughts and the general moral effect of the poem.

Our readers may perhaps smile at the terms 'confined,' and 'limits,' when they consider the arduous, and extensive province which we have assigned to the poetical critic; and we are aware that it might be hard for us to instance any single individual who had filled up with success the outline of duties here sketched. But it is not necessary for our argument that we should do so—it is enough if we have represented fairly the general system on which poetical criticism then proceeded, and the objects usually kept in view by it. The *practice*, at least of the present day, is very different—poetical criticism is no longer a laborious, or a responsible

task ; it is chiefly anonymous, and confined to short disquisitions in periodical journals. As no system is digested, and no principles recurred to, little preparation or knowledge is deemed necessary. The lawyer steals an evening from his brief, the merchant from his accounts; the fine gentleman sacrifices a rout or an opera. We intend to speak disrespectfully of no one, but it is manifestly very unlikely that such men should be fitted to fulfil the task they assume according to the description above given of it—but even if they were, it would not answer the purpose with which they undertake it, so to fulfil it. They are in general men of brilliant talents; and they become critics to display those talents in the manner most attractive to the circle in which they move. This is not to be done by minute and even verbal examination, by analysis, or by recurrence to standards and fixed principles; such criticism would have very little chance of being read with delight discipularum inter cathedras, or of being carried home, and noted down from the ‘*persuasive*’ conversation of our literary parties. The criticism, therefore, of the present day, as might be expected, dwells chiefly on topics more attractive in themselves, and which those who profess the art are more qualified to treat in an attractive manner. Thus we have highly wrought, and not very short descriptions of poetry in general, ingenious theories respecting poetic power, genius and association, parallels drawn, and contrasts exhibited between the sister arts; rapturous declamations on fancy, the picturesque, natural beauty, and harmony; general comparisons between the fables of different poems, and the characteristic qualities of different poets, with an artful selection either of the best or worst passages of the work under consideration. It is not surprising that these critiques should be commonly very entertaining, for they are commonly the production of ingenious men writing upon elegant and interesting subjects, subjects too, be it always remembered, upon which it only requires talent to write brilliant and plausible essays. They have too another charm, in the exact quantity of metaphysical knowledge which they presuppose or require in the reader. Of all the gratifications of intellectual vanity and indolence with which the literature and philosophy of the present day abound, there is none so soothing and delicious to minds elegantly informed but not soundly disciplined, as to play upon the surface of metaphysics.

But entertaining as such critiques certainly are, it is manifest that they contribute very slightly to the true ends of criticism; they do not regulate or improve the taste either of the public or the poet. The public, flattered and entertained as it is for a time, is not deceived in the main; it is too plain for the dullest not to see that those who fill the chair of criticism teach none of its principles,

ples, and lay down no rules by which poetry in general is to be judged; the consequence is that they are read and admired, but neither consulted nor remembered. This is not the worst however; for criticism might act indirectly with more force even than by immediate application to the public: if those who write poetry were taught to do so with a proper knowledge of the principles of their art, and with a due observance of them, the taste of those who read it could not long be very uncultivated. But how should the genus irritabile respect the opinions of the modern critic? They see in him in general an ambitious rival, one who approaches them most injudiciously on their own ground, who is not intent upon laying before the world a fair examination of their faults and beauties, but solicitous only that the critique should be at least as shining and poetical as the poem itself.

It would be imprudent probably, and certainly would be invidious for us to insist at greater length upon this irrelevancy of matter, and false brilliance of manner in modern criticism; but we must briefly notice two errors flowing from them which, as we think, characterise modern poems and poets. As criticism becomes lowly rated, all rules become equally neglected; the only thing sought after is the exhibition of talent; point out to a poet a tame passage in this page, and he answers with a beautiful one in the next; in short no one aims at producing a good and perfect poem, the *monumentum ære perennius*, which former bards delighted to consume a life in building up; but to give proof by brilliant flashes that he might if he pleased have written such a poem.

The other error is a natural one, but it lies at the root of all poetical criticism—it is this, that the poet learns to believe no one but himself or a brother poet competent to judge of his productions; it is, according to his argument, a question of feeling and power, and he who neither feels so acutely, nor wields such mental energies as his own, can be no proper censor of the propriety of their joint result. Now we hate the cant of criticism as much as any wit or poet of any age or nation, and we certainly shall hardly be accused of a desire to shelter its abuses, or excuse the follies of individual critics; but of criticism itself rightly employed, we will say that the poet who denies its jurisdiction has never thoroughly considered, and does not rightly understand, the real nature of the poetic character.

We now proceed to a task, perhaps too long delayed—an examination of the poem before us. Mr. Milman's choice of a subject would have been in many respects a happy one, if all our impressions from history did not run counter to the truth of its catastrophe. He celebrates the defeat and expulsion of the Saxon invaders from this country with the re-establishment of the British monarchy. His
hero

hero is a Briton chief, the Lord of Gloucester, or the Bright City, and the interest of the poem requires that we should place our affections on the British side. This we are well enough disposed to do; for it is a very curious fact, (an instance perhaps of the force of names and words,) that even to this day, a motley race as we are of Saxons, Angles, Danes and Normans, any thing but Britons, we indentify ourselves entirely with these last in reading our early history, and regard the former as invaders and conquerors with whom we have no connection. So far the subject of *Samor* is well chosen; but unfortunately we have been familiar from our earliest years with Saxon victories and British defeats; and though we find upon examination that the struggle was long and severe, we know that the issue approached nearly to the extermination of the Britons. It is impossible therefore not to feel something unsatisfactory and imperfect in the close of the story;—those with whom we sympathize are victorious and exult in the return of peace and freedom—we stand by them in their triumph, like superior beings, and know that their joys are delusive, and their calamities respite only for a moment.

The poem opens at Troynovant, on the return of the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa from a successful expedition against the Picts. The degenerate King Vortigern receives them with a prodigal welcome, and conducts the chiefs to a banquet in the palace. This is described with perhaps somewhat too much of oriental magnificence; but the Saxon warriors and British courtiers, the band of effeminate and parasite court bards, and the white-haired Aneurin shedding indignant tears at the prostitution of his art, and degradation of his country, are spiritedly contrasted. At the close of a war-song Rowena enters the hall—she is a very important personage in the poem, and Mr. Milman has lavished on her in this and many other places all the richness of his fancy and language.

‘ Sudden came floating through the hall an air
 So strangely sweet, the o’erwrought sense scarce felt
 It’s rich excess of pleasure; softer sounds
 Melt never on the enchanted midnight cool,
 By haunted spring, where elfin dancers trace
 Green circlets on the moon-light dews, nor lull
 Becalmed mariner from rocks, where basks
 At summer noon the sea-maid, he his oar
 Breathless suspends, and motionless his bark
 Sleeps on the sleeping waters. Now the notes
 So gently died away, the silence seemed
 Melodious; merry now and light and blithe
 They danced on air; anon came tripping forth
 In frolic grace a maiden troop, their locks

Flower-

Flower-wreath'd, their snowy robes from clasped zone
 Fell careless drooping, quick their glittering feet
 Glanced o'er the pavement. Then the pomp of sound
 Swell'd up and mounted; as the stately swan,
 Her milk-white neck embower'd in arching spray,
 Queens it along the waters, entered in
 The lofty hall a shape so fair, it lull'd
 The music into silence, yet itself
 Pour'd out, prolonging the soft extacy,
 The trembling and the touching of sweet sound.
 Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
 And swimming majesty of step and tread,
 The symmetry of form and feature, set
 The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
 Of flute or harp; as though she trod from earth
 And round her wore an emanating cloud
 Of harmony, the lady mov'd. Too proud
 For less than absolute command, too soft
 For aught but gentle amorous thought; her hair
 Cluster'd, as from an orb of gold cast out
 A dazzling and o'er-pow'ring radiance, save
 Here and there on her snowy neck reposed
 In a sooth'd brilliance some thin wandering tress.
 The azure flashing of her eye was fring'd
 With virgin meekness, and her tread, that seem'd
 Earth to disdain, as softly fell on it,
 As the light dew-shower on a tuft of flowers.
 The soul within seem'd feasting on high thoughts,
 That to the outward form and feature gave
 A loveliness of scorn, scorn that to feel
 Was bliss, was sweet indulgence.'—pp. 6—8.

It must not be supposed that we give our unqualified applause to this passage; we object to the diction in many parts of it; (but this is an old quarrel between Mr. Milman and ourselves, upon which we will say a few words hereafter;) we think moreover that there is some little inconsistency in the conception of the character. Its principal fault as a composition is an injudicious mixture of the beauty which is merely external, with that which is to be *inferred* from the effects it produces, or the qualities it is said to express. It is very possible to give the liveliest idea of beauty without the definite drawing of a single feature, or the mention of any merely corporeal attribute, such as shape, or colour; it is equally possible to invert the mode of description: but it is very odd that the two can be well mixed, at least in the present instance they are jumbled together in most unaccommodating masses. As every one knows, the weak and passionate Vortigern is subdued by this beautiful apparition, who, after pledging his health, instantly

instantly retires as she came. The King impatiently inquires who and whence she is, and learns from Hengist that she is his daughter. Upon this a conversation ensues between them apart, and ends with the proclamation of Hengist 'King of Kent' by the infatuated monarch. The Saxons receive it with a clamorous shout of joy, and drain their goblets to the new King—but this introduces to us the hero of the poem in a noble manner. Nothing can be more happy in conception or execution—the language and metre have a solemn and placid dignity, without effort, involution, or glitter—the ideas are correspondent, and the precise effect is produced, which was intended, of impressing us from the first moment with a lofty idea of Samor.

'As mid the fabled Libyan bridal stood
Perseus in stern tranquillity of wrath,
Half-stood, half-floated on his ancle plumes
Outswelling, while the bright face on his shield
Look'd into stone the raging fray; so rose,
But with no magic arms, wearing alone
Th' appalling and control of his firm look,
The solemn indignation of his brow,
The Briton Samor: at his rising, awe
Went forth, and all the riotous hall was mute;
But like unruffled summer waters flow'd
His speech, and courtly reverence smooth'd its tone.'—p. 11.

The speech which follows is not unworthy of the introduction, neither vaunting nor (which is Mr. Milman's usual fault) too long; but simple, dignified and firm; denying the king's right to give any part of the island, which was his only to govern, and disclaiming any allegiance to the new chief. At the close he leaves the hall, attended by the nobler part of the British courtiers. Vortigern makes light of the threatened opposition; he exclaims contemptuously—

'Whom the flax binds not, must the iron gyve.'

As he leaves the banquet, Samor encounters him; his open and animated remonstrances joined with the most earnest supplications rouse in the King the dormant virtues of the warrior and patriot, and in the enthusiasm of the moment he determines on renouncing the dishonourable alliance with the Saxon. The resolution has hardly passed his lips, when the fatal beauty arrives in her bridal car, and the poet tells us the issue in a single line,—

'Alone she came—alone she went not on.'

The second book opens with another of the thousand and one imitations of the Council of Kings in the Iliad, and we are sorry, principally on that account, that Mr. Milman should have thought it necessary to the conduct of the story. There is nothing that so disturbs

disturbs the illusion, which should be preserved in all works of fiction, as imitation of incident. In a narration of real events if a circumstance occurs resembling one already familiar to us, we are surprised at first, but we instantly regard it as what it really is, a curious though not an unnatural coincidence, and the sensation on the whole is rather pleasurable than otherwise. But when the same thing happens in a work of fiction, we reflect and examine for a moment as in the former case, but the first and immediate effect of this is to dispel all the dream, in which we had yielded to the story as true; and this alone is painful; the second effect is, dissatisfaction with the author, who having the tissue of incidents at his disposal might have avoided this imitation. In the present instance the borrowed incidents may be convenient for the introduction and development of new characters, but we think that Mr. Milman's ingenuity properly tasked might have discovered some less hacknied means for the same object.

In order to make our readers understand this part of the poem, we must go back a little to events which are supposed by the poet to have happened before its commencement. Constantine, King of Britain, is said to have aspired to the purple, and to have led an army to the continent to support his claim. After some successes he lost his own life and crown, together with the flower of his troops, in a disastrous battle near Arles.* He left three sons, Constans, Emrys, (Aurelius Ambrosius,) and Uther, but they were all thought too young to conduct the retreat of the army and sustain the sinking fortunes of Britain; Vortigern therefore was elected King. In the council now assembled Emrys first rises, and in a firm yet temperate manner reclains for his brother and himself the crown, which they had lost by their youth, but which Vortigern had forfeited by his treason to the common weal. Uther follows—a more impetuous character—his warm and animating appeal to the chiefs, his denunciation of instant and interminable war on Vortigern and his allies produce a suitable effect on the council. Shouts of war are heard, spears are brandished, and shields are clashed; when Samor rises to still the commotion. This is managed with too apparent intention of contrast, and his speech is much too long and too rhetorical; as in many other places it is Mr. Milman and not his hero, who speaks; still there is much of beauty, and even moral force in the address;

——— ‘ Oh! Kings,
Our council thus appealing, may not wear
Seeming of earthly passion, lust of sway
Or phrenetic vengeance: we must rise in wrath,

* It is not of much importance in a case like this, but Mr. Milman will find that he has misquoted Gibbon as to these facts in his prefatory notice.

But wear it as a mourner's robe of grief,
 Not as a garb of joy : must boldly strike,
 But, like the Roman with reverted face,
 In sorrow to be so enforc'd.'—p. 28.

In reply to Emrys and Uther he urges the superior right of *Constans*, their elder brother, to the vacant throne. *Constans* was a peaceful hermit, and the proposition of such a man for King at such a crisis calls forth the bitter scoff of *Caswallon*, chief of the mountains north of Trent ; who demands the crown for himself, and threatens to join the Saxons if rejected. *Caswallon's* character will fully appear in the sequel ; it is sufficient here to observe of him that he is the *Mezentius* of the poem, as *Malwyn*, his only son, is the *Ladus*. This latter personage bursts upon us in a very interesting manner, refusing to share his father's treason, but throwing himself between him and the spears of the irritated chiefs.

Caswallon, however, is dismissed in safety from the assembly—a single incident in the mode of his departure finely marks the character of the man,

————— ' far was heard
 His tread along the rocky path, the crash
 Of branches rent by his unstooping helm.'—p. 33.

Samor's proposition is assented to, and he is himself commissioned to bear the offer of the crown to *Constans* ; *Emrys* departs to solicit succours from *Hoel*, King of Aquitain ; *Uther* is dispatched to the west, and the other chiefs repair each to his own domains to stir up his vassals to the great enterprize. Such is the council, of which it seemed necessary to say thus much for the better knowledge of the personages who fill great part of *Mr. Milman's* canvass.

Samor immediately departs on his mission to *Constans*, accompanied by his friend *Elidure* ; in their way, from a woody eminence they see the bridal procession of *Vortigern* and *Rowena* winding along the valley below. How or why this procession came so near the place of assembly of the insurgent chiefs, or whither it was going, we are not informed. It seems to have been brought here for the sake of an incident, which might have been very sublime, if the judgment which regulated the execution had been at all equal to the fancy which conceived it. A shape of strange and savage appearance bursts suddenly upon the gay troop, and arresting its progress by the terror it inspires, utters a tremendous denunciation of woe upon the nuptials. Before a shaft could fly, ' the path was vacant.'—*Vortigern* alone recognises *Merlin*, and ' moans' his name in anguish. This is finely imagined. A slight inaccuracy may be remarked in the manner of the recognition by *Vortigern*. It must be remembered that the persons on the stage at present are *Samor* and

and Elidure: *they are seeing* the procession from some distance. In the main action of his poem, a poet by tacit compact is allowed to be omniscient and all-seeing; we allow him to tell us what is passing in the hearts even of his personages, and never ask how he learned the secret. But his personages themselves are not so unlimited; they can only be allowed to see, hear, and know, according to the faculties of their nature. Now in the present instance the procession is not the main action, but it bears the same relation to it which a picture introduced in a picture, or a play in a play, bear respectively to the picture or play which contain them; that is to say, they are wholly subordinate to them. The poet then must divest himself of his own unlimited faculties, and describe nothing relating to the procession, which those who are the main subjects could not have seen and heard. But, to mention one instance of the violation of this rule, it is clear that Samor and Elidure could not from the place of their concealment have *heard* Vortigern *moan* the name of Merlin—this therefore should have been omitted.

A more obvious, and less pardonable fault remains to be commented on in the denunciation. Here again it is Mr. Milman who speaks, and not Merlin—it is the youthful poet, high in spirits, rioting in the luxuriance of words and ideas, and delighting to toss them about in point and antithesis, not the aged, woe-begone, and austere prophet. If we can be sure of any thing that is matter of taste and judgment, we are sure that the denunciation should have been short and solemn; the poet has made it long, brilliant, and *ironical*. Irony is always a dangerous weapon, but in epic poetry especially the mightiest master should strike but a single blow with it, it can scarcely ever be in his hands safely for more than an instant at a time. Mr. Milman has used it once or twice with success, but what can we say to such lines as these, among many others?

‘I see the nuptial pomp, the nuptial song
I hear; and full the pomp, for Hate, and Fear,
And *excellent* Dishonour, and *bright* Shame,
And *rose-cheek'd* Grief, and *jovial* Discontent,
And that *majestic herald*, Infamy,
And that *high noble* Servitude, are there,
A blithesome troop, a gay and festive crew.
And the land's curses are the bridal hymn;
Sweetly and shrilly doth the accordant isle
Imprecate the glad Hymenæan song.’—p. 40.

Statius might have written such lines, but if, as we think probable, Mr. Milman took the first hints of his incident from the awful *δομῶν προφητείας* of the Agamemnon, or the mournful elegy of Andromache, either

either Æschylus or Euripides might have taught him a more discriminating observation of character.

The friends pass on, and fulfil their commission; but Constans, as might be expected, refuses the crown, and tenders a ready allegiance to his brother Emrys. Free however as he was from worldly ambition, his royal primogeniture made him an object of suspicion in those disjointed times to the king and the Saxons—the peasant who visited him on the following morning, found him murdered, and resting on his cross. This whole interview is very pleasingly told; but it is open to a remark which, even at the expense of being thought too minute, we must venture to make. The true poet never sacrifices accuracy of reasoning or description for the sake of increasing a particular effect. In applying this rule, we must of course be careful to distinguish those passages in which he identifies himself with his personages under any strong state of feeling, when all nature assumes the colouring given by that feeling, and all things are reasoned upon under its impression. The rule must be confined to places, where the poet reasons or describes *propriâ personâ*. Statius, in his beautiful address to sleep, wishing to produce a general impression of the calm and silence of night, mentions the rivers as flowing with a softer sound; the lines are excellently translated by Mr. Hodgson.

‘Hush’d is the tempest’s howl, *the torrent’s roar*,
And the smooth wave lies pillowed on the shore.’

We may be sure that Virgil never would have done this, he would have described truly what he heard, and in the general silence of the night the torrent would have seemed to roar more loudly than by day.

In the third book the scene changes; Caswallon joins the enemies of his country according to his threat, and accompanies Hengist in a voyage to the north, which that chief undertakes for the double purpose of consulting his gods upon the issue of the war, and collecting reinforcements from the tribes of Germany. Here Mr. Milman is on very strong ground, ground upon which he has even now scarcely any superior, and upon which we would fain hope that by and by he may have no equal. In the voyage he has scattered a great deal of rich and varied description; the calm, the brilliant and sunny gale, the breeze that freshens almost to tempest, the lowering sky and adverse weather, when,

————— slow,
Like a triumphant warrior, their bold bark
Wore onward, now upon the loftiest height
Shaking it’s streamer’s gay defiance, now
With brave devotion to the prone abyss
Down rushing.—p. 53.

When

When the voyage ends, the two chieftains mount a rein-deer car, and depart still farther northward for the residence of the Valkyrs, the immortal maids, who rule the present, the past, and the future. No one can read this part of the poem without a conviction of the poet's powers—there are passages which would bear comparison with the pictures drawn by the magic pencil of Southey in *Thalaba* or *Kehama*. After the sublimer scenery of the ice-mountains, softer scenery is introduced—fanciful indeed, but not extravagant, where all is but the creation of a rich imagination.

'Nor wants soft interchange of vale, where smiles
White mimicry of foliage and thin flower.
Feathery and fanlike spreads the leafy ice
With dropping cup, and roving tendril loose,
As though the glassy dew's o'er flower and herb
Their silken moisture had congeal'd, and yet
Within that slender veil their knots profuse
Blossom'd and blush'd with tender life; the couch
Less various where the fabled Zephyr fans
With his mild wings his Flora's blooming locks:
But colourless and cold, these flowering vales
Seem meeter for decrepit Winter's head
To lie in numb repose.'—p. 57.

The Valkyrs themselves are admirably drawn, and the first conception of them, as æthereal, passionless, bloodless, beautiful, yet unattractive beings, is perfectly well sustained throughout.

'No sights, no shapes of darkness and of fear.
Tremblingly flash'd the inconstant meteor light
Shewing thin forms, like virgins of this earth,
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,
The flush of passion, smile, or tear had seem'd
On the fix'd brightness of each dazzling cheek
Strange and unnatural; statues not unlike
By nature in fantastic mood congeal'd
From purest snow, the fair of earth to shame,
Surpassing beauteous: breath of mortal life
Heav'd not their bosoms, and no rosy blood
Tinged their full veins, yet mov'd they, and their steps
Were harmony.'—p. 57.

By desire of Caswallon, Hengist addresses Skulda, 'queen of the future,'

———— "Valkyr, hear and speak,
Speak to the son of Woden!"—All the troop
Instant the thin bright air absorb'd, alone
Stood Skulda, with her white air waving wide,
As trembling on the verge of palpable being,
Ready to languish too in light away.'—p. 60.

Her answers, on the whole, are unfavourable—she tells Hengist,
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that his, but not he himself, shall reign over Britain, and that the man whom he is to fear shall come from the valley and not from the mountain. Caswallon demands, by what rite he may propitiate Woden, and is ordered to send a virgin to join the Valkyr in heaven; the infatuated savage instantly devotes his own daughter. At this

‘ A hue like joy
Overspread all her face and form, while slow
Into the air she brightened, indistinct
Even now, and now invisible.’—p. 61.

During their absence, the heralds of Hengist had summoned from all parts the brave and adventurous to join in the conquest of Britain. There is little to praise, and something to censure, in the catalogue which ensues; the united host embarks, and the fleet anchors in the mouth of the Tyne in the beginning of spring.

Caswallon, it may be remembered, had devoted his daughter to death; she had lost her mother in her infancy, and his cold neglect, and savage contempt of every thing feminine, had deprived her in effect of her father. He delighted only in the promise and prowess of young Malwyn, and left Lillian to absolute solitude, in a castle in the north. She is a beautiful and most attractive modification of Southey's Laila; the passage that describes her is almost too long for quotation, but we are unwilling to shorten it.

‘ ——— she the while, from human tenderness
Estrang'd and gentler feelings, that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute play'd on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Beloved, and loving none; nor strange, if learnt
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate; she lov'd
All flow'rets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth, the odorous thyme,
Wild rose and roving eglantine, nor spar'd
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Gray birch and aspen light she lov'd, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream, the sportive breeze
That wanton'd with her brown and glossy locks,
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank. Ere dawn,
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
Save of her aged nurse, or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.

Hence.

Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
 Life's sins and sorrows—better known the voice
 Belov'd of lark from misty morning cloud
 Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
 Heard mingling in the summer wood; or plaint
 By moonlight of the lone night-warbling bird.
 Nor they of love unconscious—all around
 Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
 Tun'd emulous. Her knew all living shapes
 That tenant wood or rock: dun roe or deer,
 Sunning his dappled side at noon-tide, crouch'd
 Courting her fond caress; nor fled her gaze
 The brooding dove, but murmur'd sounds of joy.'—p. 70—72.

e conception of this character is perhaps a little improbable,—but we confess that there is something in Lilian which disarms our criticism, and we think that Mr. Milman's readers for the most part have the same feeling. In her deep retreat, Vortimer, the son of rtigern, had by accident found, and conceived a romantic attachment for the romantic girl, which she warmly returned. We are told why this mutual flame was not imparted in due form to the mer; but lovers are fond, it is said, of bye-roads to their happiness, and Vortimer's visits were stolen and concealed. It was now g since she had seen him—indeed he had been engaged among foremost of the British in their attacks on Horsa and the Saxons, and had mainly contributed to the successes which had cooped invaders up in the isle of Thanet. Lilian now expected him; walking at fall of eve by the Eamont at the accustomed place meeting—she hears the tramp of a horse approaching, and 'pranks dark brown tresses' in the flowing stream to meet his eyes. Instead of Vortimer a much less agreeable object appears before her, stern and unnatural father, who seizing her roughly, and cing her on his steed, departs in awful silence. Thus far the story is as well told, as conceived; but as our readers will have already observed, Mr. Milman too commonly fails, when his perages begin to speak. It is rather singular, that while he speaks them, he puts himself, with great truth and force, into their situations, but when they speak for themselves, they uniformly almost put themselves into his; and though nature would require the fewest, the simplest, the most solemn words to utter their distress, or their painful anxiety, they run wild in a display of his invention and fertility. Lilian, as her father bears her faintly demands whither he is carrying her, and is sternly answered, 'To death.' A situation more overpowering to a young male like Lilian can scarcely be conceived, and the reader, who sees the horrid vow of Caswallon, and his relentless nature, is prepared to participate in her agony. Such feelings will be

somewhat relieved by a reply so full of conceit, and repugnant to true taste, as the following :

' Death, father, death is comfortless and cold !
Aye me ! when maiden dies, the smiling morn,
The wild birds singing on a twinkling spray
Wake her no more ; the summer wind breathes soft,
Waving the fresh grass o'er her narrow bed,
Gladdening to all but her. Senseless and cold
She lies ; while all she lov'd, unheard, unseen
Mourn round her.'—p. 77.

Does not Mr. Milman see that these are general *speculations about death*, by one a little melaucholy at the most, but not expecting in the least to die ? What were the morn, the birds, or the summer gale to a tender girl, who had just had the sentence of a violent and instantaneous death announced to her by her own father ?

These lines are followed by others of great beauty : she is borne to a deep and black valley nearly at the well-head of the stream by which she had been sitting ; in the recesses around are dimly seen the countenances of dark and cruel men in armour ; she hears that her father himself is to be the priest, and to plunge her into the abyss. Her inarticulate prayers for mercy, her tears, her white arms clinging round her father's neck, while in her desperate agony she forgets what an unnatural stranger he is to her ; his struggles, his brief delay, and proud resolution ; all these are indeed perfectly and painfully drawn. Severe criticism might perhaps object, that there was something almost too pretty in the following lines, but we think that even their prettiness accords well with such a mere fairy-like creation of the fancy as Lilian herself is.

' A sound is in the silent night abroad,
A sound of broken waters ; rings of light
Float o'er the dark stream, widening to the shore.
And lo, her re-appearing form, as soft
As fountain nymph, by weary hunter seen
In the lone twilight glen—the moonlight gleam
Falls tenderly on her beseeching face.
Like th' halo of expiring saint, she seems
Lingering to lie upon the water-top,
As to enjoy once more that light belov'd ;
And tremulously mov'd her soundless lips
As syllabing the name of Vortimer ;
Then deep she sank, and quiet the cold stream,
Unconscious of it's guilt, went eddying on,
And look'd up lovely to the gazing moon.'—p. 80.

We pass rapidly to the conclusion of the episode ; Vortimer comes too late to the spot from which Lilian had been taken, and, in the course of the night, her body floats down the stream and he drags

drags it to the shore. His feelings are well described while he sits with the body in his arms, haunted by the miserable presentiment that it is the body of Lilian; and the dread with which he shrinks from the near approach of light after so devoutly desiring it, praying to be relieved from doubt while it was dark, and shuddering at the certainty when the morning was breaking, is very natural.

From Vortimer and Lilian the poet returns to the Saxon fleet, and rapidly traces the voyage down the eastern coast to the Isle of Thanet. On the opposite shores of Kent were encamped the Britons under Samor, pining already for the soft luxuries of peace, and sustained only by the example and spirit of their leader. The first measure of the wily Hengist is an offer to retire from the island on permission to sell Kent for a sum of money, which offer, in spite of a noble and indignant harangue from Samor, the Britons accept, and agree to ratify the compact at a solemn festival. This was that deadly feast at Stonehenge, and Mr. Milman prepares our minds for it by a very spirited imitation of the closing lines of the first book of the *Georgics*, with which every scholar is familiar. We lament that our limits forbid our transferring it entire to these pages.

The festival on the plains of Sarum is ushered in with becoming splendour, and cheerfulness of poetry, which contrasts very well with the tremendous bodings that closed the last book.

‘The laughing skies
Look bright, oh Britain, on thy hour of bliss.
In sunshine fair the blithe and bounteous May
O’er hill and vale goes dancing—blooming flowers
Under her wanton feet their dewy bells
Shake joyous; clouds of fragrance round her float.
City to city cries, and town to town
Wafting glad tidings: wide their flower-hung gates
Throw back the churches, resonant with pomp
Of priests and people, to the Lord their prayers
Pouring, the richest incense of pure hearts.
With garland and with song the maids go forth,
And mingle with the iron ranks of war
Their forms of melting softness; gentle gales
Blow music o’er the festal land, from harp,
And merry rebeck, till the floating air
Seem harmony; still all fierce sounds of war;
No breath within the clarion’s brazen throat;
Soft slumber in the war-steed’s drooping mane.’—p. 107.

With the same brilliancy Mr. Milman paints the long procession, the gorgeous feast, and the eminent among the nobility and warriors of both nations who graced it; he brings to notice, we think, with great happiness, the thoughtless exultation of a

whole people, the entire forgetfulness of past ills, and past causes of hatred, the greedy welcome given to the returning peace. The giddy curiosity too of the females and children form no uninteresting feature in this busy picture. So far all the colours are glowing and gay: they become more sombre as the poet paints the fall of evening, the spectators returning from the feast in long lines, and small parties recounting the pleasures of the day; the picture still darkens as we see women watching late for their lords return, children worn out with waiting and composed to rest, maidens inwardly chiding the delay of their lovers; night falls, and one long and lonely blast of a single horn is heard from the plain; the weary women start at the signal of the return, forms are seen in the gloom entering the gates, they preserve a dismal silence; each wife is looking for her husband, each maid for her lover, but they see none but Saxons—Saxons still; and at last their bloody knives uplifted reveal the whole dreadful secret. Here the poet judiciously breaks off—the plunder, the murder, the rape that ensued would have been a common-place consummation to such a picture—he has done more wisely; for all the gorgeousness of the feast, the richness of music, the sumptuousness of habiliments, the splendour of the mid-day sun, the bands of bright and manly forms assembled; for all the glowing pride of the day, and all the tender thoughts of the evening, he exhibits to us in the heavy darkness of midnight,

‘On the wide plain one lonely man. Wan light,
From dim decaying firebrand in his grasp,
Feebly with gleam inconstant shews his mien
Hopeless, too haughty to despair. His eye,
As jealous of dark foe, goes wandering round,
Yet seems he one more fear’d than fearing; rent
His robe’s rich splendour; and his ponderous arm
With its wild weapon wearily declin’d,
Bears token of rude strife.’—p. 110.

Samor was that sole survivor—stunned and bewildered for the moment by the harrowing scene which he had so miraculously passed unhurt. Within the mysterious ring of Stonehenge he lies down and collects his thoughts; breathing his soul in prayer he solemnly devotes himself to the cause of his country, and the waging of interminable war against the Saxons. His heart then turns to his wife and family, and he hurries homeward—here too the hand of fate was heavy on him; he sees the White Horse banner floating on the walls of the Bright City—his palace plundered, his wife and children all gone; and from a dying daughter he learns the whole dismal tragedy. Mr. Milman, as usual, has sunk much below himself in the unreasonable speech of this expiring child; but he rises to

to his proper level in the complete desolation, the undaunted bearing, the tender heart, the pious resignation of his hero. Samor buries his daughter on the margin of the Severn,

—— ‘ clos’d that mournful office, nearing fast
Is heard a dash of oars, and at his side
Forth leap’d an armed Saxon, with rais’d arm
Menacing—but Samor down with scornful strength
The grim intruder dash’d to earth, and fix’d
His stern heel on his neck, and stood in act
The life to trample from the gasping trunk.
Sudden withdrawn his angry tread, he spake—
“ Thee first of Saxon race, thee last, this arm
Spares, not of milky mercy, but as meet
To minister my purpose; go unscath’d
And tell to Hengist, tell thy Lord—who robs
The lion’s den, should chain the lion first—
Add, Samor is abroad!”—Then to the boat
He sprang, and pass’d to Severn’s western shore.’—p. 130.

With this extract, which sets the hero forward upon his glorious task, we close our analysis of the poem. To pursue it at the length, which we have hitherto allowed ourselves, would be to trespass far beyond the limits of a single article, and we feel at the same time, that the substantial purposes of criticism cannot be answered by running over it in a more superficial manner. The progress, however, which we have already made will serve to give the reader an adequate conception of the whole poem, though we are bound to state, in justice both to the public and Mr. Milman, that the opening books are much the least interesting of all, as far as relates to the characters and the story. The detailed remarks too, which we have made with friendly, but entire freedom, while they will establish, we would hope, some general principles of criticism, will sufficiently apprise our readers of the judgment which we are disposed to pass on the poem. After so much censure it would be idle to pronounce sentence of unqualified approbation; but we thank Mr. Milman sincerely for much pleasure. There is scarcely a page of the book, which does not testify that he is a poet of no ordinary powers. Every one of them exhibits some beautiful expression, some pathetic turn, some original thought, or some striking image. This is Mr. Milman’s praise, and we bestow it on him gladly; but after all, if his ambition be what it ought to be, this will be but unsatisfactory; for all these things do not suffice to make a good poem. *Samor* is not a good poem, and we are less confident now, than on a former occasion, that its author ever will produce one, because he is now much older, and we fear, more hardened in unrepented error.

His faults are numerous and important; the parts of the poem
are

are not enough blended together, but each book seems more like an independent episode than a necessary link in a continuous narration: the action is too much frittered away in preparation, the mediæ res too long delayed; probability in time, place and event too little regarded; too much is borrowed from the stores of others; we trace from ancients and moderns single phrases, whole lines, long passages, entire incidents, the most important characters. But all these faults, heavy as they are, we forbear to insist on, for they are all swallowed up by one leviathan, which demands the whole of the little space now left us.

When Mr. Milman was last before us, we were not slow to bestow upon him the praise which he did indeed so amply merit, but we then remarked on the faults of his style. Poets perhaps feel a pride in rejecting the admonitions of critics; and Mr. Milman has exceeded himself on the present occasion in the exuberant defects of his own manner. We desire not to be considered as exaggerating our expressions beyond our sober conviction, or merely framing a pointed period, when we say that in this respect *Samor* exhibits all that is affected in language, strange even to solecism in usage, involved in construction, and meretricious in ornament. We have really sometimes been at a loss how to extricate the commonest idea from the labyrinth of words in which it is lost. Mr. Milman may be, we are sure that he is, gifted with unusual powers, but this fault is a weight, that might over-burthen and keep down the pinions of an eagle: while the clothing of his thoughts is such as it now is, he never can aspire to the fame of a true poet. Fashion may give his writings a short-lived currency now, and the curious critic dwell on his scattered beauties hereafter, but he never will, we are morally sure, pass in *ora hominum*, and become, like the real poet, more read and more loved in each succeeding age. These are predictions which he may disbelieve, or disregard, content with that reputation for talent which he has already secured; but the laws of criticism are not conventional; if they were, talent might trample on them; they are the laws of nature, and we only the expounders of them. The laws, therefore, are unerring, and we, in our department, take the best mode of avoiding error by constant reference to the great high-priests, who have most successfully and zealously ministered at her altar. Mr. Milman may safely perhaps deny our jurisdiction; let him then appeal to Homer, to Virgil, and to Milton, by whom we are willing to be corrected. He will find in them as much richness and variety, as much ornament as in *Samor*; but he will find in them (what will be sought in vain in *Samor*) a grand simplicity pervading and harmonizing the whole, an agreement of the language with the thought, a freedom from strain and labour; every thing flowing as of course and incident to the

the train of ideas, nothing appended for shew and supererogation ; he will find an uniform dignity displaying itself by constant self-possession and facility, which puts the reader's mind in a state of complacent assurance that the poet is equal to his task, and will not sink under any difficulty, a dignity which is felt rather insensibly and gradually, and every where, than instantaneously, or in any particular part.

ART. IV.—*The Life of Robert Fulton*. By his friend Cadwallader D. Colden. *Comprising some Account of the Invention, Progress, and Establishment of Steam-Boats; of Improvements in the Construction and Navigation of Canals, &c.* New York. 1817. Large 8vo. pp. 371.

ALTHOUGH our readers may be inclined to give us credit for some knowledge of the character of our transatlantic brethren, yet we can honestly assure them that we were not quite prepared for such a sally as this of Cadwallader Colden, Esq. before 'the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York.'

'We cannot think,' he says, 'that it will be imputed to an undue partiality if we say that there cannot be found, on the records of departed worth, the name of a person to whose individual exertions *mankind* are more indebted than they are to the late Robert Fulton.'—p. 2.

No;—no 'partiality' at all. Our only doubt is whether it will not yet be some time before the paramount claim of this 'prime of men' to the 'gratitude of the human race,' be universally acknowledged; since we find (in the same volume) the 'New York Historical Society' contending to raise four or five of his countrymen to a sphere of collateral glory.

'The patron—the inventor, (of steam-boats,) are no more. But the names of Livingstone and Fulton, dear to fame, shall be engraven on a monument sacred to the benefactors of mankind. There generations yet unborn shall read,

GODFREY* taught seamen to interrogate
With steady gaze, tho' tempest-tost, the sun,
And from his beam true oracle obtain.

FRANKLIN, dread thunder-bolts, with daring hand,
Seiz'd, and averted their destructive stroke
From the protected dwellings of mankind.

FULTON by flame compell'd the angry sea,
To vapour rarefied, his bark to drive

In triumph proud thro' the loud sounding surge.

'This invention is spreading fast in the civilized world; and though

* A man of the name of Logan, we think, as obscure as Godfrey himself, claimed for the latter the invention of the Hadley's quadrant!—two years after the description of it had, as he says, appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

excluded as yet from Russia, will, ere long, be extended to that vast empire. A bird hatched on the Hudson will soon people the floods of the Wolga, and cygnets descended from an American swan glide along the surface of the Caspian sea. Then the hoary genius of Asia, high throned on the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening while it glances over the ruins of Babylon, Persepolis, Jerusalem, and Palmyra, shall bow with grateful reverence to the inventive spirit of this western world.'—p. 368.

With this genuine burst of native eloquence, (in which the modest simplicity of the prose is so beautifully set off by the fervid wildness of the poetry,) we shall not meddle further than to observe that we are almost malicious enough to wish the 'daring' Benjamin were alive to see with what little ceremony his admiring countrymen have dove-tailed him in between two worthies, one of whom he has himself designated, in his correspondence, as a most dogmatical, overbearing, and disagreeable fellow, who gave himself airs because he had acquired a smattering of mathematics; the other, a man of very humble claims to genius, possessing just talent enough to apply the inventions of others to his own purposes; and, in such application, not always actuated by the most honourable principles.

Our readers will not expect us to enter into the unimportant history of a man of whom his friend and biographer confesses that he can find nothing material to record, from the first year of his life to the fortieth.—In fact, we should not have called their attention to the work at all, were it not that the character of this country is, in some measure, affected by the disingenuity of the writer. Omitting, therefore, the topics which more immediately interest the people of America, we shall confine the few observations for which we can find leisure, to the two subjects which bring us into contact with Mr. Fulton—torpedos and steam-boats.

After some common-place whining about the freedom of the seas, and the necessity which the United States would be under of 'establishing a navy,' Mr. Fulton, we are informed, began to turn his whole attention to find out the means of destroying 'such engines of oppression,' as he considered ships of war to be: and 'out of these enlarged and philanthropic views and reflections (exclaims his biographer) grew Mr. Fulton's inventions for sub-marine navigation and explosions!' There is no disputing about taste: This 'philanthropic' gentleman, who speaks with such horror of ships of war, (they are, to be sure, British ships of war,) dwells with the most complacent feelings on the construction and employment of those infernal machines, 'against which no human foresight can guard.' They are (he says) 'useful and honourable amusements, and the most rational source of my happiness.'

Mr. Fulton's engine, that was, in his own words, 'to blow a whole
whole

whole ship's company into the air,' was called a torpedo or nautilus; it was nothing more than a chest containing a certain quantity of gunpowder, which, by means of some clock machinery, might be ignited at a given time under water, and, being placed under a ship's bottom, destroy her by the explosion. Such an application of gunpowder was no new invention. Before the name of Fulton was ever heard of, the effect of exploding gunpowder under water was well known; and one Bushnell had made several attempts to apply it as the means of hostility during the American revolutionary war—but unsuccessfully. It is, in fact, something like the scheme of children to catch swallows by applying salt to their tails.

Mr. Fulton offered his invention, first to the French Directory, but they rejected it: then, to the Dutch government, but the Dutch would have nothing to say to him. Meanwhile Buonaparte became First Consul, and Mr. Fulton hastened to address his proposals to that great man: this succinct mode of murder *en masse* suited his *tranchant* genius; and accordingly citizens Volney, Monge, and La Place were appointed to examine the plan. The result was, that Mr. Fulton was sent to Brest, under a promise of destroying our blockading squadron, but did nothing; he was then given to understand that the French government had no further occasion for his services; or, to use the words of his biographer, 'the French ministers shewed a disposition not to fulfil their engagements with Mr. Fulton.'

It may not be amiss to notice a circumstance here which has unluckily escaped the observation of Mr. Cadwallader Colden. Fulton had been treated in this country with unreserved confidence and kindness; he had been permitted to reside at Birmingham for eighteen months; and he had received patents for various pieces of useful machinery. With these in his pocket he hastens to France, where he meets with nothing but contempt and insult; in spite of which he perseveres, with a degree of humility worthy of Joel Barlow himself, to press his services on the French, and beg that he may be graciously allowed to assist in the destruction of England.

'Through the whole season of 1810,' says his delighted biographer, 'did Mr. Fulton watch the English ships off Brest; but though some of them daily approached, yet none came so near as to be exposed to the effect of his attempts. In one instance he came near a British 74, but she changed her position just in time to save herself from being blown into the air.'—p. 4.

Finding himself thus slighted in France, and in Holland, he seems at length to have recollected an old intimacy (which commenced on some canal scheme) with the late Lord Stanhope, and contrived to apprize this second Roger Bacon of his formidable invention. Mystery and paradox never failed to throw a spell round
Lord

Lord Stanhope. He spoke with awful forebodings, in the House of Lords, of the sub-marine preparations which were to blow the English fleet to atoms, without the possibility of its offering the least resistance—of an avatar of Archimedes in the shape of an American engineer, &c.; the result of all which was, if we are to credit Mr. Cadwallader Colden, ‘a communication from Lord Sidmouth to Mr. Fulton, which had for its object to deprive France of the benefit of his invention and services, (which, be it observed, had been already rejected,) and give England the advantage of them, by inducing him to withdraw from France.’ ‘Many have thought,’ says his biographer, ‘that consistency and morality did not leave Mr. Fulton at liberty to listen to these proposals;’ but this only proves that these scrupulous reasoners entered very little into the sublime views which influenced the conduct of Mr. Fulton—he, good man, was ‘persuaded that his conduct, on this occasion, if *rightly* considered, would not only be pronounced excusable, but justifiable, and even meritorious;’ for he actually hoped that, by England’s adopting his infernal machines, she would work out her own destruction, and thus an end would eventually be put ‘to that maritime superiority with which they were contending for the dominion of the eastern world.’ Such pure and patriotic motives are more than sufficient to canonize Mr. Fulton in the hearts of his countrymen; and his conscientious and consistent friend Cadwallader might therefore have spared his apology. But such was the ‘advantage’ to be conferred on England!

We remember how greatly the late Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville were ridiculed in the opposition journals for the supposed encouragement given to the Catamaran expedition, as the trial of Fulton’s machines against the Boulogne flotilla was called. It now appears that it was a legacy left to them by their predecessors in office, and so left as not to be shaken off in a moment; for it is well known that, when a projector is once fairly fastened upon a patron, and more especially if that patron be a minister, he clings to him like a leech.

Lord St. Vincent, however, appears to have set his face against this unworthy mode of warfare; feeling, as we believe every British officer would feel, that, setting aside the intent, such devices were for the weak, and not for the strong. Fulton says, ‘I explained to him a torpedo: he reflected for some time, and then said, “Pitt was the greatest fool that ever existed to encourage a mode of war which they who commanded the seas did not want;”’ but Mr. Fulton soon found that ‘Pitt’ was no such fool. To satisfy his noisy relation in the House of Lords, he appointed, it is true, a commission to examine Mr. Fulton’s projects. It consisted of Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Cavendish, Sir Home Popham, Major Congreve,

greve, and Mr. John Rennie. 'Friend Cadwallader' complains that many weeks passed before Mr. Fulton could prevail upon them to do any thing, and, finally, that when they met, without calling on him for any explanation, they reported against the marine boat as being impracticable. Now this we KNOW to be false. The commissioners never saw Fulton, never knew any thing of Fulton;—a packet of sealed papers and drawings were sent to them as coming from a person of the name of *Francis*, and on these documents alone they delivered, as they were desired to do, and as all who know them personally or by reputation will readily admit they would do, a sound and honest opinion.

We now find that, 'in the first interview which Mr. Fulton had with Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville, the latter condemned the torpedo without a moment's consideration.' In his own mind we dare say he did condemn it, as every man of sense and honour would; but at the same time, out of deference to those who had been instrumental in bringing the proprietor into this country, he did not object to afford him the means of making a harmless experiment on the powers of his machine. He was accordingly allowed to operate on an old Danish brig in Walmer Roads; and, with the assistance of Sir Home Popham and two boats' crews, succeeded, after an unre-sisted attack of two days, in blowing up this poor old carcass.

It is not true, however, as stated by the author, that Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville entered into any engagement with him; and therefore 'Lord Grenville and his cabinet' could not be unwilling 'to fulfil the engagements which their predecessors had made.' Indeed, so far from any 'engagement' on the part of the British government, his biographer himself says, that 'when it was proposed that he should, for a considerable reward, suppress his inventions, so that they might be buried, and that neither his own country nor the rest of the world could derive from them those advantages which he thought they would afford, he indignantly rejected the overture.'

The tone of humanity and justice, adopted by this vagrant adventurer is quite intolerable. Having failed in selling his infernal machines, first to the French, next to the Dutch, and lastly to the English, he sets himself to prove, in a high stream of moral pathos, that 'blowing up ships of war (so as not to leave a man to relate the dreadful catastrophe) are humane experiments!' We ought not to wonder, after this, perhaps, that the character of Mr. Fulton has survived in America as that of an honest, conscientious, and consistent man, especially as Mr. Cadwallader Colden has materially supported his claim to it by the gratuitous insertion of two documents; the first, addressed to Lord Melville in 1804, in which, speaking of the 'tyrannic principles of Buonaparte, who had set himself above all law,' Mr. Fulton adds, 'he is therefore in that state which Lord

Somers

Somers compares to that of a wild beast, unrestrained by any rule, and he should be hunted down as the enemy of mankind. This however is the business of Frenchmen: with regard to the nations of Europe, they can only hold him in governable limits by fencing him round with bayonets.' The second, written in 1810, and addressed to the President of the United States, in which, after earnestly recommending the adoption of the 'torpedo system' by France, he thus proceeds—'then the Emperor of France (the 'wild beast' just mentioned) would have a noble opportunity to display a magnanimity of soul, a goodness of heart, which would add lustre to his great actions, and secure to him the admiration of the civilized world.'

It is not however the invention of the torpedo system that has enrolled the name of Fulton as the *third* in the list of transatlantic worthies, so much, perhaps, as the 'establishment of navigation by steam, for which,' says his biographer, 'we and all the world are indebted to him.' This is supposed to be proved by a letter from Lord Stanhope, dated in 1793, in answer to one 'respecting the moving of ships by the means of steam;' which however appears to be nothing new to his lordship, for he observes—'it is a subject on which I have made important discoveries.' But the fact is, that neither Mr. Fulton nor Lord Stanhope has the slightest pretension to the discovery of a method for propelling boats by steam; several attempts, and successful ones too, having been made many years before either of them had thought of the subject. Fulton, though considered by those of his own profession, in this country, as a person of very slender abilities, yet possessed sufficient shrewdness to avail himself of the invention of another, and did not want the talent occasionally to improve it; and it is certain that if he had conceived any distinct idea of rendering practicable the navigation of boats by steam in 1793, he would not have omitted the mention of it in his treatise on 'Canal Navigation,' published in London in 1796, in which all sorts of boats and locks, and levels and inclined planes, and every aid that could be devised for 'water communication,' are detailed with wearisome minuteness;—but in which we do not find a single hint to shew that the power of steam, as applicable to a boat, had ever entered his imagination—though the preface, which is always the part of a book last written, certainly notices his having had some 'communication' with Lord Stanhope on the practicability of navigating vessels by steam.

There can be little doubt that this 'communication' was *from* and not *to* Lord Stanhope, as his lordship had for two or three years before the publication of Fulton's book been occupied in experiments with a steam-boat in the Greenland dock. But the idea, as we have said, did not originate with him. Patrick Miller,

Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, had published a book at Edinburgh, in the year 1787, containing experiments made by him on triple-vessels, and the application of wheels to work them on canals, in which, after mentioning the trials he had made of working the wheels by cranks, he observes 'when the movement of the wheel comes to be aided by mechanical powers, so as to accelerate its revolutions, the before-mentioned rate of the vessel (three and four miles an hour) will be in proportion to the power used. *I have also reason to believe that the power of the STEAM-ENGINE may be applied to work the wheels, so as to give them a quicker motion, and consequently to increase that of the ship.* In the course of the summer I intend to make the experiment; and the result, if favourable, shall be communicated to the public.' That Lord Stanhope should have been ignorant of this work in 1793, is not very probable; and still less so that Mr. Livingstone should not have heard of it in 1803, when Mr. Fulton, in conjunction with that gentleman, is said to have made some experiments on the Seine; for, Mr. Miller had transmitted a copy of his book to General Washington. Be this as it may, there are other proofs that Mr. Fulton has not the slightest claim to the invention of applying either *steam* or *wheels* to the propelling of boats. Mr. Miller, immediately after the publication of his book, set about the construction of a model of a boat with its engine, which model is at this moment in the possession of his son. He also constructed a double-boat with a wheel in the centre, (the plan to which we are now returning,) and this boat made a safe passage to Sweden and back in the year 1789.

Though Mr. Miller did not succeed to his entire satisfaction, yet another person of the name of Symington, who had been employed by Mr. Miller to superintend and conduct his experiments, was so convinced of the practicability of employing steam and wheels in canal navigation, that he submitted his ideas on the subject to the present Lord Dundas, who took him under his patronage, and enabled him, by advances of money, to carry his plan into execution. A boat, with a steam-engine, was accordingly built and navigated on the Forth and Clyde canal, and fully answered the expectations that had been formed of it; but the canal not being sufficiently wide to allow of its working freely, and the great undulation, occasioned by the water-wheels, injuring the banks, it was laid aside.

About this time Mr. Fulton, who happened to be travelling in Scotland, paid a visit to Symington, examined his boat, and saw it work. Mr. Fulton also learned from him the objection made to it, on account of the narrowness of the canal; on which he observed that this objection would not apply to the wide rivers of America. It was two years after this that the experiments were made by Mr. Livingstone and himself on the Seine; and many years after

after the latter period that he ordered an engine to be constructed by Bolton and Watt, which should be applicable to a boat. This, when finished, was sent out to America, and was the first engine used with success for this purpose on the Hudson, in 1807. The description of the astonishment created by the appearance and progressive motion of this ignivomous 'monster' on the water, is interesting and amusing.

'She had the most terrific appearance, from other vessels which were navigating the river, when she was making her passage. The first steam boats, as others yet do, used dry pine wood for fuel, which sends forth a column of ignited vapour many feet above the flue, and whenever the fire is stirred, a galaxy of sparks fly off, and in the night have a very brilliant and beautiful appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the attention of crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its approach, they saw with astonishment that it was rapidly coming towards them; and when it came so near as that the noise of the machinery and paddles were heard, the crews (if what was said in the newspapers of the time be true) in some instances shrunk beneath their decks from the terrific sight, and left their vessels to go on shore, while others prostrated themselves, and besought Providence to protect them from the approaches of the horrible monster, which was marching on the tides and lighting its path by the fires which it vomited.'—p. 172, 173.

We understand, however, that eleven years before this period, Mr. Livingstone had made some attempts on the Hudson to build a steam-boat, and with the assistance of a person of the name of Nesbet, who went from this country to America, endeavoured to construct an engine, which, however, was found incapable of driving the boat through the water. If we mistake not, Mr. Brunel, then a very young man, was associated with the projectors on this occasion.

But the real truth, as we have said, is, that neither Mr. Fulton, nor Lord Stanhope, nor even Patrick Miller, has any claim either to the invention of applying a steam-engine to a boat, or the apparatus of wheels or other machinery to propel her through the water. We have now before us a very humble treatise, printed in London in the year 1737, the title of which is, 'Description and Draught of a new-invented MACHINE, for carrying vessels or ships, out of or into any harbour, port, or river, against wind and tide, or in a calm: for which his Majesty, George II., has granted letters-patent for the sole benefit of the author, for the space of fourteen years. By JONATHAN HULLS.' The 'draught' prefixed is a plate of a stout boat, with a chimney (as at present) smoking, a pair of wheels rigged out over each side of the stern, moved by means of ropes passing round their outer rims; and to the axis of these wheels are fixed six paddles to propel the boat. From the stern of the boat, a tow-line
passes

passes to the foremast of a two-decker, which the boat thus tows through the water.

This little volume contains a number of theorems respecting the specific gravity of bodies, and the pressure of the air, together with their demonstrations. It describes the rude steam-engine as used at that time; and thus concludes: 'Lastly, the atmosphere, being of a great weight and striving to get in where there is a vacuum, I shall endeavour to shew how this vacuum is made, and in what manner this force is applied to drive the machine. In some convenient part of the tow-boat there is placed a vessel about two-thirds full of water, with the top close shut; this vessel being kept boiling, rarefies the water into a steam; this steam being conveyed through a large pipe into a cylindrical vessel, and there condensed, makes a vacuum, which causes the weight of the atmosphere to press on this vessel, and so presses down a piston that is fitted into this cylindrical vessel in the same manner as in Mr. Newcomen's engine,* with which he raises water by fire.' And he thus concludes—'the scheme I now offer is practicable, and if encouraged will be useful.' After this there can no longer be any question to whom the invention of the steam-boat is due—JONATHAN HULLS is the person.

That Mr. Fulton made considerable improvements in the application of the steam-engine to the navigation of boats, is beyond all question: but while we cheerfully admit his merits in this respect, we conceive him entitled to none whatever for his various schemes for iron bridges, canals, and aqueducts, which were all previously in use in England, and to which country the invention of them exclusively belongs. The first iron bridge was erected at Colebrooke Dale, in the year 1779; and between that time and the year 1796, the date of Mr. Fulton's publication, many others had been erected in England; so that, in this department, his friends have as little to boast of in the way of invention as in that of steam-boats.

It is quite natural that the Americans should uphold the reputation of their own countrymen. We cannot blame them for it; and some allowance may reasonably be made for excess of panegyric in speaking of artists of native growth: but what excuse can be found for those who wantonly plunge into obloquy and falsehood, in order to disparage every thing English, and to extol every thing foreign—at the expense of their country? We have selected the following instance of audacious misrepresentation, from a hundred others, from a periodical paper published at Edinburgh.

After a glowing rhapsody on the superior taste and enterprize of the Americans, it thus proceeds.

'There are, in the State of Pennsylvania, *two stone bridges*, which,

* Newcomen had brought his 'atmospheric steam-engine' to perfection about twenty-five years before.

for grandeur of design and boldness of execution, will bear a comparison with the most celebrated structures of the same kind in Britain.

'The first is the bridge over the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, which was begun in 1802, and was six years in building. It is 1300 in length, by forty-two feet in width. The space of each of the small arches is 150 feet, and of the middle arch 194 feet 10 inches. The top of the rock, on which the western pier is built, is forty-one feet nine inches below the common high-water tides, and eight hundred thousand feet of timber, board measure, were employed in and about the cofferdam with which it was built. This bridge cost three hundred thousand dollars.

'The bridge at Trenton over the Delaware, thirty miles above Philadelphia, is of very ingenious architecture, and is a quarter of a mile in length by thirty-six feet in width; its upper surface is a perfect level, and of the same elevation as the adjacent ground; it was begun in 1804, and completed in less than two years.'—*Scotsman*,* 6th Dec.

It happens that this very bridge over the Schuylkill is minutely described by Mr. Pope, in his 'Treatise on Bridge Architecture,' published in New York in 1811; and he sets out by saying, 'It is composed of three arcs of *wood*, supported by two *stone piers*, with two abutments and wing-walls.' From this account, (which the writer of the paragraph just quoted has evidently seen, and purposely misrepresented,) it appears that the whole length of the waterway is 494 feet 10 inches; and the two *stone piers*, each twenty-seven feet seven inches, making the whole length from one abutment to the other 550, instead of thirteen hundred feet; but the wing-walls are 750 feet, which, added to the bridge part, makes up the thirteen hundred. And this *wooden* bridge, which, with the purchase-money of the site, cost 'three hundred thousand dollars,'† 'will bear comparison with the most celebrated structures in Britain'!—with the Waterloo Bridge, for instance, which cost eleven hundred thousand pounds sterling! The writer should have made the Waterloo Bridge of *wood*, and his comparison would have been complete.

The Waterloo Bridge, however, the people of Edinburgh, and of America also, may be assured, is of *stone*. It has nine arches of 120 feet span each; it has eight piers of twenty feet each, making the distance from one abutment to the other 1240 feet; the wings at

* This paper, which, from its inveterate scowl, appears to issue from the cave of Trophœus, has the faculty of drawing to itself the worst qualities, the scum and scum, of the worst Jacobinical journals, which it doles out, from week to week, in a tone of dull unvarying malignity, at once wearisome and disgusting.

Every other disaffected journal has its moments of relaxation from spleen and ill-will, from persecuting all that is great, and ridiculing all that is high and holy; but this paper never remits its frantic warfare. Even Cobbett (its admired prototype) occasionally contrives to diversify the savage growl of the tiger with the mop and mow of the ape; but the 'Scotsman' never lays aside the sulky ferociousness of the bear.

Most of our readers, we presume, have now, for the first time, learned the existence of such a paper. In fact, its language, which is utterly abhorrent from British feelings, naturally confines it to a particular circle—and to this we leave it.

† About 68,000*l.* sterling.

each end are seventy feet, so that the whole length of the bridge and wings are 1380 feet. On the Strand side, the arched approaches are 360 feet, and on the Surry side 760 feet; so that the total length of arched road way is 2500 feet.

The Trenton Bridge is also most circumstantially described by Mr. Pope. The two abutments and four piers are of stone, which support 'the wooden superstructure;' the four arches next to the Pennsylvania side are each 194 feet span, and that on the New Jersey side 156 feet span; so that the whole length of waterway from one abutment to the other is 932 feet; and, including the piers, 1008 feet: and this the 'Scotsman' calls 'a quarter of a mile in length'—so does Mr. Pope, but then he adds the wing-walls to make up that length. And this bridge too, (which was finished in less than two years,) 'will bear a comparison with the most celebrated structures of the same kind in Britain'!

ART. V.—1. *The History of Small-pox.* By James Moore, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. Longman. pp. 312.

2. *The History and Practice of Vaccination.* By James Moore. Callow. 1818. pp. 300.

FROM the commencement of our labours, with one or two exceptions, we have purposely abstained from medical disquisitions, under the impression that they occupy a more appropriate place in publications devoted especially to their admission. The question, however, which we now propose to canvass is one in which all men are not only interested, but upon which, with the evidence before them, all are competent to decide—a question too which annually involves the lives of nearly forty thousand individuals in the British islands alone, and the constitution and personal appearance of vast numbers besides. It is,—whether the recently proposed substitute for small-pox can establish its claims of being an effectual and safe preventive of that distemper? Until this question be finally decided, its agitation can never be out of time; but we have, perhaps, chosen the fittest of all periods for our remarks upon it, since the doubts of many as to the efficacy of vaccination, which had died away under the weight of evidence in its favour, have, by recent circumstances, been revived. At the moment in which we are writing, there are numberless parents suffering under the most cruel apprehensions lest their children should in after-life be obnoxious to one of the most formidable and fatal of all diseases. The vaccinated child, it is said, may resist the small-pox influence for a longer or shorter period, according to its peculiarity of constitutional temperament; but there is nevertheless a limit to this exemption, and the same

small-pox which cannot now be communicated even by inoculation, may, in after-life, spontaneously occur as the result of a prevailing infection. To enlarge, however, upon the importance of our present undertaking would be a waste of words; we shall therefore proceed to the business before us.

At the head of the present article we have placed the titles of two works, recently published by Mr. Moore,—the one on small-pox, and the other on vaccination—as it is conceived that a succinct history of the former will impart a somewhat more lively interest to the investigation of the merits of the latter.

It is in vain that we search the writings of the ancients for the description of any disease that can be recognised as small-pox, and the inference is therefore more than presumptive that the Greek and Roman fathers of medicine never saw the malady in question. The contrary position has, indeed, been maintained by those who can discern nothing in modern science of any kind which was not familiar in a different form to the ancients. Mr. Moore more judiciously assumes the ignorance of the Greek and Roman writers respecting it, on the ground of their utter silence on the subject. ‘Erysipelas,’ he says, ‘erythema, lepra, herpes, and scrofula, are fully described by them; pimples, vesicles, and pustules, are also spoken of; but there is no account of a distemper clearly characterized, like the small-pox by the Arabians, though these were far inferior writers to Aretæus or Galen, or Celsus.’

Whence then the origin of small-pox? and whence its prevalence through the whole of the civilized world? Dr. Freind expresses his opinion that its seeds were first sown in Egypt. Dr. Mead supposed it to be of Æthiopian origin, and that from Æthiopia it extended itself into Arabia and Egypt. ‘Hic igitur morbus mihi vera pestis sui generis esse videtur; quæ in Africa primum genita, præsertim in Æthiopia, quæ pars ejus intolerabiliter est torrida, in Arabiam deinde et Ægyptum (ut vastatrix illa populorum magna pestis) iis, quas diximus, modis delata est.’

Were there, however, nothing stronger against the hypotheses of these learned physicians than the circumstance of small-pox being, with respect to its prevalence, in a great measure independent of climate or local peculiarities, this in itself would be a sufficient refutation of their notions of its origin. The mistake of these writers as to the actual nature and probable production of this distemper seems to arise principally from their confounding the ideas of contagion and infection: thus, in the quotation from Mead, it is evident that he conceives the small-pox to be a species of plague, engendered by the nature of the Æthiopian atmosphere; but it is known that real plagues, the *νουσηλα επιχαρεια* of Hippocrates, are incapable of being imparted, from one individual to another, in any
part

part of the world, whatever may be the nature of the soil, the climate, or the atmosphere, in which such communication is made.*

Notwithstanding then that our most distinct and accredited accounts of small-pox are to be found in the Arabian writers who flourished during the dark ages of European learning, it seems difficult to conceive the spontaneous origin of its virus in this, or indeed in any other part of the world; and we are naturally led to search for its existence in still more ancient records.

In the second chapter of his volume, Mr. Moore has endeavoured, and we think successfully, to prove, by the details handed down from the earliest Christian missionaries to China, that small-pox existed in that country 'from a very remote period;' and that even the artificial mode of communicating the distemper was known and practised by the Chinese many centuries antecedent to the diffusion of the poison through other regions of the globe.

'The missionaries (says our author) who were sent into China by the church of Rome, from their address and insinuation gained access to their historical records; and they have transmitted detailed accounts of the history of the Chinese, and of their knowledge in various branches of science. There is a memoir written upon small-pox by the missionaries at Pekin, the substance of which is extracted from Chinese medical books, and especially from a work published by the Imperial College of Medicine, for the instruction of the physicians of the empire. This book is entitled, *Teou-tchin-fa*, or a treatise from the heart on small-pox; which states that this disease was unknown in the very early ages, and did not appear till the dynasty of Tcheou, which was about 1122 years before Christ. The Chinese name for the malady is a singular one, *Tai-tou*, or venom from the mother's breast; and a description is given of the fever, the eruption of pustules, their increase, flattening, and crusting. In the same Chinese book there is also an account of a species of inoculation discovered seven centuries previously; but according to a tradition it had been invented in the dynasty of Long, that is, about 590 years after Christ. Father d'Entrecolles, the Jesuit, (continues our author,) mixes, in his correspondence from China, some information respecting the small-pox, which confirms the material part of the above information, for he notices having read some Chinese books which mention the small-pox as a disease of the earliest ages. He also describes a method of communicating the disease, which was occasionally used, and called *sowing the small-pox*: this was generally performed by planting some of the crusts up the nose, an operation which was approved of by some, but disapproved by most authors.'

* This indeed constitutes the great leading distinction between contagious and infectious diseases—that the one are independent of place and circumstance, the other not. A great deal has recently been said on the non-contagious nature of the plague, and it should seem, at least, probable, that this disorder is incapable of transference in the way that our quarantine laws suppose; but utterly to deny its infectious quality is to fly in the face of all fact. Plague is an infectious, but not, perhaps, properly a contagious distemper.

After every deduction from the accuracy of the records in question on the score of traditionary claims and conceits, there still remains a sufficiency of testimony to the fact that the Chinese had been familiar with the small-pox many centuries before the Arabian writers described it; and its early existence in Japan and Hindostan is likewise presumable from several striking particulars connected with Hindoo mythology and worship.

Assuming then the fact that Asia was acquainted with the disease in question long before its establishment in any part either of Africa or Europe, and very far antecedent even to the time of Hippocrates, it becomes a question of interest 'how it happened that the infection did not extend into Persia, and thence into Greece, long before the age of the last mentioned author.'

That a communication was established between Persia and India by the invasion of the latter country at a very early period is universally acknowledged; and it is also admitted that 'the rapacious invaders who went from Persia would of course be attacked by the diseases which prevailed in the countries they laid waste;' but, adds Mr. Moore, 'the numbers which perished, the time which was spent in so distant a warfare, and the extent of the deserts which were re-crossed, appear to have secured their native country from being contaminated by the few survivors of those expeditions. With respect to the commercial intercourse subsequently established between the more western and the eastern countries, and the probability of diseased communication from that source, we are likewise to recollect the obstacles which in those times existed to ready communication, either by land or sea, from one part of the globe to another.'

Among the many traditionary fancies respecting the origin of small-pox, there is one which supposes it to have been first imparted to man by the camel: this notion probably took its rise from the circumstance that land commerce from Egypt to India was only practicable by means of this animal. But such kind of traffic was tedious and difficult, and it is conjectured that no person known to have the small-pox upon him would ever have been suffered to join himself to a caravan. Again, the tediousness of coasting voyages, the only ones then attempted, gave time for contagion to be extinguished, if by accident any of the sick were admitted into the homeward bound ships from the east.

Such are the explanations proposed by Mr. Moore and others of the exemption of Europe from small-pox for so long a time subsequent to its prevalence in the east; and these certainly appear the only plausible conjectures on the assumed fact. Yet when we recollect the extreme subtlety, and insinuating and transportable nature of the virus, it seems extraordinary that even such an interrupted

rupted and difficult commerce as was carried on at the time alluded to did not prove a medium of conveying the poison from China and Hindostan to the more western nations.

‘If the Persians,’ says Mr. Moore, ‘had engaged early in maritime commerce, from their vicinity to India, they would probably have soon brought into their country the small-pox. But the ancient historians declare, that the Persians entertained an insuperable superstitious aversion to the sea; and Robertson asserts, that “no commercial intercourse seems to have been carried on by sea between Persia and India.” The spirit of commerce, when once excited, is however active and persevering; and the European demand for the muslins, the silks, the spices, the pearls, and the diamonds of the east, perpetually augmented. To facilitate their transportation, a busy coasting trade spread on both sides of the peninsula of Hindostan to the islands eastward, to the kingdom of Siam, and even to China. The luxurious productions of these distant countries were thus brought to the most convenient harbours to be conveyed to Alexandria and diffused through the Roman empire. This lucrative trade was so tempting, that towards the beginning of the sixth century, the Persians began to surmount their aversion to maritime affairs, and their harbours were filled with trading vessels. They soon monopolized the silk trade; for their vicinity to India gave them great advantages over the Egyptian merchants; *but it also augmented the danger of transporting the variolous contagion.* Indeed whatever attention might have been paid by the commanders of these merchant vessels, it was impossible that this calamity should have been avoided much longer; and as ships coming from India, both in their passage to the Persian Gulph, and to the Red Sea, *frequently touched at the Arabian ports, that country was peculiarly exposed, and there accordingly it was first observed.*’

Dr. Reiske, who was celebrated for his acquaintance with Arabian antiquities, in an inaugural Dissertation which he published in the year 1746, gave a translation of an Arabian manuscript found in the Leyden library, which dates the introduction of small-pox into Arabia in 572, the year that gave birth to Mahomet. Other testimonies seem to accord with the statement that it was at the siege of Mecca by Abrahah that the Arabians first became obnoxious to this pestilence.

The conquests of the false prophet, and the fanaticism of his followers, soon extended themselves far and wide; and, as may easily be conceived, the ravages of the new disease accompanied every where the track of the conquerors, who, in less than half a century, had established their dominion not only over Egypt and Syria, but a great part of Persia also. The contagion, however, was long prevented from finding its way into Europe, by the successful stand which the inhabitants of Constantinople made against the invaders. ‘Thus the Mahometan empire was bounded by the Hellespont, and that entrance for the small-pox into Europe barred up.’ This,

indeed, was done so effectually, that even in the tenth century we have it recorded by a resident physician in that city, (Nonus,) that neither the small-pox nor measles was known in Constantinople in his time.

It was not till the commencement of the eighth century, when the whole southern coasts of the Mediterranean had been subdued by the Arabians, that the contagion first visited Europe; and the landing of an army of Moors in Gibraltar and Spain, conducted by Julian, in order to revenge the outrage committed by Roderick on his daughter, is said to have been the means of introducing the disease in question into this quarter of the world.

'By this invasion,' says Mr. Moore, 'the small-pox must have been brought into Spain, and the victorious Saracens soon reached the Pyrenees. In the year 731, Abderame crossed these mountains, and inundated the southern provinces of France with an host of Saracens. They were opposed under the walls of Tours by Charles Martel, when Christians and Mahometans fought six days, indecisively, for victory. But in a closer combat on the seventh day, the impetuous yet slender Africans and Asiatics were crushed by the superior strength of the Germanic warriors. The Saracens and the Koran were repelled into Spain, but the small-pox and measles remained in France. No warlike efforts could drive off these infections; and the opportunities of diffusing them had at that time become innumerable. The Saracen fleets were triumphant in the Mediterranean; Sicily and Italy were frequently invaded; many cities of the coast were repeatedly captured, and Rome itself was menaced. It cannot be doubted that so much intercourse with Africa and Asia brought over these maladies, though no direct proof can be adduced. But the circumstantial evidence is sufficiently conclusive.'

It has been maintained by Mead, and since by Baron Dimsdale, that the small-pox was first brought into Europe by the crusaders; but besides that the historians of the holy wars take no notice of the Christian armies having suffered from that malady, it is very properly remarked by Mr. Moore, that the assumption is inconsistent with the fact that so early as the eleventh century treatises were published, both in Spain and Italy, upon the small-pox, as a well known and common malady. To the American continent the virus was conveyed by the Spaniards in their invasion of Hispaniola and Mexico, and thus did this destructive pestilence, commencing in Asia, successively visit Africa, Europe, and the New World.

We come now to the origin and progress of inoculation, or the practice of artificially communicating the virus, in order to render the disease of a less malignant kind and character. It is pretty generally known that this was introduced into England from Constantinople, but, from the extracts already given from Mr. Moore's publication, the artificial communication of the poison appears to have

have been established in China long before even the disease itself was heard of in the Byzantine capital.

Inoculation, at whatever time it originated, was most probably founded upon the accidental observation of the comparatively mild nature of the distemper in some, when compared with other instances, for no reasoning *à priori* would have conducted to the inference that by this mode of imparting the poison, the disease would be mitigated. Whether the suggestion or the discovery was first made by any of the faculty of medicine does not appear; as far as the imperfect accounts from Chinese records may be relied on, it seems to have been opposed very generally by the professed guardians of the public health.

'No account,' says Mr. Moore, 'is handed down of the origin of this custom; but the reverence in which agriculture is held by the Chinese, may have suggested the name (sowing the small-pox), and the usual manner of performing the operation. For they took a few dried small-pox crusts, as if they were seeds, and planted them in the nose. A bit of musk was added, in order to correct the virulence of the poison, and perhaps to perfume the crusts, and the whole was wrapped up in a little cotton to prevent its dropping out of the nostril. The crusts employed were always taken from a healthy person who had the small-pox favourably; and with the vain hope of mitigating their acrimony, they were sometimes kept in close jars for years, and at other times were fumigated with salutary plants. Some physicians beat the crusts into powder, and advised their patients to take a pinch of this snuff; and when they could not prevail upon them, they mixed it with water into a paste, and applied it in that form. In Hindostan, if tradition may be relied on, inoculation itself has been practised from remote antiquity. This practice was in the hands of a particular tribe of brahmins, who were delegated from various religious colleges, and who travelled through the provinces for that purpose. The natives were strictly enjoined to abstain during a month preparatory to the operation from milk and butter; and when the Arabians and Portuguese appeared in that country, they were prohibited from taking animal food also. Men were commonly inoculated on the arm; but the girls not liking to have their arms disfigured, chose that it should be done low on the shoulders. But whatever part was fixed upon, was well rubbed with a piece of cloth, which afterwards became a perquisite of the brahmin; he then made a few slight scratches on the skin with a sharp instrument, and took a bit of cotton, which had been soaked the preceding year in variolous matter, moistened it with a drop or two of the holy water of the Ganges, and bound it upon the punctures. During the whole of this ceremony, the brahmin always preserved a solemn countenance, and recited the prayers appointed in the Attharna Veda, to propitiate the goddess who superintends the small-pox. The brahmin then gave his instructions, which were religiously observed. In six hours the bandage was to be taken off, and the pledget to be allowed to drop spontaneously. Early next morning cold water was to be poured upon the patient's head and shoulders,

shoulders, and this was to be repeated till the fever came on. The ablu-tion was then to be omitted; but as soon as the eruption appeared, it was to be resumed, and persevered in every morning and evening, till the crusts should fall off. Whenever the pustules should begin to change their colour, they were all to be opened with a fine pointed thorn. Confinement to the house was absolutely forbidden; the inoculated were to be freely exposed to every air that blew; but when the fever was upon them, they were sometimes permitted to be on a mat at the door. This regimen was to consist of the most refrigerating productions of the climate; as plantains, water-melons, their gruel made of rice or poppy-seeds, cold water and rice.*

Although it is not our design to engage in any practical discussion, it seems hardly possible to refrain from incidentally remarking the great superiority of these modes of treatment—a treatment founded on the dictates of nature—to those subsequently adopted by the Arabian and European physicians who forsook observation to follow hypothesis; and it is worthy notice that our modern improvements in the management of febrile and eruptive complaints consist mainly in permitting nature to follow its own course. We revert to ancient simplicity, and are therefore abundantly more successful than our immediate predecessors.

It has already been said that an obscurity hangs over the actual origin of this practice. In the opinion of some it commenced in the Arabian deserts, 'where neither physicians nor priests officiated; the practice being monopolized by old women.' From *sowing* the small pox, it came in the course of time to be, and perhaps was originally, called *buying* the disease; which proceeded, it is said, from the circumstance of one child carrying to another a few dates, or raisins, the pretended price of the matter: this custom of buying the small-pox becoming general among the inferior classes along the African coast, at length found its way into Europe, and was even practised in some parts of our island.

Still, however, the faculty took no cognizance of any artificial method of communicating the poison, until the year 1703, when Dr. Emanuel Temoni Alpeck, who had graduated both at Padua and at Oxford, and who was then residing in Constantinople, was struck with the instances which he witnessed of the mitigated nature of the distemper when the virus was thus received into the human frame.*

A Venetian physician also, of the name of Pylarnus, had about the same time made the same observation of the success of the Turkish practice, of which, in 1715, he published a statement at Venice, in a tract entitled '*Nova et tuta variolas excitandi per*

* Dr. Alpeck wrote an account of his observations to Dr. Woodward, by whom it was inserted in the Philosophical Transactions of the year 1714.

transplantationem methodus.' In the same year, too, Mr. Kennedy, an English surgeon, who had visited Turkey, endeavoured to excite professional attention to the advantages promised by the plan of engrafting, as he calls it, the small-pox.

It was, however, reserved for another coincidence in point both of time and circumstance, to be the means of rousing the members of the faculty from their apparent indisposition to investigate the merits of inoculation. Lady Mary Wortley Montague accompanied her husband as ambassador to the Ottoman court, and having observed with surprise that it was the custom in Constantinople for a set of old women to 'engraft' children with the small-pox every autumn, and moreover that the children thus infected had invariably a mild disease, she conceived the bold design of having her own son thus treated: this answered every expectation, and on her return to the British capital in 1722, she caused the same experiment to be made on her daughter, which was attended by the same happy results. Still, however, the profession hesitated to accept the proffered good, and notwithstanding that two princesses of the Royal family were successfully subjected to the same process under the influence of Lady Montague, the new practice went on at an exceedingly slow pace. As it was ascertained that the inoculated or ingrafted distemper was equally infectious with the disease when naturally acquired, it became a question in morals how far the individual who had his mind made up with regard to the eligibility of the practice, had a right thus to sow the seeds of the malady among others whose convictions were not in favour of inoculation, and who therefore refused its offers.

In process of time the question of inoculation came to be agitated with just the same virulence and party-spirit that have marked the modern controversy on the subject of vaccination, and it must be allowed to the impugners of the former, that they have a strong point in favour of their cause which the anti-vaccinists are without; since, as we shall speedily see, inoculation has proved a private good at the expense of being a public evil. So successful was the opposition to the practice of engraftment at the times to which we are now alluding, that in spite of the high authority by which it was sanctioned, it fell both in this country and throughout Europe into general disuse, 'and there seemed little reason to imagine it would be revived.'

'When in this dormant state news was brought that multitudes of Indians in South America had been inoculated with as much success by Carmelite Friars, as the Asiatics had been by the Greek old women: a physician and surgeon also began in the year 1738 to inoculate in South Carolina; and only lost eight persons out of eight hundred. But a planter in St. Christopher's inoculated three hundred persons without the

the loss of one. For it is singular that in those days all inoculations performed by private gentlemen, monks, and old women, were uniformly successful; and empirics afterwards were equally fortunate: none lost patients from inoculation except the regular members of the faculty. The American reports were so encouraging, that about the year 1740, the practice was revived by a few surgeons in Portsmouth, Chichester, Guilford, Petersfield, and Winchester; and gradually extended in the southern counties.'

Mead, too, took up his eloquent pen in the cause; and Mr. Moore tells us that his attributing the beauty of the Circassian women to the custom of inoculation which had obtained amongst them, had very considerable weight with the British ladies. The practice now very sensibly advanced among the higher circles, and for the accommodation of those in the lower walks of life, the Small-pox Hospital was erected in the year 1746. In 1754 the London College of Physicians gave their powerful sanction to the practice, by publishing a tract in its favour, and 'the press now groaned with works on inoculation, and with various plans of treatment.' These complicated modes of management, medicinal and otherwise, served, however, to bring the practice into discredit, which did not therefore become very generally diffused until its simplification and consequent improvement by a very conspicuous character in the *Annals of Medicine*.

'Daniel Sutton, (says Mr. Moore,) with his secret nostrums, propagated inoculation more in half a dozen years, than both the faculties of medicine and surgery, with the aid of the church, and the example of the court had been able to do in half a century. This man was the son of Robert Sutton, a surgeon at Debenham in Suffolk, and he and his brother assisted their father in his business. But after a time both sons left their father's house, and Daniel was content to serve as an assistant to a surgeon at Oxford. In the year 1763, he rejoined his father, and proposed to make some alterations in his plan of inoculation. These were condemned by the father as highly dangerous, yet Daniel was so confident as to make the experiment, and he found it successful. On this the father and son quarrelled, and the latter set off for Ingestone, in Essex, where he set up as an empirical inoculator. He pretended to have discovered an infallible secret, and brought himself into public notice by the old and still successful trick of puffing hand-bills and boasting advertisements. Yet, in truth, his pretensions, though extravagant, were not without foundation; and in a short time such multitudes crowded to Ingestone to be inoculated, that the town and neighbouring villages were filled with patients. It is much to be regretted, (adds our author,) that Sutton should have stooped to employ such unworthy devices; for his plan of treatment was greatly superior to that of any former practitioner; and had he followed the correct rules of open professional conduct, his name would have been recorded with honourable distinction. It appears, however, by the analyses

analyses of his medicine and his own confession in his old age, that Daniel Sutton, in strictness, invented nothing, but judiciously combined remedies which had been found out independently by others. Sydenham had discovered the utility of exposing small-pox patients to the cool air, and of allowing them to drink cold water, but he did not venture to deviate so much from ordinary rules as to prescribe purgatives. Subsequent physicians had ascertained that great benefit arose from opening medicines, and particularly from mercurial purges; but in conformity to old theories, they at the same time confined their patients to bed, covered them warmly, and promoted perspiration. But Sutton had the sagacity to extract what was beneficial in both these plans, and to reject what was injurious. Almost every modern essay now recommended purgatives, and our reformer only made choice of the prescription which was most in vogue.'

We have introduced these remarks on Sutton's plans of treatment, merely in conformity with our wish to give as satisfactory an explanation as possible of the eventual success of inoculation; which now spread rapidly through almost the whole of Europe, with the exception of Spain. That country, as our author states, in the present case, profited by its sluggish indisposition to adopt the improvement of neighbouring nations; for after some partial and feeble attempts to introduce the practice, the endeavour was relinquished; and it is a notorious fact, and highly worthy of remark, that Spain has suffered incomparably less from small-pox than any other European state: the reason is sufficiently obvious; and the fact furnishes an equally obvious objection, as above hinted, against the practice of artificially disseminating a distemper so infectious, and so fatal. It is indeed beyond dispute that even the mortality from small-pox increased with the progress of inoculation, 'from the impossibility of prevailing upon the whole population to adopt medical counsel;' and of two estimates by two accredited physicians made of deaths from small-pox during the last thirty years of the preceding century, and laid before a committee of the House of Commons, 'the one stated the average numbers at 34,260, adding that he believed those deaths to be under the truth: the other physician made them amount to 36,000.'

'But this immense and *increasing* consumption of human lives, was not the sole evil produced by this distemper; for a considerable portion of the survivors were pitted and disfigured; some lost one of their eyes, a few became totally blind, and others had their constitution impaired, and predisposed to a variety of complaints, which were productive of future distress, and sometimes of death.'

In this state, then, did things stand in reference to small-pox, natural and acquired, when the newly suggested substitute presented its claims to the consideration of mankind; and the momentous business now devolves on us of investigating the legitimacy of these

these claims, or of ascertaining the grounds upon which such high pretensions are preferred.

Dr. Jenner (whose name requires no formal introduction) was originally employed in general practice in a district in Gloucestershire. It was in the year 1768 that he first heard the report of those sores which infested the teats of cows, and which infected the chapped hands of the milkers, being sometimes a preventive of small-pox; and, in connexion with this report, it struck him as a remarkable fact, which came under his own cognizance, that many of the peasants whom he endeavoured to inoculate resisted the infection. Although these circumstances made at the time some impression on his mind, he did not systematically prosecute the investigation to which they ultimately led until after his return from London to establish himself at Berkeley. Then it was that he commenced the inquiry in earnest; and in the relation which he has given of the progress of his labours in this very extraordinary pursuit, he informs us,

‘ That the disease (the cow-pox) had been known in the dairies from time immemorial, and a vague opinion prevailed that it was a preventive of small-pox. This opinion I found was comparatively new; for all the old farmers declared they had no such ideas in their early days, a circumstance which seemed easily accounted for, from my knowing the common people were very rarely inoculated for the small-pox, till that practice was become general, by the improved method introduced by the Suttons; so that working people in the dairies were very seldom put to the test of the preventive power of the cow-pox.’

As Dr. Jenner proceeded with his inquiries, he found that several persons contracted the small-pox after they had been subjected to the disease from the cow; and moreover that the medical practitioners in the neighbourhood ‘ all agreed in declaring, from experience, that the cow-pox was only an occasional, and a very uncertain preventive of small-pox.’ These discoveries were certainly of a disheartening nature; but, although they might damp the ardour of hope, they did not cause the abandonment of the pursuit. On further investigation he ascertained that the cow had occasionally several varieties of eruptions on her teat, all of which were indiscriminately named cow-pox when productive of sores on the hands of the milkers; and it occurred to him as very probable that only one species of these eruptions possessed the preventive power; and that this was the true explanation of the observed irregularity in point of effect. One obstacle thus appeared to be done away; but lo! another now presented itself, which by most persons would have been considered insuperable;—‘ to his great mortification, Jenner found several examples of milkers who were seized with the small-pox, after having contracted sores on their hands from the

the genuine cow-pox.' In spite even of this, our indefatigable investigator pursued his researches; and as it seemed to him inconsistent with the general uniformity of the laws of nature that this difference of susceptibility should so widely obtain, it occurred to him that the specific influence of the poison might not improbably vary with the progressive changes it underwent, after having been first secreted from the ulcerated surfaces of the cow's teat; and,

' after much investigation, he at length ascertained, that the milkers, who acquired the cow-pox from vesicles on the teats of the cows, while advancing to maturity, were secured from the small-pox; while those contaminated by cows, in an advanced period of the disease, remained susceptible of the small-pox. In fine, from a multitude of cases he was enabled to draw these conclusions, that the property of preventing the small-pox appertained only to one of those diseases which were vulgarly denominated the cow-pox; and that this power principally resided in the liquid secreted during the early stages of that disease.*

With these exceptions then of a spurious matter in the one case, and of a matter taken at a wrong time in the other, Jenner conceived that he had made out the fact of cow-pox being a preventive of small-pox for life; for he exposed in various ways individuals, who had been the subjects of the former, to the latter infection, (after the lapse of fifteen, twenty-seven, and even fifty years,) and found that they resisted its influence.

Thus a clear way was opened for the important application of this singular discovery. May not this preventive be propagated from man to man, and thus supersede the small-pox virus? was the idea that suggested itself to the mind of the discoverer, a suggestion, which it is needless to say has been extensively acted on, and which has given rise to one of the most important problems ever proposed, viz. Is vaccination an actual, a permanent, a safe, and unobjectionable security against small-pox infection?

For a moment we will suppose its preventive efficacy to be admitted, in order to advert to a separate charge which has been adduced against its employment,—for the vaccine virus has been said to be a means of engendering foul humours, to lay the foundation

* Not with a desire to prejudice the case, but merely for the purpose of pointing out that analogy subsisting between the variolous and vaccine secretions, which is contended for by some writers, we subjoin the following extract from Mr. Moore, as a continuation of and comment upon the above quotation:—

' Jenner,' says Mr. Moore, 'perceived that these opinions corresponded with remarks that had been made on the small-pox, as the liquid most active for variolous inoculation is that which is first secreted; but the thick matter of pustules which have crusted, though it may excite local inflammation and suppuration, yet frequently fails of producing the real small-pox.'

of several chronic diseases, and to be therefore in the highest degree objectionable. This charge can only be substantiated by an appeal to facts; what then do these testify? Have chronic cutaneous eruptions (the disorders alleged to be the consequences of vaccination) recently been on the increase? All medical records and reports, presented to the world for the last twenty years, agree in the diminution rather than the augmentation, both of the number and severity of the complaints in question; and what may be considered as decisively to the point, is the following statement from a respectable surgeon to the Infirmary at Gloucester:—

‘A more healthy description,’ says this gentleman, ‘of human beings does not exist, nor one more free from chronic cutaneous impurities, than that which suffers most from cow-pox, by reason of their being employed in dairies; and the Gloucester Infirmary, one of the largest provincial hospitals, is situated in a county in which accidental cow-pox has been prevalent from time immemorial; many hundreds among the labouring people have had the cow-pox since the establishment of that institution, and that more severely than is generally the case in artificial vaccination, and yet not a single patient has applied to the Infirmary in half a century for the relief of any disease, local or constitutional, which he or she imputed, or pretended to trace to the cow-pox: and let it be repeated and remembered, that the artificial in no respect differs from the natural, except in being generally less virulent.’

This document, backed by the concurrent testimony of impartial and unprejudiced records from medical observers, that scrophulous and cutaneous affections are (as we have said) upon the decline, will, it is presumed, serve as a sufficient refutation of those partial and garbled statements which in the early stages of the controversy were made for the purpose of confirming the apprehensions of the timid, and giving strength to ungrounded prejudices. The question therefore of vaccine efficacy remains unincumbered by minor considerations, and it is now for us finally to observe upon the evidence by which the following proposition has been maintained, viz. that the vaccinated and the inoculated child stand upon precisely the same footing in respect of security against small-pox.

In spite of our professions of impartiality, we suspect that our readers have by this time set us down as determined defenders of the vaccine cause. We shall probably, therefore, excite some surprise by expressing it as our opinion, that the absolute truth of the above proposition does not appear to us to have been hitherto fairly established. It does, we confess, seem probable that there may be a shade of difference in the preventive efficacy of the vaccine and variolous virus; even this, however,

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we must allow to the advocates of vaccination, has not been proved, and we hasten to adduce the evidence on either side.

Mr. Moore, who is a professed partizan of vaccination, argues for its identity as to effect on the ground of analogy, and contends that the exercise of the virus of only a partially preventive power would be an anomaly in nature. This argument is in itself forcible, and is managed by our author with considerable adroitness. It is needless, however, to remark, that it must fall powerless even out of Mr. Moore's hands unless backed by actual observation:—the preventive efficacy of vaccination is a question not of theory but of fact. That there have happened cases of small-pox of an indisputable nature, subsequently even to proper vaccination, no one can deny; but then it is urged that small-pox has likewise been known to occur twice to the same individual, and to have succeeded to inoculation in the same manner as it has to vaccination. The point, however, at issue is whether these anomalies are proportionately as frequent in the latter as in the former case; and, in determining this, Mr. Moore contends that the comparative estimates have not been made with due attention to every necessary particular.

'In making this estimate,' he says, 'an error has been committed by comparing the results of the *primary* practice of vaccination with those of the most approved state of variolous inoculation, forgetting that, when the latter operation was introduced, failures of every kind were far more frequent than of late, and that even the deaths amounted in early practice to one in fifty. In like manner, vaccination, on its first introduction, was so misconducted, that two children in a workhouse were actually destroyed by it, although, when skilfully practised, it is really less dangerous than opening a vein or cutting a corn. A multitude of lesser mistakes were then committed by the ablest men in the profession, who, deceived by analogy, imitated too nearly the plan of the small-pox inoculation; and many were not sufficiently aware either of the deterioration to which vaccine lymph is subject, or of the mischiefs which arise even when the lymph is pure from the vaccine process being interrupted or disturbed by violence, or by disease. The number of failures from all these sources of error in early practice has been considerable; it is therefore too soon at present to compute and compare the number of cases in which small-pox has occurred after inoculation and vaccination.'

We are not sure whether this be not rather too much in the spirit of a systematic advocate. Mr. Moore talks of failures from inoculation when first practised being one in fifty; but it ought to be recollected that such failures were rather referable to the mode of communicating and managing the disease, than to the occurrence of any second affection. Now the case is far different with vaccination; for 'although two children in a workhouse were actually de-

stroyed by it,' these instances stand almost alone in the records of the practice; and, however inefficiently the process may have been performed by the several vaccinators who have undertaken the task without being qualified for the office, we do not hear, excepting from the most prejudiced and partial quarters, that any positive injury was ever inflicted on the children thus ineffectually operated upon.

The best stand which the vaccinists can make on the ground of comparative estimates, is that of the immense multitudes which have undergone the process since the commencement of vaccination, compared with those subjected to inoculation in the same number of years from its primary establishment. When we hear of one case after another, therefore, of small-pox subsequent to cow-pox, it may be replied, that had as many children been inoculated, in place of being vaccinated, the instances of failure would be equally numerous. Whether such position would be correct can scarcely be ascertained, since there is no register of the number of failures in either case, and without it no actual calculation can be made. We have, however, been just favoured with a document from the Small-pox Hospital, which, in connection with the remarks that accompany it, is highly favourable to the vaccine cause; and let it be recollected that these remarks come from one who so far from having been an enthusiast *ab origine* in the cause of cow-pox, has been accused by his contemporaries of being a covert enemy to its success.

'Every passing month,' says Dr. Adams, physician to the Institution just named, 'serves to convince me of the absolutely preventive power of vaccination when properly conducted. Not very long since, my observations led me to the inference that the efficacy of inoculation, when compared with vaccination, or rather the probability of failures from one and the other, stood at about the proportion of 1200 to 1000; but I am now, to say the least, inclined to the inference, that both, when properly managed, are *equally* efficacious; and that the instances of failure we hear of, are either to be accounted for by the very large numbers that have been vaccinated, or by the process having been inefficiently performed.'

Such are the opinions of the principal officer, not of a *Vaccine* establishment, but of the *Small-pox* Hospital, where, if in any place, failures are likely to be heard and complained of. The document to which we have alluded, is a statement of the numbers inoculated, vaccinated, and admitted with the natural small-pox during the last seven years. The numbers inoculated, it will be observed, are marked 'admitted;' since the laws of the institution require that those individuals, who are inoculated, shall not leave the hospital till the fear of infection is over.

Admitted

	Admitted for Inoculation.	Vaccinated.	Admitted for natural Small-pox.
1811	86	1458	94
1812	82	1939	144
1813	50	1831	69
1814	35	1671	79
1815	30	2446	101
1816	37	2318	141
1817	42	3127	160

The reader who shall cast his eye over the above table will perceive that the numbers of vaccinated subjects have been very much increased during the three preceding years; and that the numbers of cases of natural small-pox have been likewise, during the same period, more numerous than before; the chances, then, of failure in both ways, that is, both from the increased prevalence of small-pox infection, and the increased number of vaccinated subjects must have been considerably multiplied; and yet we are told by the medical officers of the Institution, that such failures are decidedly and very materially upon the decrease; and let it be again remarked, that such statement comes from gentlemen whose minds, if they were likely to be biassed in any way, would rather bend towards the side of inoculation.

But, on the other hand, we hear of small-pox happening after vaccination in some institutions and districts in far greater numbers than would in all probability have been the case, had the individuals, instead of being vaccinated, been subject to inoculation. The children of Christ's Hospital, for instance, are under medical management of the most respectable kind; and the diseases happening in this institution are carefully recorded in quarterly reports. Now in these reports, 'Variola post vaccinationem' often occurs—a sequence which was not noticed, at least not recorded, when the boys were generally, as in former years, inoculated. We have further, another report from authority of an indisputable kind, stating, that in one small town and its immediate neighbourhood, fifty-four cases had been seen of small-pox subsequently to the vaccine disease. These, then, we repeat, and other testimonies more or less strongly to the same effect, are certainly calculated to make us pause before we set our hands to the proposition, that there is an absolute identity of preventive effect in genuine small-pox and genuine cow-pox.

Vaccination, however, has, we conceive, enough of positive evidence in its favour to meet all that has hitherto been advanced against it, either in the way of argument or fact. In the first place, it is to be observed, that with very little exception indeed, the cases of the variolous occurring after the vaccine affection, are of so mild and modified a nature as to be hardly worthy notice; and that

even when such cases assume in the first stages somewhat of a malignant type, the unfavourable symptoms soon die away, and the period of danger in other variolous disorders becomes in these the period of convalescence. This, indeed, with the most trifling exception, is so much the case, that for our own parts we should witness with next to nothing of apprehension, small-pox breaking out among our own children, or the children of our relatives; and the strongest evidence that has hitherto been adduced against vaccination has never produced any solicitude in our minds that the children in whose welfare we are more immediately interested should be kept from small-pox exposure. Secondly, we may remark, that this kind of small-pox, thus modified and disarmed of all its malignity, has so many features of resemblance to those eruptions which are named chicken-pox, that it is fair to presume many supposed instances of the former have been in reality cases of the latter. This may easily be conceived, when we advert to the apprehensions of some, and we are concerned to state the apparent desire of others of meeting with facts adverse to the vaccine cause. Indeed, we scarcely hear now, as we were wont to do, of chicken-pox, but every eruption is put down to the head of small-pox after cow-pox.

But, thirdly, what shall we say to foreign reports in favour of the new practice? Amsterdam, it is affirmed, has not for a long time seen a single case of small-pox subsequent to vaccination; and in the year 1813, a report was published by the imperial institution of France, stating that 2,671,622 subjects had been properly vaccinated in France, of whom only *seven* had afterwards taken the small-pox! and it was added, that the well authenticated cases of persons taking the small-pox after variolous inoculation are proportionably far more numerous: and, indeed, reports of a similar nature reach this country from every part of the world in which the new practice has obtained—and where has it not obtained? It may be still urged that the immunity, after all, may be only for a time; but besides that this supposition violates the laws of all analogy, it is, in truth, contrary to the evidence of fact. Dr. Jenner, as we have already noticed, actually proved the impotency of the small-pox virus, as applied to individuals who had been subjected to the cow-pox fifty years before the experiment; and, let it be observed, as an important circumstance, that even natural cow-pox is imparted in the way of inoculation.

In conclusion, then, we would express it as our sincere and unbiassed conviction, that whether vaccination be or be not precisely the same as variolous inoculation, in regard to its preventive power over small-pox, it is demonstrably efficacious enough to justify its universal adoption; and that it deserves to be appreciated as one of the greatest blessings ever bestowed upon mankind by a
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beneficent Providence. It is a mild substitute for a most malignant distemper; it is certainly not more influential in exciting latent complaints of the constitution, most probably much less so, than the old inoculation; and, to crown all, it does not sow the seeds among the community of a loathsome and devastating distemper!

On the merits of the treatises, the title-pages of which stand at the head of this article, we need say but little. The first of the volumes we have indeed tacitly expressed our approbation of, by the large use we have made of its contents. It is a most interesting,—we had almost said (notwithstanding that it is a treatise on small-pox) a fascinating work. The author has proved himself rich in resources and masterly in the management of them. Indeed, we have no hesitation in placing this performance of Mr. Moore among the few lasting monuments of medical literature. Sorry, however, are we to add, that the spirit of the partizan has, in the second volume, too much taken place of the mind of the liberal and learned historian; its composition, too, as a literary production, is, in all respects, inferior to the other. The author has been guilty in it of many offences, not merely against precision and taste, but against the most common principles of grammatical construction; and these become more conspicuous when contrasted with the chaste and classical style which pervades his *History of Small-pox*.

ART. VI.—*Essays on the Proximate Mechanical Causes of the General Phenomena of the Universe.* By Sir Richard Phillips. London. 12mo.

IT is not without some reason that the life of a man of science is commonly thought dull and uninviting. He spends his time in researches of remote utility and little general interest, and it is in most cases only by toilsome processes, and after repeated disappointments, that he arrives at his results. There are some, however, who attain the same ends by easier means, whose ardent progress in discovery 'no cold medium knows,' who scorn the slow path of gradual advancement, and leap at once beyond the farthest bounds of knowledge.

Of this small, but envied class, Sir Richard Phillips appears to be a distinguished member. His mind, unfettered by prejudice, unincumbered by knowledge, can at one glance, and apparently without any remarkable expenditure of thought, see through the fallacies of those systems of philosophy which have till now deluded the world, and dive into the secret foundations of nature. He has kindly and boldly determined to communicate his discoveries to the world. With a chivalrous spirit, worthy of a knight of better times, he despises the dangers which await such an undertaking. Of these

dangers he is well aware; he knows that 'combinations against truth are more systematic and compact in this age than in any former period;' that 'prejudices are universally the tests of truth;' and he 'fully expects to be vilified, reviled and anathematized for many years to come.' 'He consoles himself, however, with reflecting that words and grimaces break no bones; and having the confidence of a martyr in the verity of his general system, he will bear his reproaches with patience, and, like a martyr, expect his reward in a crown of glory in some future age, when he shall be insensible to the distinction.' Upon this distant expectation he has acted, and as 'it is his ambition to publish great truths in small books,' he has in a thin duodecimo raised 'the first curtain which hitherto has veiled the Temple of Nature.' Let us hope that mankind may be sensible to his merits, and that his reward may not be so long deferred as his modest fears anticipate.

Our author's first enterprize is an attack upon the errors and absurdities of Newton's philosophy, errors, some of which are so striking that he 'almost blushes to name' them. He sneers at the 'awkward attempts' of Sir Isaac to do that which was reserved for Sir Richard, and easily explodes 'the philosophical trinity of gravitating force, projectile force, and void space.' He explains to us how it happened, that Newton was gradually led from one mistake to another to establish so ridiculous a system. It seems that the root of the evil, the 'first error,' was the admission of the doctrine of gravitation. 'Newton mistook the local cause of the fall of projectiles: he adopted the errors of his own age and education in this radical principle of his philosophy.' This unfortunate slip 'rendered it convenient to admit the other power of an innate projectile force,' 'the greatest absurdity ever broached in science.' It was not from any more creditable motives, or on better grounds, that the notion of a vacuum was admitted into the system.

'Is it necessary to examine in the first place, whether any medium exists or does not exist in space? Newton annihilated such medium for the purpose of conferring perpetuity on his original projectile force! If, said he, there be matter in space, its resistance would destroy the projectile force; for as he ascribed the centripetal force to an innate or metaphysical principle, and, as on his system, intervening matter was not required to concur in producing the motions, it would, if it existed, necessarily resist them. Newton, therefore, deemed it expedient to assert, that matter is not infinitely diffused throughout space.'—p. 51.

We confess that notwithstanding the present exposure of the many fallacies by which Sir Isaac Newton has deceived us, we have still remaining a small degree of kindness towards him, which makes us grieve to see him thus hardly used. We wish our knight had spared his rival a little, and, considering that he was 'as feeble

as other men in his estimate of arguments, derived from moral and metaphysical considerations,' censured him less harshly for falling into some of the 'errors of his own age and education.'

Having decided that 'the entire fabric of the Newtonian physics is without any natural foundation,' the next step is to erect a new one; and as 'gravitation by itself is incapable of producing the phenomena,' some other moving power, some other mode of accounting for the operations of nature, must be sought for. Sir Richard has found (wonderful discovery) that it is *motion* which is the great moving power, the cause of all motion, the 'universal principle,' 'the source of momentum or potentiality,' and 'the animating soul of the universe.' It is to motion that all phenomena of matter are referred.

'As it affects atoms it produces various densities; as it affects aggregates it creates varied organizations; and as it affects different aggregates it develops the relative properties of matter. It appears, in truth, to be the proximate agent of Omnipotence, and to be a direct emanation from the primary and eternal source of all power.'—p. 15.

It seems that all change of place is occasioned by motion, and however startling the proposition may be at first, the following reasoning places it beyond a doubt, that the common phenomenon of a stone falling to the ground is the consequence of a downward motion.

'Here is a phenomenon of motion; the cause therefore must be analogous, i. e. must be motion; it must be co-equal to the effect, i. e. equal motion; and it must be fit or applicable to the end, i. e. it must be in the direction of the motion produced.'—p. 16.

Our author next goes on to explain that the particular motion which is the cause of all terrestrial phenomena is the rotary motion of the earth, which he supposes to have been originally impressed on it, and to have reduced it from a chaotic mass to its present state of order.

'We know from the diurnal phenomena, that the earth and atmosphere have such a common rotatory motion; without which the common orbicular force must confer on the masses unequal momenta. It is, however, a necessary mechanical effect of such common rotatory motion, to equalize the momenta of masses of various density, and to force them to range themselves, or to seek to range themselves, on concentric circles or radii of rotation inversely as their respective densities. By their mutual collision the lighter bodies must, by the mechanism of equal momenta and equilibria, ascend from the centre towards the circumference; and the heavy ones be forced towards the centre. Such must be the law governing all masses that are free to move among one another, as fluids and unrestrained solids. It is an effect resulting from the action and re-action of the earth and atmosphere, and is a necessary result of the mechanism by which a two-fold motion produces an harmonious

nious balance of forces, among the heterogeneous parts of which the terrestrial mass is composed.'—p. 20.

According to the vulgar notions of the nature of matter there are some objections to this reasoning. A uniform rotary motion alone could never cause a body to ascend or descend, and would have no tendency to make it move except in its own accustomed circles. There could be no mutual collisions among bodies uniformly revolving round a common centre. These notions, however, Sir Richard was born to overthrow, and when he has expounded what is meant by the 'mechanism of equal momenta and equilibria,' we shall comprehend more clearly why the earth has, as he has discovered, arranged itself in concentric shells of decreasing density. Things being, by whatever means, thus situated, and every portion of matter having a station appropriated to it precisely suited to its bulk, density, and rotatory velocity, if any extrinsic force disturb this harmonious regularity, and project a heavier body upwards, among the more æthereal particles that are performing their gyrations in the upper regions, they, impatient of the weight and tardiness of their new associate, repel the intruder downwards to his natural station.

'That is to say, a body, suddenly elevated from an inferior circle of rotation into one where a more rapid motion exists, or where a motion exists which does not accord with the density of the elevated body, is necessarily expelled from superior strata to inferior strata till it finds its true level, or balance of motion and density, or till it finds support above its due station in the concrete or fixed masses of the earth's surface.'—p. 24.

Labouring, as we are, under the prejudices of our education, we should not have thought the effect of the elevation of a body to be such as is here described. We should have thought that the revolving particles having no motion, and no tendency to motion, in a central direction, could not communicate any in that direction, and that instead of driving the slower body up or down, they would accelerate it till its velocity would be equalized with their own. But Sir Richard sets all these matters in quite a new light; we are willing to give up our error, and to allow that the particles of matter take a malicious delight in keeping down their inferiors; and we do it the more readily as we are pleased with the analogy between this new property of matter and some of the propensities of human nature. Thus it is among mankind, that when an aspiring individual attempts, whether 'by muscular or explosive force,' to raise himself into the 'superior strata,' the exclusive spirit of those amongst whom he wishes to fix himself often repels him to his former and 'due level.' Thus it may happen that Sir Richard, who has elevated himself in a 'novel or unnatural direction' into the regions of science,

science, may find his flight curtailed by the envy and prejudices of the 'circumambient' philosophers, and be 'deflected' downwards, till his gyrations are contracted to a proportion more suitable to his bulk and density.

The same principles are applied, and in a similar manner, to account for the motions of the planets, and some of the other phenomena of the universe. We shall, however, content ourselves with having given a general outline, and for a fuller exposition of this sublime theory refer the reader to the work itself, where, if he should not be enlightened, he cannot fail of being amused.

Before we conclude we cannot refrain from giving one specimen of a new method of analytical investigation, of which Sir Richard has made considerable use, and which, in researches of this nature, will doubtless be found a wonderful assistance. m is put for momentum, d for density, and r for radius. 'And m being = $r \times d$, r is = $\frac{m}{d}$, and $m = \frac{m}{d} \times d = \frac{dm}{d}$; that is $dm = dm$; or m is to m , as d to d ; *i. e.* the relative momenta are directly as the densities.'—p. 26.

We are informed in a note, that 'Wisdom in an individual is always in the direct ratio of the number of prejudices which he overcomes.' If this proposition be true in its full extent, if every new prejudice that is dismissed adds something to our wisdom, and if knowledge thus arises from a rapid succession of error, we congratulate Sir Richard on the strength of mind which he has displayed in divesting himself of old prejudices (for prejudices no doubt they were) on the subject of physics, and exchanging them for new ones. If he has been equally successful in religion, politics, and trade, he will soon be held the 'Wise' κατ' ἐξοχήν.

ART. VII.—*The Northern Courts; containing Original Memoirs of the Sovereigns of Sweden and Denmark, since 1766.* -By Mr. John Brown. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1818.

INSTEAD of fabricating nations, as in former times, the northern parts of Europe, it would seem, are now chiefly employed in manufacturing spurious memoirs. With us such productions are not indigenous; but the courts of Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen have, within the last century, furnished ample materials for them, and, it must be confessed, they have not been neglected.

Mr. Brown is the last in the field, and, with a considerable share of gallantry, has dared to tread in the steps of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, without taking warning by his example, or profiting by his errors.

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In scandal and indecency he has gone far beyond his predecessor, but without his good humour, without his knack of writing, and without even that very minor accomplishment, a knowledge of the art of compilation. Note is heaped upon note, like Pelion upon Ossa, and a more clumsy and unworkmanlike performance than is produced by such a process we have seldom witnessed.

We could however forgive this want of method, if there were no more serious cause for reprehension. The book, in its present state, is too gross for perusal, and the author ought to have known, though the prurient descriptions and indelicacies with which it abounds might be less offensive in a foreign tongue, they would by no means bear translation into ours. We say in a foreign tongue; for, in spite of the strenuous disavowal in the Preface, the whole is little better than a compilation, and 'the Danish Manuscript found on board the *Dapper*,' and 'the Swedish Manuscript, written by a person belonging to the Household of the King,' are equally to be relied upon as authentic documents.

During a residence of some months in Sweden, Mr. Brown contrived to scrape together a variety of tales, (whether true or false it mattered not, provided they were tales,) relating to the histories of Sweden and Denmark during the late reigns; and these imperfect memorials he has eked out by copious extracts from every work which has been published for the last century, from the *Annual Register* to Sir John Carr, and above all, by a frequent recurrence to Ristel's 'Characters and Anecdotes of the Court of Sweden.'

What circumstance originally led Mr. Brown to Sweden does not appear, though he speaks of it as 'a secure and agreeable asylum in the hour of persecution.' Without inquiring into particulars, therefore, we shall proceed at once to the most prominent feature of his history, and the origin, we presume, of his book. In the beginning of 1808, a revolution of some kind, that should take the reins of government from the feeble hands of Gustavus IV., was admitted to be indispensable by all parties in Sweden. Independently of those who favoured the French or Russian faction, a new class had sprung up since the accession of Gustavus I. who owed their importance to commercial pursuits, and were altogether unrepresented in the estates of the kingdom: and the principal persons of this third party were the chief actors on the present occasion: The causes which led to the unhappy state of things we are now about to describe, have been already explained in our Sixteenth Number; it will be sufficient therefore to mention, that something rotten evidently appearing in the state of Sweden, it was resolved to send to England for assistance, and to endeavour to transplant on Swedish soil some of the benefits of the English constitution.

'The author of these pages was the person selected to introduce the subject

subject by letter to the British cabinet. He was already personally known to Mr. Spencer Perceval, with whom he had had much intercourse relative to the forgery in Great Britain, and by British subjects, of American ship's papers and seamen's certificates; and more especially respecting the absurd and ruinous order in council, which Mr. Brown ever considered and treated as more likely to strike at the root of our manufactures, than seriously to distress the foe. On these subjects Mr. Spencer Perceval more than once conferred the honour of asking his opinion, and the almost matchless suavity of manners by which that minister was distinguished, induced Mr. Brown, on the 15th April, 1808, to address the overture in question to that gentleman.

After some previous correspondence, Mr. Perceval officially agreed to receive Mr. Brown 'as an accredited agent from the constitutional party in Sweden.'

These were critical times for Sweden! Mr. Brown, on the one hand, dispatched to England to offer, as he tells us afterwards, the reversion of the Swedish crown to the Duke of Gloucester; and a confidential person at the same moment sent to France, 'to ascertain whether, in case of the dethronement of Gustavus, Buonaparte would *permit* the people of Sweden to form an independent government.' The answer which arrived first, if favourable, was to be immediately accepted. The awkward dilemma of two kings in real life smelling to one nosegay was however happily avoided by the laconic manner in which the overture made to Napoleon was received. 'The application comes too late,' says he; 'my word is pledged to the Crown Prince of Denmark, and to the Emperor of Russia.' 'The reply,' observes Mr. Brown, 'was short and pithy,' and this comprizes the whole of his observation upon it; while the failure (as might be expected) of his negotiations with the British government leads him to inveigh at great length against 'the affected delicacy' of *Messrs.* Perceval and Canning, as he professionally calls them, and to tax the former with placing an insuperable bar in the way of any definite arrangement—by having, with a degree of feeling strongly contrasted with the conduct of Buonaparte, refused to treat with Mr. Brown, until it was fully ascertained that any attempt against the life of Gustavus formed no part of the plot.

This, as far as we know, was Mr. Brown's first exploit in the diplomatic line, and we hope, for the sake of others, that it will be the last; for though the contemptuous tone in which he speaks of all kingly government, the distempered sensibility with which he sobs over the fall of Buonaparte, and sundry other never-failing symptoms, clearly point out the enlightened class of politicians to which he belongs; we should not have been enabled so decidedly to proclaim his total unfitness for the task upon which he was employed, had he not taken the trouble of informing us that he is an advocate for what he is pleased to call 'the pristine purity' of the
House

House of Commons, as faithfully depicted by the lively and learned pencil of the venerable Major Cartwright.—We bear no ill will to Mr. Brown, and are willing therefore to hope that his gloomy anticipations of the ruin impending over this ill-fated country may have a due effect on his future conduct, and induce him to consult his personal safety, by timely seeking a permanent abode elsewhere.

The antipathy shewn by the unfortunate Gustavus towards Buonaparte (which, however impolitic it might be in a king of Sweden openly to profess, ought not to prejudice him in the eyes of an Englishman) has injured him irreparably in the eyes of Mr. Brown. His aversion too was the less accountable, because Buonaparte, according to our author's view of the matter, 'always seemed desirous of sparing this monarch, and even offered an increase of territory as the recompense of his remaining at peace.' In other words, it was of importance to this merciful conqueror that Sweden should not appear in the lists against him, and he would therefore have been glad to purchase her neutrality.

Nothing could be more wild and untractable than the conduct of Gustavus in all his dealings with the allied powers: he was beyond doubt physically unfit to play the great part which he had the ambition to attempt, but he was a high-minded and honourable gentleman, sincerely anxious for the welfare of Sweden, and jealous of her national fame; we cannot bring ourselves therefore to attach any credit to the statement made by Mr. Brown, that 'he seized a subsidy from this country in its way to Russia,' or that, during the time he was engaged with his army in Germany, he offered to sell to the Emperor Alexander, for seven millions of dollars, the whole of the territory which remained to Sweden of the German conquests made by the Great Gustavus. Whatever might be his errors and follies, (and they were manifold,) and however just his compulsory abdication, the circumstances of his fall have, in our opinion, fully expiated them, and ought to have secured him from such calumnies as those we have noticed. His career was not sanguinary and remorseless, like that of Buonaparte, or perhaps the sensibilities of Mr. Brown might have been called forth in his favour; and it is amusing to observe that the introduction of the conscription, which was one of the most grievous charges against Gustavus, has been followed up by the present king without, as far as we know, any remonstrance or opposition.

That we may not be accused of enlisting Mr. Brown among the admirers of Buonaparte on slight grounds, we present our readers with the following passage.

'The short-sighted policy adopted in 1807 by Napoleon Buonaparte towards the Bourbons of Spain has, in some degree, given a colouring of retributive justice to his present isolated and melancholy state. It

is however an act as little to be justified as that with which his enemies reproach the ex-emperor. Catherine, with provocations equal to the gaolers of Buonaparte, with political temptations as strong as those which seduced the latter, wisely abstained from confining or murdering her royal guests, although the crime might have thrown all Sweden into her hands. There is not in all Europe, at the present day, a single monarch who might not, five years back, as reasonably have anticipated the dreadful banishment inflicted on the great conqueror of Europe, as that it should ever be his fate. The example sets aside the finest qualities of the human mind; oppresses the fallen, and violates the law of honour and of nations; as a precedent it is highly dangerous; and some of those princes by whom it has been adopted, or their descendants, may as bitterly rue the shortsighted policy that led to the incarceration of Buonaparte, as that *great man* certainly *must* have regretted his treatment of the Bourbons of Spain. Great moral principles are seldom, if ever, violated with impunity.'

Setting aside its want of grammar, this is fully equal to any thing in Mr. Hobhouse or Sir Robert Wilson! It does not however strike us that the laws of hospitality and nations were as much violated by the confinement of Buonaparte, as they would have been by the detention or murder of Gustavus the Fourth and the Duke of Sudermania, (the royal guests alluded to;) nor have we heard that 'this great man,' as he is called, ever testified any very vehement symptoms of regret for his treatment of the Bourbons, or of any one else, after having injured and oppressed them; but Mr. Brown says he *must* have done so, and though this is not a very logical mode of argument, it certainly is one not easily disputed.

The notes of this work are so contrived as to present, as it were, the concentrated essence of Mr. Brown's opinions upon several momentous questions. There is a very choice one on the Copenhagen expedition, in which the severe blow which the author's feelings suffered by 'so wanton an aggression' is very pathetically depicted. The Swedes too, by his account, were equally shocked, though they blamed us for not retaining possession of Zealand. Now without looking farther than to the enmity which prevails between the two countries, we beg leave to doubt the former part of this statement, though we can well imagine there were a few 'old crab trees' at Stockholm who bewailed the transaction, as some of ours did at home. That the king was hearty in our cause also was a sufficient reason with many to conspire against it—and that he was so there can be no question, (in spite of Mr. Brown's insinuations respecting his distrust of the intentions of Great Britain,) or he would not have exposed himself, as he did, to the risk of invasion both by the Russians and Danes.

This fidelity on his part however was not lost sight of by the
British

British government. With a degree of good faith and alacrity which merits the warmest commendation, such succours as could be spared were sent out, under the command of Sir John Moore, to our tottering ally in his utmost need; and they (as is well known) might have proved of essential service, had not his strange conduct entirely frustrated the scheme. The whole of this transaction, however, is unnoticed by Mr. Brown, and the name of Sir John Moore is not even mentioned in the book.

The greater part of the first volume is taken up with details of the Danish court and the unhappy queen Matilda; they have been already touched upon by every traveller who has visited Copenhagen since her melancholy catastrophe, and have formed the outline of more than one romance. When he crosses the water Mr. Brown, if not more original, becomes at least more amusing, and though the character of Gustavus the Third has been often drawn more ably, and always with more decency of language, it certainly forms the best part of the book. We doubt indeed whether this profligate although able monarch would have received such severe measure at Mr. Brown's hands, had he not, with many very good men, had the misfortune to differ from his present biographer on the merits of the French revolution. In the opening of that portentous event, the sentiments of the people of Sweden, as might be expected, were much at variance with those of their sovereign. 'It was in vain,' says Mr. Brown, 'that knowing his subjects to be a religious race, the king denounced the French to them as a nation of atheists;' (by what term could they have been more fitly denominated?) the infection had spread too far, the cause of freedom had become too popular, and there cannot be a more damning proof of the dangerous nature of the doctrines which were afloat, and of the tendency of the new light which has such beauty in the eyes of Mr. Brown, than the statement which he subjoins as 'the opinion of several officers of long standing and great experience in the Swedish service,' that 'if the king had not been cut off by Ankarstrom, the very army he was assembling with the view of invading France, in Normandy, and marching direct on Paris, would have hoisted the standard of revolt and destroyed the monarch whom once they adored.'

This has been asserted before, and we do not doubt the fact—we are only surprised at the author's perversion of intellect in blaming Gustavus for endeavouring to oppose some barriers to a torrent which had already shaken the very foundations of his throne. The Swedish army however was saved, by the desperate resentment of Ankarstrom, from the eternal disgrace which would have fallen upon them had this black act of treachery been consummated. On the 16th March, 1792, the king was mortally wounded in the

Opera

Opera House at Stockholm, and expired after lingering a fortnight in torment. The opening of the chest at Upsal in which his papers were deposited, with the injunction that they should remain untouched for fifty years, may perhaps disclose some curious facts connected with the fate of this versatile monarch; meanwhile, as it is at all times both interesting and instructive to observe the deportment in critical emergencies of those who have played important parts in the transactions of the world, we subjoin the striking scene which ensued on the night the king was wounded, as given by Mr. Brown from a Swedish manuscript, which he considers authentic.

‘ The king’s surgeons having examined the wound, and the direction in which the pistol had been fired, saw at once how small was the chance of their royal patient’s recovery. During this operation, which was excruciatingly painful, the king displayed that intense fortitude which few mortals ever possessed in a higher degree. As the surgeon applied his probe, the king thought his hand shook; suppressing the sense of pain, he said with a firm voice, “ Do not suffer your sorrow to affect your hand! Remember, sir, it is not possible I can survive if the balls are not extracted.” The surgeon paused a moment, as if to collect all his courage, and extracted a ball and some slugs. On his way from his palace to the Opera House a few hours before, Gustavus stepped lightly down the broad flights of granite stairs to the vestibule below. He was now carried slowly back, stretched on a litter borne on the shoulders of grebadiers, whose slightest motion gave him inexpressible pain—like the palace itself, the grand stair-case is of stupendous dimensions. The massive balustrades are composed of polished marble; the broad steps of hewn granite, and the ornaments of colossal proportions finely drawn and executed, are in strict conformity to the vast and beautiful outline of this grand edifice. The king’s unwieldy state-coach, with a triple row of guards on either side, might, apparently, have ascended. Although the portals were closed as soon as the king had entered, and none but courtiers and soldiers admitted, and even those not without selection, the whole of the colossal stairs were crowded to excess. Not a few of the ministers were clad in state dresses, and most of the courtiers and household officers still had on the fanciful robes worn at the fatal masquerade. This great diversity of splendid costume, the melancholy state of the king, stretched on the bier, lying on his side, his pale face resting on his right hand, his features expressive of pain subdued by fortitude, the varied countenances of the surrounding throng, wherein grief, consternation and dismay were forcibly depicted; the blaze of the numerous torches and flambeaux borne aloft by the military; the glitter of burnished helmets, embroidered and spangled robes, mixed with the flashes of drawn sabres and fixed bayonets; the strong and condensed light thrown on the king’s figure, countenance, litter and surrounding group; the deep dark masses of shade that seemed to flitter high above, and far below the principal group, and the occasional illumination of the vast and magnificent outline of the structure, formed, on the whole, a spectacle more grand,

grand, impressive and picturesque than any state or theatrical procession, in the arrangement of which the tasteful Gustavus had ever been engaged. In the midst of excruciating agonies his eyes lost not their brilliancy, and his finely expressive features displayed the triumph of fortitude over pain. Terrible and sudden as was this disaster, it did not deprive him of self-possession; he seemed more affected by the tears that trickled down the hard yet softened features of the veterans who had fought by his side, than by the wound which too probably would soon end his life. As the bearers of the royal litter ascended from flight to flight he raised his head, evidently to obtain a better view of the grand spectacle of which he formed the principal and central object. When he arrived at the grand gallery level with the state apartments, he made a sign with his hand that the bearers should halt, and looking wistfully around him, he said to Baron Armfelt, (who wept and sobbed aloud,) "How strange it is I should rush upon my fate after the recent warnings I had received! my mind foreboded evil; I went reluctantly, impelled, as it were, by an invisible hand!—I am fully persuaded when a man's hour is come, it is in vain he strives to elude it!" After a short pause he continued, "Perhaps my hour is not yet arrived. I would willingly live, but am not afraid to die. If I survive, I may yet trip down these flights of steps again, and if I die—why then, enclosed in my coffin, my next descent will be on my road to the mausoleum in the Ridderholm church."—vol. ii. p. 168.

In the character of Ankarstrom, and in his conduct during his last moments, a striking similarity may be traced to the wretched Bellingham; the same fanatical satisfaction at the perpetration of the crime, the same presumptuous confidence of pardon from the Almighty. That, as Mr. Brown observes, this dreadful self-delusion is by no means peculiar to Sweden is sufficiently clear, as well from the case to which we have adverted, as from other instances of more recent date, where criminals, condemned for the worst of crimes, have exhibited, in their last moments, a most disgusting mixture of hardened guilt and confident security.

With the explanation given of it by Mr. Brown we comprehend why, as he says, 'the gallows saves many a soul,' should be a common expression; but that '*many instances* should occur in Sweden of *honest and respectable persons*' committing crimes with a view to place themselves in a predicament where they may fairly be entitled to the aid of clergy, and thereby ensure their future salvation, can only be credited by those who believe, with Sir John Sinclair, that the inhabitants of a certain salubrious valley in Norway frequently quit it from a premature apprehension of the pains and penalties attendant on longevity.

On the death of the king, his brother the Duke of Sudermania succeeded as regent. Economy, according to Mr. Brown, now took the place of profusion, and a stop was put to the strong measures adopted by Gustavus to check the revolutionary spirit so rapidly

pidly gaining ground. The moderation, however, displayed in the new councils does not appear to have reconciled the parties which now predominated in Sweden; nor is it surprising, when we examine them, that the late king should have considered that no ordinary means were likely to be effectual in obtaining that object.

‘ In the year 1792 there were two parties in Sweden actively at work. The one was composed of General Baron Armfelt and his partizans, whose object it was to throw Sweden into the arms of Russia; the other consisted of men more formidable by their talent than numbers, who conceived that Sweden was too poor a country to maintain a monarchical government and a large standing army. They were for adopting a government similar to that adopted in the United States, and to endeavour to do without a king or hereditary nobles. A gentleman named Thorild wrote a work entitled “The Liberty of Reason developed to the Regent of the Swedish Nation.” The author addressed it to the regent, and called upon him to remove the shackles imposed by kings and regents on human freedom, and dwelt with enthusiasm on the happiness Sweden might enjoy under a virtuous and frugal republican system. This happened on the 21st December; in the evening the pamphlet was suppressed, and the author taken into custody.’

This proceeding, as might be expected, excited a considerable ferment in the town, and we find the regent, in spite of the gentleness and moderation of his councils, threatened with the fate of his brother. The next day the cause was heard. ‘Thorild conducted his own defence, and this with so much spirit and eloquence,’ says Mr. Brown, ‘that the spectators caught the enthusiasm inspired by his bold sentiments; and certain passages of his speech’ (which, we conclude, were those indicating resistance to all legitimate authority) ‘were loudly applauded. It ended in his release, and his being escorted home by a large concourse of citizens, shouting liberty for ever, Thorild for ever.’

Of the military and naval details of this reign, as given by Mr. Brown, we cannot say much, for in truth there is nothing to be said. From a work entitled ‘Scandinavian Letters,’ published in 1796, which we have long known and which we believe to be authentic, he has extracted upwards of twenty pages containing the details of the naval campaign of 1790; these are peculiarly interesting, as the chief sufferers on the Russian side were Englishmen in the service of the empress; and more daring intrepidity, and unavailing gallantry have never been displayed than by the Captains Marshall and Dennison on this occasion.

We have already remarked on the licence in which Mr. Brown indulges in speaking of public characters. Excepting that ‘ingenious, tasteful, and scientific nobleman the Chevalier Edlercrantz,’ who, as a soi-disant poet, philosopher, playwright, and inspector, would hardly venture to offend a brother *savant*, and ‘the

corpulent, convivial, equestrian knight Sir Levett Hanson, quondam chamberlain to the Duke of Modena, and grand cross and distributor of the Order of St. Joachim, than whom no one could conduct himself in a more *gentlemanly* manner,' we do not recollect another of whom this fastidious person speaks in terms of tolerable respect. Even the integrity of Mr. Pitt's political principles, and the wisdom of Sir William Scott's decisions, are called in question by him in no very measured terms; and we are not therefore surprised at the indecent manner in which he has vented his spleen at the appointment of Mr. Thornton as English minister at Stockholm, or at the scurrilous language in which he assails De Coninck, a very respectable banker at Copenhagen.

As neither of these gentlemen had, as far as we know, written on the 'Northern Courts,' and cannot therefore have interfered with Mr. Brown's literary labours, their names are marked with obloquy purely to gratify some malevolent feeling. Those who have preceded him as authors are comparatively fair game for criticism. Let us see how he has executed 'the act of duty which was imposed upon him by gratitude,' as he tells us in his preface.

'Next to Whitelock's Journal,' says Mr. Brown, 'the best work extant is the Rev. Mr. Coxe's.' As, however, he was before described 'though not a servile man still as a flatterer of kings,' and as sundry errors are remarked in his book, we naturally trembled for those of whom no such favourable mention was likely to be made.

Of these the first victim is Mr. Joseph Acerbi. 'His work is made up of plagiarisms, of original falsehoods, and sheer nonsense.' This, it must be confessed, is rather a *tranchant* style of criticism, and though it may be true, for aught we know, it is amusing to hear a plagiarist so roughly handled by the author of the 'Northern Courts.'

Next come Sir John Carr and his 'Northern Summer.' Sir John, it seems, is less malignant than Mr. Acerbi; but, alas! his errors are seated in his—head! and we can comprehend therefore, without any reference to the system of Gall or Spurzheim, that they must have had a very prejudicial effect upon his powers of composition.

Sir Robert Ker Porter is dismissed in a very few words. An unlucky inclination to report favourably of the unfortunate Gustavus has spoilt all, and he is convicted of 'a want of liberality towards Swedish artists, and a servility of mind highly disreputable.'

With Dr. Thomson, the next culprit, there seems to be more conformity of opinion than with the rest of those who have gone before Mr. Brown as writers on Sweden. In the outset, 'a partiality on the part of the doctor in exalting the picturesque beauty of his favourite city (Edinburgh) at the expense of Stockholm,' very
nearly

nearly involves him in disgrace—but he finally escapes with sundry corrections and friendly admonitions.

Not so Mr. J. T. James, the last on the list, for whom is reserved the whole measure of Mr. Brown's indignation, and who is accused, under various forms, 'of hauteur and illiberality; of a want of candour and *self-cultivation* in his remarks upon the people and artists of Sweden; and a predisposition to see every thing that he found there in an unfavourable light.'

As this involves a charge against our countrymen in general, with whom (as Mr. Brown assures us) the practice of writing and speaking to the prejudice of those foreign countries they have visited, and thereby rendering the English name unpopular abroad, is too prevalent, we are anxious, by shewing how totally unfounded are the attacks made upon the entertaining and well-informed traveller whom he has selected for the prime object of his criticism, to repel the accusation. Mr. James, it appears, is taxed with a want of liberality, for venturing to describe the higher orders of Sweden as cold and ceremonious; the artists as still capable of improvement; and the style of architecture and decoration which prevails in the capital, as for the most part in bad taste. Now though we believe that all who have read the book will be ready to acknowledge the tone of good humour and unaffected candour which prevail throughout, we shall let Mr. James speak for himself in answer to the first part of the accusation.

'But a Swede is never in extremes: even these traits are not deeply marked, and if we review the more favourable side of his character, we shall find in him an undaunted spirit of perseverance, and an honest love of freedom, to which the feelings of every one does homage; and I may truly affirm that no traveller passes from these shores but he quits them with regret, and ever afterwards takes the strongest interest in whatever tidings he may hear which concern the welfare of the nation. In the higher classes the mind is necessarily tempered by the grace and fashion of society, and there are many whom private sentiments of respect would lead me at all times to acknowledge with warm expressions of gratitude, and to recall with peculiar pleasure, many a happy hour I have spent at Stockholm.'—p. 141.

Mr. Brown tells us with some degree of self-satisfaction that he associated in Sweden 'with persons of as great rank and consequence as Mr. James.' Of this common-place vulgarity there are abundant symptoms in his volumes. 'Lord Erskine and the author of the "Northern Courts" had a serious conversation on this subject.'—vol. ii. p. 300. And another conversation (which we doubt not was equally serious) is stated to have taken place between Mr. Brown and the Chevalier Edlercrantz. But because Mr. James has the good taste to make no parade of these matters, nor to give, according to Mr. Brown's fashion, the titles at full length of all his

knightly acquaintance of the Sword, Polar Star, and Seraphim—Sir Herman of Lastholm, K. P. S., Sir Charles Frederick von Breda, K. V., Sir Charles Axel Lindroth, K. P. S. &c.—it does not therefore follow that he is inclined to treat the nobility of Sweden ‘with insolence and contempt;’ nor can any proof be brought of such a feeling on his part.

In spite of Mr. Brown’s long dissertation on the merits and performances of Sergell, we are not inclined to entertain any very exalted opinion of his taste in the fine arts, or of his acquaintance with their professors. That Sweden should not be able to boast of painters equal to the highest walks of the art, and that Sergell should not rival Phidias, is by no means surprizing. Whatever may have been the progress of the other arts and sciences in the civilized world, in painting and statuary a falling off has unquestionably taken place; and this, we conceive, is the only ‘implication’ which Mr. James intended when, speaking of the professors of the arts in Sweden, he wound up the sentence on Sergell with the ‘*morceau*’ so offensive to Mr. Brown. Of the general merits of the artists of Sweden, Mr. James always thought with respect and spoke with liberality.

‘Falcrantz as a painter of landscapes,’ he says, ‘stands the first in reputation, and, indeed, may fairly be ranked among the best artists of the present day.’—p. 122.

Again. ‘There is no country in Europe which, in proportion to her numbers, has contributed so largely to the advancement of science as Sweden, and none in which it is still more steadily and successfully pursued.’—p. 125.

From the display made by Mr. Brown of his knowledge of the Swedish language, and his perpetual blunders in every other, we suspect that his studies, like his travels, have not been very excursive. Under such an *alias* as that by which she is described, we have had some difficulty in recognizing a well known statue twice mentioned by Mr. Brown under different titles—‘*Venus du belle fesses*,’ and ‘*Venus de belles fesses*.’ We would venture also to hint to him, that ‘*Tu Marcellus erit*’ can never be ‘*Thou shalt be Marcellus*.’ The strictures upon Mr. James and Dr. Thomson, the one for misspelling the town ‘*Abo*,’ and the other for designating the stream which flows into the sea at Gottenburgh as ‘the River Gotha,’ appear to be pedantic and absurd. Obo is spelled as it is pronounced, and although the Gotha in its course goes by two other names, we shall continue to follow Mr. Coxe and Mr. James in giving it that title until it shall be proved that the Thames should be styled the Isis or the Tame. The stream which is called Clara before it merges in the Wenern Lake, on quitting it takes the name of the province through which it flows, and becomes the Gotha.—But we must have done with Mr. Brown.

ART.

ART. VIII.—*Observations relating to some of the Antiquities of Egypt, from the Papers of the late Mr. Davison. Published in Walpole's Memoirs. 1817.*

IF some of our consuls have merited the reproach of having made their public station subservient to their private interests, and of wholly neglecting those researches into objects of literature or science which their situation might have brought fairly within their reach, the names of Bruce, Davison and Salt may safely be mentioned as honourable exceptions from it. Mr. Bruce has nobly rescued his own name from any inattention to objects of scientific research;—so has Mr. Salt, as we shall presently see:—and to Mr. Walpole the literary world is now indebted for bringing forward a small part of the discoveries and observations of Mr. Davison in Egypt, which had been hitherto known only to a few of his friends.

In the year 1763, Mr. Davison, then consul at Algiers, accompanied Wortley Montague to Egypt. He resided (Mr. Walpole informs us) eighteen months at Cairo; made frequent visits to the pyramids of Gizeh, Saccara and Dashour, and several excursions in the vicinity of Alexandria with the Duke de Chaulnes, with whom he afterwards embarked for Europe. While performing quarantine in the Lazaretto at Leghorn, the duke contrived, by means of a false key, to get possession, and to take copies, of Mr. Davison's papers and drawings. On coming to London, a few years afterwards, he advertised a publication of his own researches, with drawings by Mr. Davison, whom he had the impudence to designate as his secretary. Whether he knew that Mr. Davison was still alive does not appear; but on the very day (Sept. 9th, 1783) which he had appointed for an engraver to wait on him, he received a written remonstrance, on the part of that gentleman, which obliged him to relinquish his design. He had then the effrontery to propose a joint publication, which Mr. Davison indignantly declined. Mr. Walpole adds, that there are two plates in Sonnini's travels, from drawings of Mr. Davison, which could only have been communicated by the Duke de Chaulnes.

The papers now first published, from the journals of Mr. Davison, consist of his measurements of the pyramid of Cheops, by taking that of each individual step or altar from the base to the summit, and subsequently with the theodolite—an account of his descent into the 'Well,' (as it is usually called,) which is mentioned by Pliny as being eighty-six cubits in depth—of his discovery of a room over the chamber containing the sarcophagus, which had escaped Maillet, though he had been forty times within the pyramid; which Niebuhr could not find, though told of it by Mr. Meynard, who accompanied Mr. Davison; and which had not

been visited by any other traveller until last year. There is, besides, a correspondence between him and Professor White, on the subject of Abdallatif's account of the pyramids; and a description of the catacombs of Alexandria, of which very little seems then to have been known, as they scarcely appear to have been noticed by preceding travellers. The only portion of these Papers which it is our intention to examine, is the account of the Well and the new chamber in the great pyramid, as preliminary to some recent and unpublished discoveries, which we are about to lay before our readers.

In a short but comprehensive letter addressed to M. Varsy, the author observes that, as he conceived the supposed Well to be of vast depth, he provided himself with a large quantity of rope, which turned out to be no useless precaution—for though he found a sort of steps or holes in the rock, yet the lower part of them were so worn away, as to risk a fall and consequent destruction by trusting to them alone. To avoid so calamitous an event, Mr. Davison tied a rope round his middle; and previously to his descent, let down a lantern attached to the end of a small cord, which, on finding it soon to stop, he prepared to follow. With much persuasion he prevailed on two of his servants and three Arabs to hold the rope;—the Arabs assured him there were ghosts below, and that he never could hope to return. Mr. Davison laughed at their timidity; and taking with him a few sheets of paper, a compass, a measure, and another lighted candle, commenced the descent, and soon reached the bottom of the first well or shaft. Here he found, on the south side, at the distance of about eight feet from the first shaft, a second opening which descended perpendicularly, to the depth of five feet only; and at four feet ten inches from the bottom of this, a third shaft, the mouth of which was nearly choked up with a large stone, leaving only a small opening, barely sufficient to allow a man to pass. Here he thought it prudent to let down his lantern, not only to discover to what depth he was about to proceed, but also to ascertain if the air was pernicious. The shaft, however, was so tortuous that the candle soon became invisible; but Mr. Davison was not to be discouraged—nothing less than a journey to the bottom would satisfy his eager curiosity: the difficulty was how to prevail on the Arabs to come down and hold the rope. To all his entreaties they only answered, that, a few years before, a Frank having got to the place where he then was, let down a rope to discover the depth, when the devil caught hold of it, and plucked it out of his hands. ‘I was well aware,’ says Mr. Davison, ‘to whom they were indebted for this story—the Dutch consul swore that the thing happened to himself.’ After many prayers, and threats, and promises

promises of money, and of all the treasure that might be discovered at the bottom of the well, the avarice of one man got the better, in some degree, of his terrors, and he ventured to descend;—‘on reaching the bottom,’ says Mr. Davison, ‘he stared about him, pale and trembling, appearing more like a spectre than a human being.’

Our enterprizing adventurer now hastened on his journey, with the rope round his body; and the sight of the lantern, which he had let down, convinced him that this well was somewhat deeper than the first. Having proceeded a little farther than half-way down to the spot where the candle rested, as it afterwards appeared, he came to a grotto, about fifteen feet long, four or five wide, and about the height of a man: from this place the third shaft or well was sloping, and by throwing down a stone he ascertained it to be of much greater depth than the others: pushing the lantern a little before him, he set out afresh on his journey; and calling to the Arab to loosen the rope gently, with the help of the little holes made in the rock, he gradually proceeded, without the least appearance of reaching his journey’s end. At length the shaft beginning to incline a little more to the perpendicular, brought him speedily to the bottom, where he ascertained it to be completely closed by sand and rubbish.

Having reached this point, Mr. Davison now began to reflect on two circumstances which had not before occurred to him, and neither of which was very consoling. The first was, that the multitude of bats which he had disturbed might put out his candle; and the second, that the immense stone in the mouth of the shaft might slip down and close the passage for ever. On looking about the bottom, he found a rope ladder, which, though it had lain there sixteen years, was as fresh and strong as if perfectly new. It had been used, as it seems, by Mr. Wood (who published an account of the ruins of Balbec and Palmyra) to aid his descent; but he had stopped short at the grotto. When Mr. Davison, on his return, had reached the bottom of the first shaft, the candles fell and went out;—‘then,’ says he, ‘the poor Arab thought himself lost. He laid hold of the rope as I was about to ascend, declaring that he would rather have his brains blown out than be left alone there with the devil. I therefore permitted him to go before, and though it was much more difficult to ascend than to descend, I know not how it was, but he scrambled up a hundred times more quickly than he had come down.’

The depth of the first shaft was 22 feet; of the second 29; and of the third 99; if the five feet between the first and second shaft be added, the whole depth will be found to be 155 feet.

Of his discovery of a second chamber in the great pyramid, Mr. Davison gives the following account.

‘ The chief reason of my returning now to the pyramid was to endeavour, if possible, to mount up to the hole I had discovered at the top of the gallery the last time I was there. For this purpose I had made seven short ladders in such a manner as to fasten one to another by means of four wooden pins, the whole together, when joined, being about twenty-six feet long. As soon as the rubbish was cleared from the straight passage at the bottom, I caused the ladders to be brought in by two carpenters who accompanied me. When they had conveyed them to the platform at the top of the gallery, tying two long canes together, I placed a candle at one end, and gave it to a servant to hold near the hole in question. The platform being very small there was no thinking of fixing the ladders on the ground, as it would have been very difficult, not to say impossible to raise them. We took the only method which seemed practicable; namely, that of placing the first ladder against the wall; two men raising it up, a third placed another below it, and having fastened them together by the wooden pins, the two together were raised from the ground, and the rest in the same manner fixed one after another. The ladder entered enough into the hole, when all parts were joined together, to prevent it from sliding on the side of the gallery. I then instantly mounted, and found a passage two feet four inches square, which turned immediately to the right. I entered a little way, with my face on the ground, but was obliged to retire, on account of the passage being in a great measure choaked with dust, and bats’ dung, which, in some places, was near a foot deep. I first thought of clearing it by throwing the dirt down into the gallery, but foreseeing that this would be a work of some time, besides the inconvenience of filling the gallery with rubbish, and perhaps rendering the descent more difficult, I determined to make another effort to enter, which was accompanied with more success than the first. I was enabled to creep in, though with much difficulty, not only on account of the lowness of the passage, but likewise the quantity of dust which I raised. When I had advanced a little way, I discovered what I supposed to be the end of the passage. My surprize was great, when I reached it, to find to the right a straight entrance into a long, broad, but low place, which I knew, as well by the length as the direction of the passage I had entered at, to be immediately above the large room. The stones of granite, which are at the top of the latter, form the bottom of this, but are uneven, being of unequal thickness. This room is four feet longer than the one below; in the latter, you see only seven stones, and a half of one, on each side of them; but in that above, the nine are entire, the two halves resting on the wall at each end. The breadth is equal with that of the room below. The covering of this, as of the other, is of beautiful granite; but it is composed of eight stones instead of nine, the number in the room below. One of the carpenters entered with me, and Mr. Meynard came into the passage, near the door, but being a good deal troubled with the dust, and want of air, he retired.

retired. Having measured and examined the different parts of it we came out, and descended by the ladder.'—pp. 354—356.

This brief account of Mr. Davison's discoveries will enable us to appreciate the labours of another enterprising traveller, of whose extraordinary exertions, courage, and perseverance, and the brilliant discoveries to which they led, we have been favoured with a very interesting account, drawn up roughly by our consul-general, Mr. Salt, by whose zeal, personal exertions, influence with the pashaw, and great pecuniary liberality, many of the hidden treasures of Egypt have been brought to light; some of which have already found their way, and others are following, to that magnificent depository of nature and art, the British Museum.

The person to whom we allude is Mr. Caviglia, the master and, we believe, owner of a mercantile vessel in the Mediterranean trade, 'who,' Mr. Salt informs us, 'was most actively employed, for a period of nearly six months, in carrying on his researches with a disinterested zeal that merits general admiration, and will ensure him the gratitude of all who take pleasure in the studies of the antiquarian.' In tracing the progress of those researches, we cannot do better than adhere as closely to the words of Mr. Salt as our necessarily abridged narrative will admit.

Mr. Caviglia (who is described as a gentleman with whose amiable character is blended an ardent enthusiasm for such pursuits) had long entertained an opinion that, among the antiquities so justly celebrated in Egypt, much yet remained to be explored that might throw a light upon the peculiar rites and usages of its ancient inhabitants; and as nothing had excited his attention more than the stupendous pyramids of Gizeh, he had determined, whenever the opportunity occurred, to exert his utmost efforts in clearing up the mystery which still hangs over the real intention of the numerous passages and the interior chambers of those venerable structures. With this determination he set out from Alexandria for Cairo, where he arrived on the 26th December, 1816, and immediately entered into an arrangement with two gentlemen of the names of Kabitziet and La Fuentes, in consequence of which they were to accompany him, with ropes and other necessary apparatus, to the grand pyramid; this they accordingly did on the 8th January following.

The first object which Mr. Caviglia had in view was to examine the 'Well' in the chamber of the great pyramid, the descent of which, as it would seem, both he and Mr. Salt considered as an enterprize never yet accomplished;—that Well (it is Mr. Salt who speaks) 'which had so long baffled all research, and respecting which various rumours had been propagated of persons having been let down at different times, who never had returned to explain the mystery

mystery in which it was enveloped, a circumstance that had deterred many others from what was so generally considered as a desperate attempt.'

Mr. Caviglia, on reaching the chamber into which the mouth opens, fixed a rope round his waist, and, with a lamp in his hand, immediately began to descend, his friends remaining above to secure the ropes. He describes the several shafts of this Well pretty nearly in the same terms as Mr. Davison; and he met with the same difficulty in persuading an Arab to go down and assist him in the removal of several stones of granite which had choked up the second shaft. The only novelty which we perceive is the fact of the shaft being lined with masonry above and below the grotto, to support, as was supposed, one of those insulated beds of gravel which are frequently found in rock, and which the masons call *flaws*. There was no difficulty in reaching the bottom; but the heat was found to be excessive, the air very impure; and the lamp soon began to burn with a faint and glimmering light. Finding nothing there but a collection of loose stones and rubbish, he hastened to return to his companions, but had scarcely time to reach the grotto, when all the lamps went out in rapid succession;—a circumstance that occasioned considerable alarm, and obliged the whole party to make a precipitate retreat.

On their arrival at Cairo, Mr. Salt says, they were overwhelmed with congratulations from those who had blamed their rashness and predicted their failure: 'those,' he adds, 'who have visited the pyramids and have seen the stoutest men faint in getting up even to the gallery, who have experienced the enervating effect of the foul air in these subterranean channels, and have heard the various histories current at Cairo of persons supposed to have formerly perished in the attempt, will know how to appreciate the firmness of nerve, undaunted resolution, and admirable presence of mind displayed through this adventure; the rare union of which could alone have brought it to a successful termination.'

Mr. Caviglia, however, was by no means satisfied with the result of this supposed first discovery of the bottom of the Well; but from the circumstance of the ground giving a hollow sound under his feet, he was satisfied that there must be some concealed outlet. With the view of making further discovery, he pitched his tent in front of the entrance of the great pyramid, determined to set about excavating the bottom of the Well. He hired some Arabs to draw up the rubbish with baskets and cords; but from the extreme reluctance of these people to work, notwithstanding the enormous wages given to them, he was compelled to suspend his operations and give up the enterprize, till an order from the Kiaya-bey had been procured, which had the effect of subduing their indolence, and, to a certain degree,

degree, of removing their prejudices, 'It is still,' says Mr. Salt, 'almost inconceivable how he could so far surmount the prejudices of these people as to induce them to work in so confined a space, where a light, after the first half hour, would not burn, and where, consequently, every thing was to be done by feeling and not by sight; the heat at the same time being so intense and the air so suffocating that, in spite of all precautions, it was not possible to stay below an hour at a time without suffering from its pernicious effects. At length, indeed, it became so intolerable that one Arab was brought up nearly dead, and several others, on their ascending, fainted away; so that at last, in spite of the command laid upon them, they almost entirely abandoned their labour, declaring that they were willing to work but not to die for him.'

Thus discouraged, Mr. Caviglia next turned his attention to the clearing of the principal entrance or passage of the pyramid which, from time immemorial, had been so blocked up as to oblige those who entered to creep on their hands and knees; hoping by this to give a freer passage to the air. He not only succeeded in carrying his purpose into effect, but, in the course of his labours, made the unexpected discovery that the main passage, leading from the entrance, did not terminate in the manner asserted by Maillet, but (having removed several large masses of calcareous stone and granite, apparently placed there to obstruct the passage) that it still continued in the same inclined angle downwards, was of the same dimensions, and had its sides worked with the same care, as in the channel above, though filled up nearly to the top with earth and fragments of stone. Having proceeded to the length of 150 feet in clearing out this passage, the air began to be so impure and the heat so suffocating that he had the same difficulties again to encounter with regard to the working Arabs. Even his own health was at this time visibly impaired, and he was attacked with a spitting of blood; nothing, however, could induce him to desist from his researches.

By the 14th March he had excavated as low down as 200 feet in the new passage without any thing particular occurring, when shortly afterwards a doorway on the right side was discovered, from which, in the course of a few hours, a strong smell of sulphur was perceived to issue. Mr. Caviglia having now recollected that when at the bottom of the Well, in his first enterprize, he had burned some sulphur for the purpose of purifying the air, conceived it probable that this doorway might communicate with it, an idea which, in a little time, he had the gratification of seeing realized, by discovering that the channel through the doorway opened at once upon the bottom of the Well, where he found the baskets, cords and other implements which had been left there on his recent attempt at a further excavation. This discovery was so far valuable

as it afforded a complete circulation of air along the new passage, and up the shaft of the Well into the chamber, so as to obviate all danger for the future from the impurity of the atmosphere. Mr. Salt, after this, made the tour of the long passage, and up the shafts into the great gallery, without much inconvenience.

It will be seen, on referring to our Thirty-third Number, that our notions respecting this Well were tolerably correct, though we could not at that time exactly appreciate the accuracy of Dr. Clarke's experiment of throwing down the stone, nor the validity of his reasoning upon it. We have now the means of estimating the value of both; and they must be allowed to form a very curious instance of the force of imagination bolstering itself up on ancient authority. This ingenious traveller says, 'We threw down some stones, and observed that they rested at about the depth which Greaves has mentioned (twenty feet); but being at length provided with a stone nearly as large as the mouth of the well, and about fifty pounds in weight, we let this fall, listening attentively to the result from the spot where the other stones rested. We were agreeably surprized by hearing, after a length of time which must have equalled some seconds, a loud and distinct report, seeming to come from a spacious subterraneous apartment, accompanied by a splashing noise as if the stone had been broken into pieces, and had fallen into a reservoir of water at an amazing depth.' 'Thus,' continues the Doctor, 'does experience always tend to confirm the accounts left us by the ancients! for this exactly answers to the description given by Pliny of this well.' Now it is quite obvious, from Messrs. Davison and Caviglia's better 'experience,' that Dr. Clarke's 'large stone' could not, by any possibility, travel an inch beyond the bottom of the first shaft, or about twenty feet; unless we are to suppose that, on reaching the first bottom, it took a horizontal roll due south eight feet, dropped down the second shaft of five feet; then took a second roll of about five feet, and finally tumbled down the third shaft: but even thus there would be no 'splashing,' though 'the inundation of the Nile was nearly at its height;' as a new chamber, discovered by Caviglia, which is even lower than the bottom of the Well, is stated to be thirty feet above the level of the Nile at its greatest elevation. Of this chamber we have now to give some account.

The new passage did not terminate at the doorway which opened upon the bottom of the Well. Continuing to the distance of twenty-three feet beyond it, in the same angle of inclination, it became narrower, and took a horizontal direction for about twenty-eight feet farther, where it opened into a spacious chamber, immediately under the central point of the pyramid. This new chamber is sixty-six feet long by twenty-seven feet broad, with a flat roof, and, when

when first discovered, was nearly filled with loose stones and rubbish, which, with considerable labour, Mr. Caviglia removed. The platform of the floor, dug out of the rock, is irregular, nearly one half of the length from the eastern or entrance end being level, and about fifteen feet from the ceiling; while in the middle it descends five feet lower, in which part there is a hollow space bearing all the appearance of the commencement of a well or shaft. From hence it rises to the western end, so that at this extremity there is scarcely room between the floor and the ceiling to stand upright, the whole chamber having the appearance of an unfinished excavation; though Mr. Salt thinks, after a careful comparison of it with other subterranean chambers which have been disfigured by the combined effects of time and the rude hands of curious inquirers, that it may once have been highly wrought, and used, perhaps, for the performance of solemn and secret mysteries. Some Roman characters, rudely formed, had been marked with the flame of a candle on the rock, part of which having mouldered away rendered the words illegible. Mr. Salt says, he had flattered himself that this chamber would turn out to be that described by Herodotus as containing the tomb of Cheops which was insulated by a canal from the Nile; but the want of an inlet, and its elevation of thirty feet above the level of the Nile at its highest point, put an end to this delusive idea. He thinks, however, from an expression of Strabo, purporting that the passage from the entrance leads directly down to the chamber which contained the *buia*, (the receptacle of the dead,) that this new chamber was the only one known to that author. Whatever might have been the intention of this deeply excavated chamber, no vestige of a sarcophagus could now be traced. 'It was left for a mussulman,' says Mr. Salt, 'to discover the real sanctuary and to despoil the tombs of their contents. Al Mamoun, the son of Haroun al Raschid, prompted by the treasure-searching spirit of the age, effected this laborious undertaking, which, though not so arduous as it is described to have been by Maillet, might well defy any efforts but those of a sovereign enthusiastic in the pursuit.' To Dr. Clarke, who, in defiance of numerous authorities, affects to consider the researches of the early Arabs within the pyramids as a legendary tale, we recommend the perusal of the Arabic inscription found by Belzoni in the chamber of the pyramid of Cephrenes.

On the south side of this irregularly formed or unfinished chamber, is an excavated passage just wide and high enough for a man to creep along on his hands and knees, continuing horizontally in the rock for fifty-five feet—where it abruptly terminates. Another passage at the east end of the chamber commences with a kind of arch, and runs about forty feet into the solid body of the pyramid.

Mr.

Mr. Salt alludes to some other passage noticed by Olivier, in which the names of 'Paisley' and 'Muuro' were now found inscribed at its extremity.

The next enterprize of Mr. Caviglia was to examine the chamber first discovered by Mr. Davison, which he effected from the great gallery by means of a rope-ladder. This discovery being noticed in our manuscript memoir as mentioned only by the travellers Niebuhr and Bruce, proves, as we suspected, that Mr. Salt had not seen Mr. Walpole's late publication. The sides and roof of this chamber are described as being coated with red granite of the finest polish; and Caviglia ascertained that the unevenness of the floor was occasioned by its being formed of the individual blocks of granite which constituted the roof of the chamber below; they must therefore be wedged in on the principle of the arch. Mr. Davison mentions the same thing; and the bats' dung of a foot deep, with which the floor was in his time covered, was now increased to eighteen inches.

The laborious exertions of Mr. Caviglia in clearing out these channels and chambers and passages do not appear to have been rewarded with any new discovery of antiquities; nor does he seem to think that any new light has been thrown on the long contested question, as to the original intention of those stupendous fabrics. That the main object was to cover the remains of their projectors, or of the priests, or both, there seems to be no reasonable grounds to doubt; and we trust, that before the contents of the sarcophagus, recently discovered in the pyramid of Cephrenes, shall be dispersed and lost, the fact will be ascertained whether the bones of a human subject have not been mixed with those of a cow. Neither can we doubt that many other secret passages and chambers yet remain to be discovered in those gloomy mansions of mystery and wonder. The conjecture of Pauw is by no means improbable, that the *Serapeum* or temple of Serapis, which Strabo places to the west of Memphis, is the central spot which protects and covers the grand entrance to all the numerous adits or galleries leading to the foundations of the pyramids of Gizeh; and, perhaps, to those of Sacara and Dashour, between which and the Delta, Memphis is reported by the ancients to have been situated, and its ruins recognized, near Metrahenny, by Pococke, Davison, and other modern travellers. In fact, it appears that the whole intermediate space between the borders of the lake Mæris and Gizeh is so completely occupied by subterraneous catacombs, temples, pyramids and mausoleums, as to render the supposition most probable of its being one vast cemetery, the centre of which was occupied by the celebrated city of Memphis; and that subterranean communications existed between the several edifices, from the pyramid of Cheops to

to the labyrinth with its three thousand chambers, one half of which, being buried in the excavated rock, the Father of history was not permitted to visit. Mr. Caviglia has to a certain degree determined a long disputed point,—how far the living rock had been made an auxiliary in the construction of the pyramids. This rock, which shews itself externally at the north-eastern angle, appears in the main passage, and again close to the mouth of the well, the highest projection into the body of the pyramid being about eighty feet from the level of its external base.

But much more, we are fully persuaded, yet remains to be discovered within the pyramids. We have now the knowledge of three distinct chambers in that of Cheops, all of which had evidently been opened by the Saracens, (perhaps by the Romans, long before the arrival of the former in Egypt;) but for any thing that is known to the contrary, there may be three hundred, and might be ten times three hundred such chambers yet undiscovered. The magnitude of those stupendous masses makes no very striking impression on the mind from a mere contemplation of their dimensions in figures; and travellers mostly agree in their expressions of disappointment on first approaching them; being able with difficulty to persuade themselves of their vast bulk till some familiar object occurs to enable them to make the comparison. When we stated the pyramid of Cheops (supposing it solid throughout) to contain six times the mass of stone that will be contained in the great Break-water across Plymouth sound, it was a comparison of one gigantic accumulation of materials with another somewhat less gigantic, and helped only to give a comparative view of the labour, and quantity of materials respectively consumed in these two great fabrics—but, to assist the mind to form a just idea of the immensity of the mass, let us take the great chamber of the sarcophagus, whose dimensions (it being about $35\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $17\frac{1}{4}$ broad, and $18\frac{1}{2}$ high*)—are those of a tolerably large sized drawing-room—which, as the solid contents of the pyramid are found to exceed 85,000,000 cubic feet, forms nearly $\frac{1}{400}$ part of the whole; so that, after leaving the contents of every second chamber solid by way of separation, there *might* be three thousand seven hundred chambers, each equal in size to the sarcophagus chamber, within the pyramid of Cheops. How little then do we yet know of the real state and disposition of the interior of this stupendous edifice!

The next operations of Mr. Caviglia were directed to a minute examination of those numerous ruined edifices and tumuli which, when viewed from the top of the great pyramid, appear in countless multitudes, scattered without order among the other

* These are the measurements of Mr. Caviglia.

pyramids, as the graves in a church-yard round the church, and extend on the north and on the south along the left bank of the Nile, as far as the eye can reach. These remains of antiquity have been noticed by Pococke and other travellers, but we believe never examined with that attention which they are now found to deserve. The successful efforts of Mr. Caviglia in laying open the interior apartments of several of these will give them a new interest in the eyes of future travellers. The stone buildings, which Mr. Salt supposes to be mausoleums, are generally of an oblong form, having their walls slightly inclined from the perpendicular inwards, the peculiar characteristic of ancient Egyptian architecture; flat-roofed, with a sort of parapet round the outside, formed of stones, rounded at the top and rising about a foot above the level of the terrace. The walls are constructed of large masses of stones, of irregular shape, seldom rectangular, though neatly fitted to each other somewhat in the manner of the Cyclopean buildings in various parts of Greece. Some have door-ways ornamented above with a volute, which is covered with hieroglyphics, while others have only square apertures in the sides, gradually narrowing inwards, for the purpose of admitting light into the chambers. These doors and windows are found invariably on the northern and eastern sides—perhaps because these two sides are the least liable to be incommoded by the sand from the Lybian desert.

The first of these edifices, examined by Mr. Caviglia, when freed of the sand and rubbish with which it was choked, was found to have the inside walls covered with stucco and embellished with rude paintings, one of which, though much defaced, evidently represented the sacred boat, and another a procession of figures, each carrying a lotus in his hand. At the southern extremity were several mouldering mummies laid one over the other in a recumbent posture, with a few fragments of wooden cases. Many of the bones remained entire, and among the rest was a skull with part of its cloth covering inscribed with hieroglyphics.

The second edifice he examined had no paintings, but contained several fragments of statues, both of calcareous stone and granite. In one of the chambers were found two pieces composing the entire body of a figure almost as large as life, in the act of walking, with the left leg stretched forwards, and the two arms hanging down and resting on the thighs. From the position of this statue, and from that of a pedestal, and the foot of another statue in a different chamber, both facing the openings into the respective chambers, Mr. Salt is of opinion that they were so placed for the express purpose of being seen by the friends of the deceased from an adjoining corridor, the statues themselves bearing, as he thinks, evident marks of being intended as portraits of the persons whom they were meant

meant to represent. The several parts were marked with a strict attention to nature and coloured after life, having artificial eyes of glass, or transparent stones, to give them the air of living men. A head was discovered, but it did not exactly fit the statue in question, though it probably belonged to the foot and pedestal. 'This head,' says Mr. Salt, 'even in its present state, I consider as extremely valuable from its similarity in style and features to that of the Sphinx, having the same facial line, the same sweetness of expression and marking in the mouth, and the same roundness and peculiarity which characterize the rest of the features, circumstances which tend to prove its almost equal antiquity.' In removing the fragments, eight hours were employed in enlarging the opening of the chamber, to enable the workmen to force them through; so that the statue must have been placed in its cell prior to the finishing of the edifice. Many of the granite and alabaster fragments found in these chambers give a higher idea of Egyptian sculpture than has usually prevailed; a close attention, it seems, being shown to the marking of the joints and muscles. In the fragment of a leg, Mr. Salt observed 'a fullness of the parts, and strictness of proportion not unlike the school of Michael Angelo'—'while,' he adds, 'the alabaster fragments evince that the Egyptians, in finishing, were not behind even the sculptors of Greece.' Nor is Mr. Salt singular in bearing this honourable testimony to the skill of the ancient artists of Egypt. Mr. Hamilton, after giving an animated description of the sculptures which cover the eastern wing of the propylon of the temple of Luxor, observes, 'It was impossible to view and to reflect upon a picture so copious and so detailed as this I have just described, without fancying that I here saw the original of many of Homer's battles, the portrait of some of the historical narratives of Herodotus, and one of the principal ground-works of the description of Diodorus: and, to complete the gratification, we felt that had the artist been better acquainted with the rules and use of perspective, the performance might have done credit to the genius of a Michael-Angelo or a Julio Romano.'

In another of these stone edifices was a boat of a large size, sculptured, with a square sail, different from any now employed on the Nile. In the first chamber of this building were paintings, in bas-relief, of men, deer, and birds—men engaged in planning and preparing certain pieces of furniture, hewing blocks of wood, and pressing out skins either of wine or oil. The top of the second chamber is hollowed out in the form of an arch. 'In this apartment,' says Mr. Salt, 'the figures and hieroglyphics are singularly interesting and beautiful; on the right is represented a quarrel between some boatmen, executed with great spirit; and a little farther

on, a number of men engaged in the different pursuits of agriculture—plowing, hoeing up the ground, bringing in their corn on asses, stowing it in the magazines, and in other similar occupations. On the west are several vases painted in the most vivid colours; and on the south side a band of musicians, playing on the harp, flute, and a species of clarionet, together with a group of dancing women, tinged of a yellow colour, as is the case in most of the temples of Upper Egypt.' In the same building are two other chambers, one unembellished, the other having carved on its walls a variety of figures and hieroglyphics. In a fifth chamber were several hieroglyphics on a thick coat of white plaster, executed, as it would appear, with a wooden stamp or mould.

Many others of these oblong buildings were cleared out, and found to consist of different numbers of apartments, variously disposed, but similarly decorated with bas-reliefs and paintings, according, perhaps, to the wealth or caprice of those who erected them; one in particular, from the delicacy of its colours, its general pleasing effect, and superior style of execution, was deemed deserving of the closest attention. Mr. Salt observes that in all the mausoleums which they opened were found fragments of bitumen, great quantities of mummy-cloth and of human bones, which seemed to remove all doubt of their having served the purpose of entombing the dead. A very important circumstance yet remains to be noticed. In one apartment or another of all these monumental edifices was a deep shaft or well, from the bottom of which a narrow passage conducted to a subterranean chamber. One of these shafts, cleared out by Mr. Caviglia, was sixty feet deep, and in the chamber a little to the south of the lower extremity, was standing, without a lid, a plain but highly finished sarcophagus, of the same dimensions nearly as that in the chamber of the pyramid of Cheops, but of a superior polish. This discovery supplies a strong argument in favour of the pyramids being tombs. In summing up the result of the researches made in these mansions of the dead, (if such they really be,) Mr. Salt observes, 'I shall here venture to offer a few cursory remarks on the very peculiar specimens of sculpture-painting above described, which may fairly be considered as presenting the most ancient examples of art now extant in the world.'

'The objects in which the artists have best succeeded are the animals and birds, several instances of which may be pointed out that are executed with a boldness of outline, and an attention to nature in the form, which evince a considerable progress in design. The human figures, it is true, are, in general, drawn sadly out of proportion, though the action in which they are engaged is almost always intelligibly and, sometimes, energetically expressed.

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'The colours in many of the chambers retain all their original freshness, and present (from their being generalized, perhaps, by the reflexions of the surrounding sand, pale-coloured stones, and clear-blue sky) a softened and harmonious effect, notwithstanding their vivid colours, that is very grateful to the eye. In one chamber in particular, I have remained for hours contemplating with peculiar delight the effects of these singular and early efforts in art; the combination of bas-relief and of colouring after life serving to embody the forms, and to present a species of reality that mere painting can with difficulty produce.

'A considerable portion of the pleasure derived from these paintings must undoubtedly be attributed to the association of ideas arising from local circumstances connected with them; but let a man divest himself, if possible, of these feelings, and he must still allow that their simplicity, the highly-finished manner in which they are executed, the unbroken tints which are employed, the variety of subjects which are delineated, and the occasional elegance of form, together with the infinite variety of hieroglyphics used to balance and fill up the several designs, display a rich assemblage of ornament that renders this style of art particularly adapted for the embellishment of apartments.'

An examination of the catacombs in the neighbourhood tended to confirm these general remarks on Egyptian art, as far as refers to the correct delineation of animals: the composition of the gazelle in particular, being stated to be in every respect beautiful, both in the natural simplicity of the action, the correctness of the form, and the admirable feeling which pervades the design. This subject, Mr. Salt observes, became afterwards a favourite one among the Romans in adorning their walls, as is evinced by the several examples of it at Herculaneum and Pompeii, which contributes to prove that, even in painting, the Romans did not disdain to copy from the Egyptians.

Mr. Salt seems to entertain a different opinion from most writers as to the antiquity of these buildings, and to consider the spot as a place of sepulchre for the ancient kings of Egypt anterior to the construction of the pyramids, and connected with the city of Heliopolis before the seat of empire had been transferred to Memphis. We should rather think the contrary to be the case, and that many of these edifices have been constructed from the dilapidated casing of the pyramids. That they were so cased we are told by Herodotus; and, in fact, the casing of the upper part of the second pyramid remains to this day. From the same authority we learn that an inscription was engraved on the pyramid of Cheops. Abdallatif says that he saw a prodigious number of hieroglyphical inscriptions

on the two great pyramids, as many as, if copied, would fill, perhaps, 10,000 volumes. Other authors mention Syrian, Greek, and even Latin inscriptions on the faces of the pyramids—nothing of which is now to be found. The remains of the covering of the third pyramid are still scattered about its base, and particularly near the angles; they are of red granite: the covering near the top of the second pyramid is of a whitish calcareous stone, which has usually been called marble, but is, in fact, a fine close-grained limestone, susceptible of a high polish.

It seems by no means improbable, therefore, that the walls of these tombs have been constructed from the casings of the pyramids, as they consist of the same kinds of stone, and as many of the fragments are covered with hieroglyphics, particularly the parts round the door-ways, and those of which is formed a sort of rude entablature carried round many of these buildings. A circumstance mentioned by Mr. Salt tends to corroborate this idea; one of the stones, (he says,) bearing an inscription of hieroglyphics, and figures, is built into the walls upside down, which proves, beyond a doubt, that it had constituted part of some other edifice previously to being placed in its present position. It is probable that the tumuli, or little mounds, are nothing more than similar buildings of higher antiquity mouldered away to their present shape; or that they were constructed originally of more perishable materials; like the brick pyramid of Dashour, which has every appearance of gradually changing its form into that of the rude tumulus; though Dr. Clarke had erroneously persuaded himself, that its shape marked a superior antiquity to that of the pyramids of Gizeh. On this point, as on all others where Herodotus speaks from his own knowledge, we are willing to take him as the surest guide. He reports that on this pyramid, which no one ever doubted to be that of Asychis, was the following remarkable inscription: 'Do not compare me with the pyramids of stone; for I excel them, as much as Jupiter excels the other gods: for those who built me thrust poles into a lake, and collecting the mud which adhered to them, they made bricks of it, and thus they constructed me.' When this was written, which was most likely at the completion of the building, it is obvious that the stone pyramids were in existence, otherwise the comparison could not have been made; and the supposed excellence was probably grounded on the novelty or the difficulty of the undertaking.

Before we take leave of this vast cemetery, we must advert to a circumstance which is too remarkable to be passed over. In all the pyramids that have been opened, which at Gizeh and Sacara amount at least to six, the entrance has been found at or near the

the centre on the northern face, and the passage thence to proceed invariably in a slanting direction downwards; the angle of the inclination being always the same. Greaves, in his *Pyramidographia*, makes that of Cheops 26° , and Caviglia 27° , which, he says, is common to all the sloping passages within the pyramid of Cheops. He found the same angle on opening one of the small pyramids to the south of that of Mycerinus, at the end of the passage of which were two chambers, leading one out of the other, both empty. Belzoni estimates the sloping passages of the pyramid of Cephrenes at 26° . Now it is quite impossible that this coincidence could be accidental; it must have been the work of design, executed for some special purpose. What this could be, unless it was connected with some system of astronomy, we are not prepared to assert; but we do not apprehend that such a supposition will be considered to militate against the general idea, of the pyramids being intended as sepulchres. Even admitting Pauw to be right in considering the obelisks and pyramids as temples raised to the god of day, because one of their faces is turned to the east, it would still prove nothing against the assertions of those who lived nearer the time in which they were built, as we find in all ages and among almost all people the temple and the tomb associated. 'All the learning of the Egyptians' was vested in the priests. Their knowledge of astronomy is not merely hypothetical.—If nothing more remained than the exact position of the four faces of the pyramids, corresponding with the four cardinal points of the compass, the marking out of the twelve signs of the zodiac, the traces of which are still visible at Esné and Dendera, and the naming and classification of a multitude of other stars into constellations, it would be abundantly sufficient to stamp the ancient Egyptians with the character of astronomers: but when we find that all the learning of Thales, by which he was enabled to calculate eclipses and determine the solstitial and equinoxial points, was acquired from the Egyptian priests six hundred years before the Christian era; that, at a later period, Eratosthenes, under the sanction of the Ptolemies, was enabled to measure a degree of the meridian, and from it to deduce that of the circumference of the earth to an extraordinary degree of accuracy, by the unerring principles of geometry; and that the day of the summer solstice was then, and probably much earlier, so nicely observed, by means of a well dug at Syene,* from whose surface (on that day) the sun's disc was reflected

* Respecting this 'Well,' the late Bishop of St. Asaph, in a note furnished by him to Dr. Vincent, (*Nearchus*, p. 305.) has committed one of the most extraordinary oversights that could be supposed to happen to so able an astronomer and mathematician.

flected entire,—we are compelled to concede to the ancient Egyptians a very high degree of astronomical knowledge.

It is therefore quite consistent to suppose, that the priests, in the construction of these stupendous monuments, would avail themselves of the means thus offered of connecting their sacred duties with their favourite study, and of combining religion with astronomy. Among other benefits which this union has conferred on posterity, is that of having fixed with precision the faces of the pyramids, from which, as Pauw has observed, ‘we know that the poles of the earth have not changed.’ But we are inclined to think that the pyramids were made subservient to a more immediate and important use in the science of astronomy—to correct their measurement of time. This point of astronomical utility might, we conceive, have been in contemplation when the main passages leading from the northern faces were constructed. These adits, as we have observed, are invariably inclined downwards, in an angle of about 27° , more or less, with the horizon, which gives a line of direction not far removed from that point in the heavens, where the north polar-star now crosses the meridian below the pole. The observation of the passage of this or some other star across this part of the meridian would give them an accurate measure of sidereal time; a point of the first importance in an age when no other instruments

‘The well,’ says Dr. Horsley, ‘besides that it was sunk perpendicularly with the greatest accuracy, was, I suppose, in shape an exact cylinder. Its breadth must have been moderate, so that a person, standing upon the brink, might safely stoop enough over it to bring his eye into the axis of the cylinder, where it would be perpendicularly over the centre of the circular surface of the water. The water must have stood at a moderate height below the mouth of the well, far enough below the mouth to be sheltered from the action of the wind, that its surface might be perfectly smooth and motionless, and not so low but that the whole of its circular surface might be distinctly seen by the observer on the brink. A well formed in this manner would afford, as I apprehend, the most certain observation of the sun’s appulse to the zenith that could be made with the naked eye; for when the sun’s centre was upon the zenith, his disc would be seen by reflection in the water in the very middle of the well,—that is, as a circle perfectly concentric with the circle of the water; and I believe there is nothing of which the naked eye can judge with so much precision as the concentricity of two circles, provided the circles be very nearly equal, nor the inner circle very small in proportion to the outer.’

Now it is obvious, that if the head of the observer was placed over the cylindrical well, the shadow of it would prevent the reflection of the sun’s disc from the water, and if not placed over it, the sun’s disc, when in the zenith, could not be reflected to his eye; but at a certain depth, probably about 60 feet, the head of an observer looking down the well would throw a shadow centrally on the very spot where the reflected image of the sun’s disc must appear, and instead of it, the appearance to the eye of the observer would be similar to that of an annular eclipse of the sun when a concentric luminous ring surrounds the opaque body of the moon.

This well was probably a perpendicular tube, below the mouth of which was a polished mirror or smooth stone, so that a spectator standing *below* might observe the moment of the sun’s passage over the zenith. It may be observed, however, that Syene is in latitude $24^\circ 8'$, which is more than a whole diameter of the sun to the northward of the tropic of cancer.

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than rude solar gnomons, or something still more imperfect, were in use. Indeed, we know not of any method that could more effectually be adopted for observing the transit of a star with the naked eye, than that of watching its passage across the mouth of this lengthened tube; and some one or more of these luminaries, when on the meridian below the pole, must have been seen in the direction of the angular adits.

We were led to this suggestion from an incidental remark of Caviglia, in a short memorandum of his measurements:—‘one ceases (he says) to see the pole-star at the spot where the main passage ceases to continue in the same inclination, and where one begins to mount.’ From this expression, we should be inclined to think that he had actually *seen* the pole-star when at the bottom of the main passage; and if so, we have not yet got the true measure of the angle which these passages form with the horizon. This would be very desirable, as it might lead to most important results; especially if it should be found that the difference in the angles of the adits of the pyramids of Gizeh, Saccara, and Dashour corresponded with the difference of the latitudes of those places; for we might then be almost certain that they were intended to observe the passage over the meridian of some particular star, whose altitude, when below the pole, was equal to the angle of the adit. If this suggestion should be well founded, it would not be difficult, by calculation, to determine which of the stars (in *Ursa Major* most probably) might be seen to pass across the mouth of the shafts about the supposed time of building the pyramids, and thereby fix with more precision the period at which these stupendous edifices were erected.

But by far the most brilliant of Mr. Caviglia’s discoveries are owing to the laborious process of uncovering the great Androsphinx in front of the pyramid of Cephrenes, in which, says Mr. Salt, ‘he displayed an indefatigable perseverance that became the astonishment of every person who witnessed his labours.’*

It will not be necessary for us to enter into a minute detail of all the operations of Caviglia throughout this grand enterprize. It is sufficient to observe, on the difficulty of the undertaking, that in digging a very deep trench on the left, or northern side, near the shoulder, of about twenty feet wide at the top and three only at the base, it became dangerous to the workmen; and that, in spite of all

* We were led into a mistake in ascribing (in our last Number) the operation of uncovering the Sphinx to Belzoni—he had no concern in this enterprize. It is due also to Mrs. Belzoni (who, we believe, is an English lady) to state that it was she who dug up the statue of Jupiter Ammon with the ram’s head on his knee, during the absence of her husband in Nubia.

their planking, the wind drove back at night more than half of the sand which they had cleared away in the day. By this trench, however, he ascertained that the external surface of the body below was composed of irregular shaped stones, built up with much care, and covered with red paint, (which at first seemed to militate against the assertion of Pococke, of its being cut out of the solid rock,) and that the joints mentioned by some authors were nothing more than veins in the stones. The masonry, however, seems to be confined to those projecting ledges which Mr. Salt thinks might be intended for the lines of the mantle or dress, and that they were added by the Romans.

This first attempt not being satisfactory to Caviglia, he again set seriously to work directly in front; commencing in the early part of March, and continuing without interruption till the end of June. With the assistance of from sixty to a hundred persons every day, he succeeded in laying open the whole figure to its base, and exposing a clear area extending a hundred feet from its front. 'It is not easy,' says Mr. Salt, 'for any person unused to operations of this kind, to form the smallest idea of the difficulties which Captain Caviglia had to surmount, more particularly when working at the depth of the base; for, in spite of every precaution, the slightest breath of wind, or concussion set all the surrounding particles of sand in motion, so that the sloping sides began to crumble away, and mass after mass to come tumbling down, till the whole surface bore no unapt resemblance to a cascade of water. Even when the sides appeared most firm, if the labourers suspended their work but for an hour, they found on their return that they had the greater part of it to do over again. This was particularly the case on the southern side of the paw, where the whole of the people were employed for seven days without making any sensible advance, the sand rolling down in one continual and regular torrent.'

The discoveries to which these operations led may briefly be stated. On the stone platform in front, and centrally between the outstretched paws of the Sphinx, was found a large block of granite, fourteen feet high, seven broad, and two thick. The face of this stone, which fronted the east, was highly embellished with sculpture in bas-relief, the subject representing two Sphinxes seated on pedestals, and priests holding out offerings, beneath which was a long inscription in hieroglyphics, most beautifully executed; and the whole design was covered at top, and protected as it were, with the sacred globe, the serpent, and the wings. Two other tablets of calcareous stone, similarly ornamented, were supposed, with that of granite, to have constituted part of a temple, by being placed one on each side of the latter and at right angles to it. One of them, in fact,

fact, was still remaining in its place ; of the other, which was thrown down and broken, the fragments are now in the British Museum. A small lion *couchant* in front of this edifice had its eyes directed towards the Sphinx. There were besides several fragments of other lions rudely carved, and the fore part of a Sphinx, of tolerable workmanship, all of which, as well as the tablets, walls, and platform on which the little temple stood, were ornamented with red paint, a colour which would seem to have been here, as in Ipdia, appropriated to sacred purposes. In front of the temple was a granite altar, with one of the four ' horns' still retaining its place at the angle. From the effects of fire evident on the stone, this altar, it would seem, had been used for burnt-offerings. On the side of the paw of the great Sphinx were cut several indistinct inscriptions in Greek characters, addressed to different deities, one of which appeared to be a mere play upon words; another commencing with the usual phrase, το προσκυτημα (adoration), ended with the name of Aurora; and a third contained the word παχαν, one of the Egyptian months. On the second digit of the paw was sculptured in pretty deep characters an inscription in verse, of which the following is as exact a copy as could be taken.

ΖΟΝ ΔΕΜΑΣ ΕΠΙ ΑΓΥΟΝΓΕΥΣΑΝΟΙΟΝΙΓΝΘΟΝΤΕΣ
 ΨΕΙCΑΜΕΝΟΙΧΩΡΗΣΠΥΡΙΔΥΑΜΑΖΟΜΕΝΗC
 CΜΕCΟΝΕΥΘΥΝΑΝΤΕCΑΡΟΥΘΑΙΟΙΟΤΡΑΠΕΖΗC
 ΝΗCΟΥΠΕΤΡΑΙΝCΥΑΜΜΟΝΑΠΟCΑΜΕΝΟΙ
 ΓΕΙΤΟΝΑΠΥΡΑΜΙΔΩΝΤΟΙΗΝΘCΑΝΕΙΟΡΑCΘΑΙ
 ΟΥΤΗΝ ΟΙΔΙΠΟΑΟ . ΕΡ . ΟΤΟΚΤΟΝΟΝΩCΕΙΠΙΘΗΣΑΙ
 ΙΓ' Ι ΙΛΕΟΕΛΛΗΝΤΟΡΠΙΟCΠΟΛΟΝΑΓΝΟΤΑ
 ΓΙ ΥΙ Ι' ΙΤΗΡΟΥCΑΝΠΕΠΟΘΗΜΗΝΟΝΕCΕΛΟΝΟΙ Ι Ι Δ
 ΓC Ι ΗCΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟC CCE . . ΑCΜΙΟΝΗΓΗΤΗΡ
 ΥΡΑΝΟΝ ΜΕΙ Ι . . . ΙΤΟΜΙΝ Ι Ι Ι Ι
 . . ΙΚΚΕΛΟΝΕΦΑΙCΙΩΙ Ι Ι . . ΤΟΙ Ι ΝΙΩ'Υ
 . . CΙCΟΤΑΝΟΚΕΜΟΚCΙ . ΜΟΙΛΛΙΝΩΙΜΙΥΙ
 . . ΓΑΙΑΝΙCΗΥΡΩ . ΟΛΙ Ν Ι Ι Ι . .
 ΑΡΡΙΑΝΟΧ .

Which has thus been restored by Dr. Young, with his usual skill and judgment in clearing away the difficulties of imperfect inscriptions in ancient languages. The reader is also indebted to this gentleman for the translations that accompany the inscription, which, thus happily restored, seems neither deficient in courtliness nor ingenuity.

The signature gives it a more than common interest, which will not be weakened, if it should be decided that it is to be ascribed to the celebrated historian whom Gibbon has dignified with the epithet of the 'elegant and philosophical Arrian.'

On the digits of the southern paw were only discovered a few of the usual dedicatory phrases in homage of Harpocrates, Mars, and Hermes. One inscription gives, as Mr. Salt reads it, to the Emperor Claudius the extraordinary appellation of 'αγαθος δαίμων,' an instance of flattery which can only be outdone by that of another inscription, lately discovered in Upper Egypt, where Caracalla is styled 'piissimus,' on the very same stone from which the name of his murdered brother Geta had, probably, been erased by his own orders. On another small edifice in front of the Sphinx was an inscription with the name of Septimius Severus, in which the name of Geta was erased, as in the former, and as it also is in the triumphal arch erected by the same emperor at Rome. The former inscription however is not to Claudius, but to his successor ΝΕΡΩΝ, as may be distinctly traced in the first line through the imperfect erasure. Mr. Combe observes, that on some of the coins of this emperor, which were struck at Alexandria, he is flattered with the title of

ΝΕΟΣ. ΑΓΑΘΟΣ. ΔΑΙΜΩΝ.

The inscription, as far as can be made out from the stone now in the British Museum, is as under:

ΑΓΑΘΗ ΤΥΧΗ.

- ΕΠΕΙ ΝΕΡΩΝ ΚΛΑΥΔΙΟΣ ΚΑΙΣΑΡ ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΣ
 ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΟΣ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΩΡ Ο ΑΓΑΘΟΣ ΔΑΙΜΩΝ ΤΗΣ
 ΟΙΚΟΥΜΕΝΗΣ ΣΥΝΑ ΠΑΣΙΝΟΙΣ ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ ΕΝ ΑΓΑ-
 ΘΟΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΝ ΤΗΝ ΕΝΑΡΤΕΣΤΑΤΗΝ ΠΡΟΝΟΙ
 5. ΑΝΠΟΙΗΣΑΜΕΝΟΣ Ε...ΕΝ ΗΜΕΙΝ ΤΙΒΕΡΙΟΝ ΚΛΑΥΔ.
 ΟΝ ΒΑΛΒΙΛΛΟΝ ΗΓΕΜΟΝΑ ΔΙΑ ΔΕ ΤΑΣ ΤΟΥΤΟΥΧ.....
 ΡΙΤΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΕΥΕΡΓΕΣΙΑΣ ΠΛΗΜΥΡΟΥΣ ΑΠΑΣΙΝ ΑΓΑΘΟΙΣΗ
 ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΣ ΤΑΣ ΤΟΥ ΝΕΙΛΟΥ ΔΩΡΕΑΣ ΕΠΑΥΞΟΜΕ
 ΝΑΣ ΚΑΤΕΤΟΣ ΘΕΩΡΟΥΣΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΑΛΛΟΝ ΑΠΕΛΛΥ
 10. ΣΕ ΤΗΣ ΔΙΚΑΙΑΣ ΑΝΑΒΑΣΕΩΣ ΤΟΥ ΘΕΟΥ ΕΔΟΞΕ
 ΤΟΙΣ ΑΠΟ ΚΩΜΗΣ ΒΟΥΣΕΙΡΕΩΣ ΤΟΥ ΛΗΤΟΓ.....
 ΤΟΥ ΠΑΡΟΙΚΟΥΣΙ ΤΑΙΣ ΠΥΡΑΜΙΣΙ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΕΝΑΥΤ....
 ΚΑΤΑΓΕΙΝΟΜΕΝΟΙΣ ΤΟΠΟΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣΙ ΚΑΙ ΚΩ
 ΜΟΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣΙ ΝΗ....ΑΕΘΑΙ ΚΑΙ...ΓΑ ΘΕΙΝΑΙ.....
 15. ΕΤΗΛΗΝ ΛΙΘΙΝΗΝ ΠΑ:.....
 ...ΑΡΜΑΧΕ

- ... ΑΡΜΑΧΕΙ ΕΚ ΤΩΝ ΕΙ..... ΚΕΧΑΡ.....
 ΟΝΤΗ..... Ο..... Ε.....
 ΕΞΩΝΕ.....
 ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΟΚ.....
 20. ΖΕΙ ΓΑΡ ΤΑΣ ΙΣΘΘΕΟΥ ΕΑΥΤΟ..... ΣΤΗΛΕΙ
 ΔΩΜΕΝΑΣΤΟΙΣΙΕΡΟΙΣΓΡΑΜΜΑΣΙΝΑΙΩΝΜΝΗΜΟ-
 ΝΕΥΕΣ..... ΕΘΙΑ ΓΕΝΟΜΕΝΟΣ ΓΑΡ ΗΜΩ.....
 ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΝΟΜΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΠΡΟΣΚΥΝΗΣΑΣ ΤΟΝ ΗΛΙΟ...
 ΙΝΕΠΟΠΤΗΝΚΑΙΩΤΗΡΑΤΗΙΤΕΤΩΝΠΥΙ.....
 25. ΝΝΕΙ.... ΕΙΟΤΗΤΙΣΑΙΥΠΕΡΟΥΓΑΤΕΡΦΘΕΙΣ.....
 ΑΜΕΝΟΣ Τ.. ΠΛΕΙΣΤΗΣ Χ.... ΟΥ ΔΙΑ ΤΟ ΜΗΚΟΣ
 ΤΟΥ... Ν... ΕΠΕ..... ΕΟΝ..... ΜΑΤΑΠΡΩΤΟΣ.

(*Cetera desunt.*)

(Under a winged globe.)

With good fortune.

(1) Whereas the Emperor [Nero] Claudius Cæsar Augustus Germanicus, the Good Genius of the world, besides all other services which he has rendered to Egypt, taking the most especial care of its (5) interests, has appointed us [ἱστῆσεν ἡμῖν] Tiberius Claudius Balbillus for a prefect; and by his favours and benefits, abounding with all good things, Egypt has seen the gifts of the Nile increasing from year to year, and has now still more fully (10) enjoyed [ἀπρίλαυσε] the due ascent of the deity: it has seemed fit to the inhabitants of the village of Basiris in the Letopolitan district... living near the pyramids, and to the local scribes and village scribes among them, to pass a decree, and to erect a (15) stone column.... (20) to celebrate his divine virtues, engraved in the sacred character, by which [δὲ ὧν] it is customary to record them: for having been present at our lawful rites, and having worshipped the sun, the overseer and saviour of the world: and.... being excessively delighted with the... of the py.....

The following inscription, found near the same spot as the preceding, is also in the British Museum. It appears to have been placed there in the reign of Antoninus Pius and his son Verus.

ΑΓΑΘΗ ΤΥΧΗ.

Λ' Σ ΑΝΤΩΝΕΙΝΟΥ
 ΚΑΙ ΟΥΗΡΟΥ ΤΩΝ
 ΚΥΡΙΩΝ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΩΝ
 ΗΓΕ..... ΥΟΝΤΟΣ ΦΛ
 ΤΙΤΙΑΝΟΥ ΕΠΙΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΥΝ

ΤΟΣ

ΤΟΣ ΛΟΥΚΚΗΙΟΥ ΟΦΕΛΛΙΑΝΥ
 ΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΥΝΤΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΝΟ
 ΜΟΥ ΘΕΩΝΟΣ ΑΠΟ
 ΚΑΤΕΣΤΗΣΕΝ ΤΑΤΙ
 ΧΗ ΕΠΑΓΑΘΩ Ι
 ΠΑΧΩΝ ΙΕ.

With good fortune.

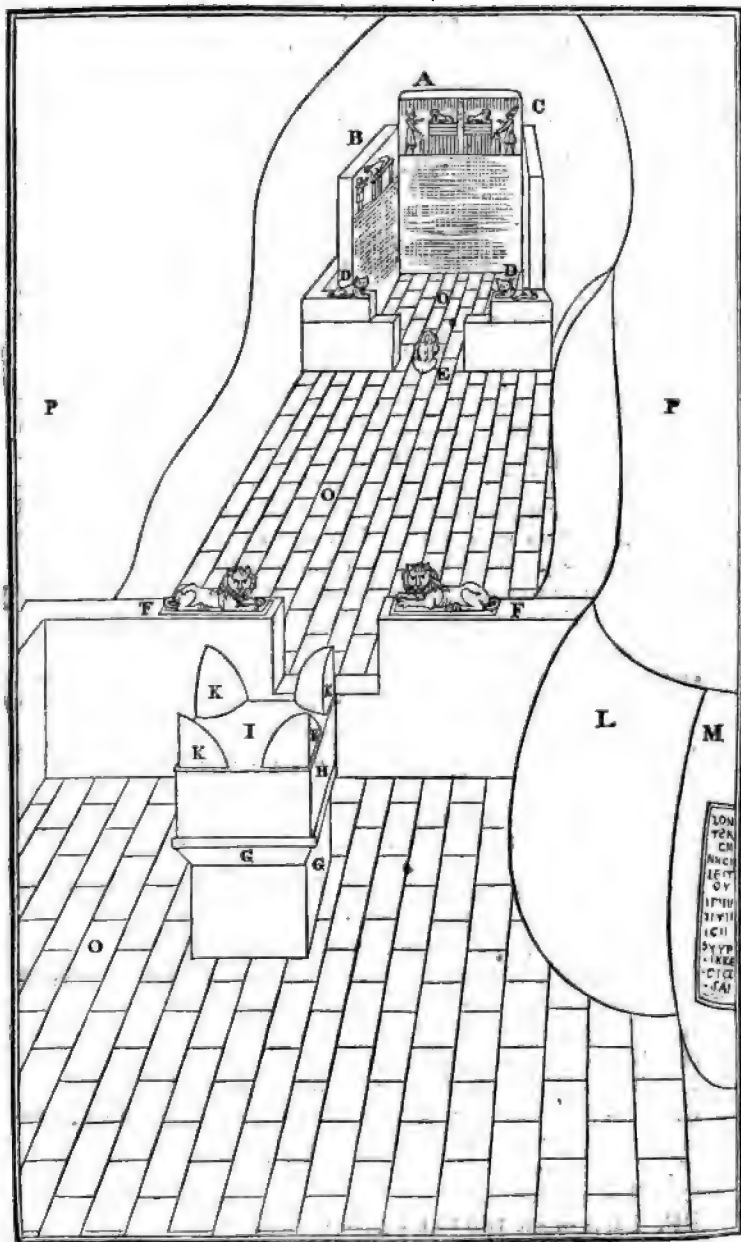
[In the sixth year] of Antoninus and Verus, the sovereign emperors, in the prefecture of Flavius of Titianus, Luceius Ofellianus being commander in chief, and Theon general of the nome; he rebuilt the walls for a good purpose.

Pachon XV. (May 11.)

The walls here alluded to were uncovered by Caviglia, and appear to have been intended to inclose the Sphinx. The edifices on which the inscriptions appeared were on two elevated platforms, on the outside of the altar, and directly in front of the animal, accessible by two flights of steps. The wall was of brick, but cased on the interior side with stone. Mr. Salt supposes that, from the commanding position of the two edifices above-mentioned, they were intended as stations for the Roman emperors or the prefects to view the solemn rites performed in the temple and at the altar in front of the Sphinx.

The annexed sketch will convey to the reader the disposition of the ground, and the objects by which it was occupied, in front of the Sphinx and between its paws, in which

- A. Is the granite tablet, 14 feet high, 7 feet wide, and 2 feet thick.
- B. The side tablet, still standing.
- C. The tablet fallen, which has been sent to the British Museum.
- D. Two small Sphinxes, supposed to have stood in these places, fragments of them having been found near.
- E. Statue of a lion, of the best Egyptian sculpture.
- F. Two lions of ruder sculpture supposed to stand here, being found near the spot.
- G. The granite basement of an altar.
- H. The upper part of the altar.
- I. Top of the altar, bearing the marks of burnt sacrifices.
- K. The horns of the altar, one of which was found in its place.
- L. The first digit of the Sphinx's paw.
- M. The second.
- O. The pavement.
- PP. Parts of the two fore legs of the Sphinx.



Of all the monuments of antiquity, the Sphinx is perhaps that which has most generally excited the admiration of the lovers of art, notwithstanding its mutilated condition. 'The contemplative turn of the eye,' (it is an artist who speaks,) 'the mild expression of the mouth, and the beautiful disposition of the drapery at the angle of the forehead, sufficiently attest the admirable skill of the artist in its execution. Yet there is no attention paid to those proportions we are accustomed to admire, nor does the pleasing impression which it produces result from any known rule adopted in its execution; it may rather be attributed to the unstudied simplicity in the conception of the breadth, yet high finish, of the several parts, and the stupendous magnitude of the whole.' Denon's description of this mysterious colossus is equally strong. '*L'expression de la tête est douce, gracieuse et tranquille, le caractère en est Africain; mais la bouche, dont les lèvres sont épaisses, a une mollesse, dans le mouvement et une finesse d'exécution vraiment admirables; c'est de la chair et de la vie.*'

Such are the sentiments which a repeated view of this colossal piece of sculpture is capable of inspiring into the minds of artists. 'I confess,' says Mr. Salt, 'that I felt, like many other travellers, that the praises lavished by Norden, Denon, and others, were greatly exaggerated; but the more I studied it at different hours of the day, and under different effects of light and shade, the more I became satisfied that they had barely done justice to its real merits. It must be allowed, however, that the drawings, by both the gentlemen abovementioned, but faintly accord with their encomiums, being two very wretched performances—but after having repeatedly attempted a likeness of it myself with little success, I am compelled to admit that the difficulties which attend the undertaking are sufficient to baffle any one not professionally dedicated to the arts.'

Mr. Salt had the great advantage of contemplating at his leisure this grand object of art, when laid open in front to its very base; with the fragments of its enormous beard resting beneath its chin; its huge paws stretched out fifty feet in advance from the body, which is in a cumbent posture; with all the appendages of a temple, granite tablet, and altar, spread out on a regular platform immediately in its front: and he admits that these interesting objects, which had for ages been buried deep in the sand, undoubtedly tended to exalt the main figure in his estimation.

We cannot dismiss the subject of this wonderful piece of sculpture hewn out of the living rock, without noticing an assertion of Dr. Clarke, which is calculated to convey very false impressions as to the real nature of one of the most extraordinary works of ancient art now in existence. Speaking of the Sphinx, he says, 'The French have

have uncovered all the pedestal of this statue, and all the cumbent or leonine parts of the figure; these were before entirely concealed by sand. Instead, however, of answering the expectations raised concerning the work upon which it was supposed to rest, the pedestal proves to be a wretched substructure of brick-work, and small pieces of stone, put together like the most insignificant piece of modern masonry, and wholly out of character, both with respect to the prodigious labour bestowed upon the statue itself, and the gigantic appearance of the surrounding objects.' Now all this must either be the workings of the Doctor's imagination, like the 'splashing of the great stone' in the dry Well of the pyramid; or, he must have listened to some such idle story from the Arabs as that which they told to Mr. Caviglia,—that the French had discovered a door in the breast of the Sphinx, which opened into its body, and passed through it into the second pyramid. The French never uncovered more than the back of the Sphinx; they never saw the pedestal—they never pretended that they saw it—there is, in fact, no pedestal, no brick-work in any way connected with the statue of the Sphinx. M. Denou saw nothing but the head and neck; and M. Gobert, who was constantly stationed at the pyramids, says in his memoir, 'I succeeded in uncovering *its back* sufficient to determine its measurement;' and he affirms it to be cut out of a salient angle of the mountain, and to be, what it really is, one single piece of rock. It is true that the paws, which are thrown out *fifty feet* in advance, are constructed of 'masonry,' but neither 'insignificant,' nor in the least resembling 'modern;' this however could not have been known either to the French or to Dr. Clarke.

We have now taken a rapid view of the labours and discoveries of Mr. Caviglia. This enterprising man, after the most persevering exertions for ten months, in consequence of exposing himself too much to the sun, was unfortunately seized with an attack of ophthalmia, which compelled him to suspend his labours; and shortly after he returned to his ship at *Aléxandria*. The expense incurred by all these operations amounted to about 18,000 piastres, a share of which was contributed by Mr. Salt and two or three other gentlemen, who liberally engaged that the disposal of whatever might be discovered should be left wholly to Mr. Caviglia; and he, on his part, generously requested that every thing might be sent to the British Museum, as a testimony of his attachment to that country, under the protection of whose flag he had for many years navigated the ocean. Mr. Salt very justly observes, that 'the unexampled circumstance that these operations were carried on by a single individual, attended occasionally only by one soldier, without the slightest molestation being offered, or unpleasant circumstance occurring, notwithstanding that numerous parties of idle soldiers went every

every day to inspect his labours, and thousands of Arabs during part of the time were encamped in the neighbourhood, presents the most unequivocal proof of the tranquillity now reigning in Egypt, and does honour at the same time to the liberality of Mahomed Ali Pashaw, who, on this occasion, as on many others, exerted himself to facilitate the researches carried on by Europeans connected with science.


Recent travellers have had the strongest proof of this. Lord Belmore and his family, in their visit to Nubia as far as the second cataract of the Nile, met with every possible attention and assistance, in every part of their tour, from the agas and other officers in command; and we are glad to find that his lordship's brother, Captain Corry, of the navy, had with him an excellent sextant, and availed himself of the opportunity of determining with accuracy the latitudes of every place at which they halted: this was a desideratum in Nubian geography, as no actual observation had before been made beyond Syene, the latitude of which, as determined by M. Nouet, he found to be correct to a second; whereas the record which the French savans left engraved on the Propylon at Carnac makes it different full three miles: the same or greater errors prevail in all the latitudes which they have registered at this place.

And here we cannot avoid reverting* to M. Jomard, who would appropriate to the French nation, or rather to the savans of the French Institute, all the antiquities of Egypt which either have been or may be discovered, as their legitimate patrimony. We shall know soon on what grounds these extravagant pretensions are founded. Meanwhile, M. Jomard would not, perhaps, do very unwisely to be somewhat more tender of his censures on an unprotected individual, or one whom he considered as such, since blunders of no common kind (as we shall presently shew) have crept even into that colossal work on Egypt compiled under the auspices of 'Napoléon le Grand;' nay, under the signature of 'Jomard,' as a voucher for their accuracy.

The plate, No. 83, is supposed to represent the judgment of souls after death. Osiris is seen sitting on a throne, before whom stands a person with a pair of scales, who is meant no doubt to personate Justice. Several human figures are marching up the steps of the throne to receive their final doom for the deeds they have committed in this life. On the right, a little above, is a boat with a pig in it, driven away by a monkey and preceded by another. M. Jomard is not sure whether the pig be a pig or a river-horse, but either animal will suit his speculations on the scene, which he thus deciphers. The monkey is Mercury under the figure of a cy-

* See our last Number, p. 193.

nocephalous ape; and the pig or hippopotamus is a damned soul which he is driving back to the nether world, to suffer the punishment of being shut up in the body of this filthy animal. In the left corner of the same plate are represented four birds with human heads, like the childish pictures of cherubs, in the act of flapping their wings, which M. Jomard very happily conjectures to be so many souls of the blessed joyfully fluttering on their way to their final abode, after having passed the ordeal of the judgment-seat.—All this is very pretty, and might be very probable, if there was any truth in the copy of the original design in the tomb of the kings from which it purports to be taken. But it happens, that a gentleman, on whose accuracy and veracity we can fully rely, visited this tomb, and, unfortunately for M. Jomard's fidelity, these 'sweet little cherubs,' on being examined with a lighted torch, turned out to be the four heads of *goats* reversed, (not an unusual representation on the tombs,) the horns of which were mistaken by the French artist for the legs of birds, the ears for their tails, and the neck, where it is separated from the head, for their wings;—this, it must be confessed, trenches a little on the boasted accuracy of the savans, and, what will grieve them still more, on the beautiful theory which had been so delightfully engrafted on the basis of this painting, pronounced by M. Jomard to be '*le dogme de la métempsycose mis en action.*'

Our information further states, that every thing contained in that work, from the tombs of the kings—and that part only had been compared on the spot—was exceedingly bad, both in the designs and in the colours, but especially in the latter, which, in the few prints that are coloured, are most perversely the direct contrary to what they are in the originals. For instance, in the two large prints of the Harp tomb, which bear the names of Jollois and Devilliers as vouchers for their accuracy, there is not a single tint of colouring as it ought to be. In the upper print the dress of the Harper is black, which ought to be white; the lines running down it, instead of being white, ought to be red. The colours of the harp itself are all wrongly disposed; and the face of the capped head upon the instrument which is red, should be yellow; the cap, instead of yellow, should be red, and the beard, instead of being red, should be black. The ornament  on the cap they have made blue, which ought to be red. The figure of the hero seated, which we are told was drawn on a scale, ought to be at least one-third higher, his head-dress mingling with the line of the blue at top. The figure itself, in the original, is of a black shade throughout, with the eye-brows, nails of the hands, &c. picked out in white: the French thought red a more appropriate colour; and where, in the original, the naked black of the arms and legs is exhibited without ornament,

M. Jollois

M. Jollois and Devilliers have supplied their hero with a fine blue jacket and a pair of pantaloons of the same colour. The yellow body-dress ought to be blue, and the white breeches should have been yellow; the drapery behind the chair, red instead of blue. The side of the chair is not chequered with red, blue, and white squares, as the two 'Ingénieurs des ponts et chaussées' have represented it, but ornamented with horizontal stripes of blue and black with a dotted line intervening; and the border at the bottom is as unlike that which the French have made it as black is to white. In fact, there is nothing in all Egypt similar to this imaginary border; neither is there any such dress in the original as the red close-sleeved waistcoat and close pantaloons which are given in the lower print of the French savans, nor indeed does it appear that any such dress was ever in use among the ancient Egyptians. We also observe, on comparing Major Hayes's sketches of the painting in the ruins of Memnonium, which represents the storming of a fort, with the same subject as treated in the French work, that the men who have a sort of petticoat drapery in the one, are naked in the other, and vice versâ: which of the two is right, and which most perversely wrong, we may be able hereafter to determine; but from the specimens given above, we can have little doubt on the subject.

Such is the boasted accuracy of that splendid and expensive work which was to supersede all that had been or ever should be written on the ancient arts, the sciences, and the antiquities of Egypt! Without wishing to derogate from its real merits, we venture to assert that there will be found more learning, science, and faithful description in Mr. Hamilton's 'Egyptiaca,' and more taste, feeling, and accuracy in the unpretending sketches of Major Hayes, which accompany it, than the whole corps of savans, engaged in that magnificent and unrivalled monument of literary vanity, have yet been able to produce.

The paintings on the king's tomb at Thebes, containing the matchless sarcophagus now on its way to England, and which we stated to have been discovered by M. Belzoni, under the auspices of Mr. Salt, are described by the latter gentleman, who visited the tomb, as exquisitely beautiful. Assisted by Mr. Beechey, the son of the well-known artist of that name, he has, with great labour and a minute attention to outline and colouring, copied several of the paintings, which were coloured within the tomb by torch-light; when these shall be made public, we may be enabled to form a more correct opinion of the real state of ancient painting among the Egyptians, more especially as the freshness of these fresco paintings in this tomb is such, that, Mr. Salt says, 'there is no necessity to improve or restore:'—on the contrary, with every attention and effort, he found it impossible to equal the originals; which, he adds, as far as colours

go, throw all others completely in the back ground. The following remarks deserve to be recorded.

‘The most minute attention and painful labour are not equal to give a faithful idea of the fascinating objects of these designs. The scale of colour in which they are painted is that of using pure vermilion, ochres, and indigo; and yet they are not gaudy, owing to the judicious balance of the colours, and the artful management of the blacks. It is quite obvious that they worked on a regular system, which had for its basis, as Mr. West would say, the colours of the rainbow, as there is not an ornament throughout their dresses where the red, yellow, and blue are not alternately intermingled, which produces a harmony that in some of the designs is really delicious.’

From the brief statement which we have given it will be seen that Mr. Salt has been indefatigable in his own researches, and spared no expense in encouraging those of others; we rejoice to find that, in return, he has possessed himself of a rich harvest of long buried treasures. Among others he has got down to Cairo the famous French stone with eight sculptured figures; another beautiful head of granite, not so large as that named the Young Memnon, but with a finer polish, and quite perfect; a sitting figure as large as life, of marble, and of exquisite workmanship; several statues of basalt, besides thirty rolls of papyrus, and an innumerable list of smaller articles.

It is an interesting fact, that, on opening one of the tombs at Thebes, two statues of wood, a little larger than life, were discovered as perfect as if newly carved, the only decayed parts being the sockets to receive the eyes, which had been of metal, probably of copper.

We have a few words to add respecting Belzoni, whose death has been announced, prematurely we hope, in the public prints. Every inquiry which we have been able to make leads us to believe that the report is not correct; it was brought from Constantinople, and most probably meant to refer to the lamented Burckhardt: we trust therefore, that it is not yet time to insert his name in the obituary of those valuable men who have lost their lives in the hazardous career of African enterprize. Our readers may, perhaps, not be displeased to learn a little of the history of this extraordinary man. Belzoni was born, we believe, in the Papal states. Of his youth no particulars have come to our knowledge; but about nine years ago he was in Edinburgh, where he exhibited feats of strength, experiments in hydraulics, musical glasses, and phantasmagoria. He repeated the same course of experiments in Ireland and the Isle of Man; whence he proceeded to Lisbon. Being then about twenty-five years of age, of the extraordinary height of six feet seven inches, well made and stout in proportion, with an animated and prepossessing

sessing countenance, he was at once engaged, by the manager of the theatre of San Carlos, to appear in the play of Valentine and Orson, and again, during Lent, in the sacred drama of Sampson; in both of which, by feats of strength and activity, he gained the highest applause. At Madrid he performed before the king and the court. Leaving Spain he proceeded to Malta, where he fell in with Ismael Gibraltar, the agent of the pashaw of Egypt, who persuaded him to visit Cairo. Here the pashaw engaged him to construct a machine for raising water out of the Nile to irrigate his gardens, for which he was to be paid at the rate of 800 piastres per month, besides a considerable reward, provided it should finally be found to answer the purpose. In the course of three months it was put in operation. The pashaw attended; and three Arabs, with an Irish lad whom Belzoni had brought from Edinburgh, as a servant, were put into the large wheel to walk round and keep it in motion: at the second or third turn the Arabs became giddy and jumped out; the wheel, wanting its counterpoise, flew back, and the Irish servant, in attempting to escape, broke his thigh, and must have been killed, had not Belzoni caught hold of the circumference of the wheel, and, by his extraordinary strength, stopped its motion.

This accident was equivalent to a failure; and Belzoni now determined to try his fortune in search of antiquities in Upper Egypt; but just as he was preparing to depart, Mr. Salt arrived at Cairo. This gentleman, on the representation of Sheik Ibrahim, who had witnessed his extraordinary powers, conceived him at once to be the person most proper to employ in the arduous attempt of bringing down the head of the Young Memnon from Thebes. Belzoni, after some consideration, accordingly relinquished the plan of travelling on his own account, and engaged himself to Mr. Salt and the Sheik, on an enterprize that was by many deemed hopeless, but which, as we formerly stated, he succeeded in accomplishing (after six months of unremitted exertions) by his uncommon dexterity in the management of the Arab peasantry, by whom alone he was assisted. From this time he was regularly employed by Mr. Salt in making discoveries, the result of which we have already communicated.

An instance of his determined perseverance, and of the confidence which he inspires in others, well deserves to be mentioned. In his Nubian journey he was accompanied by Mr. Beechey. The front of the temple of Ipsambul, with its colossal statues just raising their gigantic heads above the mass of sand in which the whole front was nearly buried, was too tempting an object to be left unexplored. He immediately engaged a party of natives to set about uncovering it; they laboured at it a few days, making very little progress, when they stopped, alleging that the feast of Rhamadan had

commenced, and that it was unlawful to work: the sheik, or aga, who had permitted him to engage these people, corroborated this statement; and it soon appeared that no argument would prevail on them to continue their labour. Belzoni, therefore, with Mr. Beechey and the Irish servant, determined to set about the laborious operation themselves; but they soon discovered that the aga, to deter them from the further prosecution of the enterprize, had prohibited the supply of provisions of every description, hoping by this measure to induce them to depart, and return the following season to spend more money among his people. Recollecting, however, that they had still remaining in their boat a bag of durrâh (millet), the little party determined to persevere in their work, and after twenty-one days of very severe labour, during which they had nothing but durrâh and Nile water to live upon, they succeeded in uncovering and penetrating into the interior of the temple of Ipsambul,—which M. Jomard is pleased to say had been previously visited by Mr. Thomas Legh, though Mr. Thomas Legh, when he wrote his book, was as unconscious of its existence, as M. Jomard himself was, until he read the account of it in the letter of Belzoni to M. Visconti.

ART. IX.—*Lectures on the English Poets. Delivered at the Surrey Institution.* By William Hazlitt. 8vo. pp. 331. London. 1818.

MR. Hazlitt seems to have bound himself, in imitation of Hannibal, to wage everlasting war, not, indeed, against Rome, but against accurate reasoning, just observation, and precise or even intelligible language. We have traced him in his two former predatory incursions on taste and common sense. He has now taken the field a third time, and with a more hostile aspect than ever. Had he written on any other subject, we should scarcely have thought of watching his movements. But though his book is dull, his theme is pleasing, and interests in spite of the author. As we read we forget Mr. Hazlitt, to think of those concerning whom he writes. In fact, few works of poetical criticism are so deplorably bad, as not to be perused with some degree of pleasure. The remarks may be trite, or paradoxical, or unintelligible; they may be expressed in a vague and inanimate style: but the mind is occasionally awakened and relieved by the recurrence of extracts, in which the powers of taste and genius are displayed.

This is the case with Mr. Hazlitt's book. We are not aware that it contains a single just observation, which has not been expressed by other writers more briefly, more perspicuously, and more elegantly. The passages which he has quoted are, with one

or

or two exceptions, familiar to all who have the slightest acquaintance with English literature. His remarks on particular quotations are often injudicious; his general reasonings, for the most part, unintelligible. Indeed he seems to think that meaning is a superfluous quality in writing, and that the task of composition is merely an exercise in varying the arrangement of words. In the lately invented optical toy we have a few bits of coloured glass, the images of which are made to present themselves in an endless variety of forms. Mr. Hazlitt's mind appears to be furnished in a similar manner, and to act in a similar way; for its most vigorous operations are limited to throwing a number of pretty picturesque phrases into senseless and fantastic combinations.

Mr. Hazlitt's work may be regarded as consisting of two parts; first, of general reasonings on poetry, under which we include his remarks on the characters of particular poets; secondly, of minute remarks upon the passages which he has quoted. The greater part of the volume belongs to the first of these classes; for though many fine extracts are given, little pains have been employed to bring their latent beauties into view. Looking upon such a task as too humble for his genius, Mr. Hazlitt prefers appearing chiefly in the character of a philosophical reasoner. In this choice he is unfortunate; for his mode of thinking, or rather of using words, is most singularly unphilosophical. Some vague half-formed notion seems to be floating before his mind; instead of seizing the notion itself, he lays hold of a metaphor, or of an idea connected with it by slight associations: this he expresses; but after he has expressed it, he finds that he has not conveyed his meaning; another metaphor is therefore thrown out, the same course is trodden over and over again, and half a dozen combinations of phrases are used in vague endeavours to express what ought to have been said directly and concisely in one. The mischief, thus originating in indistinctness of conception, is increased by the ambition of the writer. Mr. Hazlitt wishes to dazzle: but with no new matter to communicate, without an imagination capable of lending new force to old observations, and without skill to array them in appropriate language, he can only succeed (as Harlequin does with children) by surprising us with the rapid succession of antic forms in which the same, or nearly the same thought is exhibited. He is ever hovering on the limits between sense and nonsense, and he trusts to the dimness of the twilight which reigns in that region, for concealing the defects of his arguments and increasing the power of his imagery. There is no subject on which it is of more importance that those terms only should be used whose meaning is well fixed, than in treating of the emotious and operations of the mind; but Mr. Hazlitt indulges himself in a rambling inaccuracy of expression, which would not

be tolerated even in inquiries, where there was little hazard of error from the vague use of words.

Next to want of precision, the most striking peculiarity of his style is the odd expressions with which it is diversified, from popular poets, especially from Shakspeare. If a trifling thing is to be told, he will not mention it in common language: he must give it, if possible, in words which the bard of Avon has somewhere used. Were the beauty of the applications conspicuous, we might forget, or at least forgive, the deformity produced by the constant stitching in of these patches; unfortunately, however, the phrases thus obtruded upon us seem to be selected, not on account of any intrinsic beauty, but merely because they are fantastic and unlike what would naturally occur to an ordinary writer.

The most important of Mr. Hazlitt's general reasonings are contained in the first lecture. As a specimen of the work we shall extract the commencement, which bears evident marks of elaborate composition, and in which the intellect of the writer, fresh and unfatigued, may be expected to put forth its utmost vigour. He sets out with a definition of poetry.

'The best general notion,' he says, 'which I can give of poetry, is that it is the natural impression of any object or circumstance, by its vividness exciting an involuntary movement of imagination and passion, and producing, by sympathy, a certain modulation of the voice, or sounds, expressing it.'

This is not a definition of poetry—it neither is nor can be a definition of any thing, because it is completely unintelligible. The impression, of which Mr. Hazlitt talks, is an impression producing by sympathy a certain modulation of sounds. The term sympathy has two significations. In a physiological sense it is used to denote the fact, that the disorder of one organ produces disorder in the functions of certain other parts of the system. Does Mr. Hazlitt mean, that the impression produces the modulation of sound essential to poetry, in a mode analogous to that in which diseases of the brain affect the digestive powers? Sympathy, again, in its application to the moral part of our constitution, denotes that law of our nature by which we share in the feelings that agitate the bosoms of our fellow creatures. This signification obviously will not suit Mr. Hazlitt's purpose. His meaning therefore must be left to himself to divine. One thing is clear, that the modulation of verse is the result of great labour, consummate art, and long practice; and that his words, therefore, can admit no interpretation, conformable to truth, till sympathy becomes synonymous with skill and labour.

The passage which immediately follows the definition, and is devoted to the illustration of it, can scarcely be equalled, in the whole compass of English prose, for rapid transitions from idea to
idea,

idea, while not one gleam of light is thrown upon the subject; for the accumulation of incoherent notions; and for the extravagance of the sentiments, or rather of the combinations of words.

‘Poetry is the language of the imagination and the passions. It relates to whatever gives immediate pleasure or pain to the human mind. It comes home to the bosoms and businesses of men; for nothing but what so comes home to them in the most general and intelligible shape can be a subject for poetry. Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself. He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself, or for any thing else. It is not a mere frivolous accomplishment, (as some persons have been led to imagine,) the trifling amusement of a few idle readers or leisure hours—it has been the study and delight of mankind in all ages. Many people suppose that poetry is something to be found only in books, contained in lines of ten syllables, with like endings: but wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power, or harmony, as in the motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower that “spreads its sweet leaves to the air, and dedicates its beauty to the sun,”—*there* is poetry in its birth. If history is a grave study, poetry may be said to be a graver: its materials lie deeper, and are spread wider. History treats, for the most part, of the cumbrous and unwieldy masses of things, the empty cases in which the affairs of the world are packed, under the heads of intrigue or war, in different states, and from century to century: but there is no thought or feeling that can have entered into the mind of man, which he would be eager to communicate to others, or which they would listen to with delight, that is not a fit subject for poetry. It is not a branch of authorship: it is “the stuff of which our life is made.” The rest is “mere oblivion,” a dead letter; for all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it. Fear is poetry, hope is poetry, love is poetry, hatred is poetry, contempt, jealousy, remorse, admiration, wonder, pity, despair, or madness, are all poetry. Poetry is that fine particle within us, that expands, rarifies, refines, raises our whole being: without it “man’s life is poor as beast’s.” Man is a poetical animal: and those of us who do not study the principles of poetry, act upon them all our lives, like Molière’s *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who had always spoken prose without knowing it. The child is a poet, in fact, when he first plays at hide-and-seek, or repeats the story of Jack the Giant-killer; the shepherd-boy is a poet when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the countryman, when he stops to look at the rainbow; the city-apprentice, when he gazes after the Lord-Mayor’s show; the miser, when he hugs his gold; the courtier, who builds his hopes upon a smile; the savage, who paints his idol with blood; the slave, who worships a tyrant, or the tyrant, who fancies himself a god.”—pp. 2—4.

Thus there is nothing which is not poetry, and poetry is every thing. It is a particular kind of language; it is a fine particle which produces certain chemical and mechanical effects; it is the stuff of our lives; it is the important part of business; it is not a thing contained in books; it is fear, hope, jealousy, and twenty
other

other things besides; in short it is the characteristic quality of our nature, for man is a poetical animal, and there is nobody who is not a poet; the miser, the slave, the tyrant, the child playing at hide and seek, the city apprentice—all, in Mr. Hazlitt's eye, are poets. The means, by which he arrives at these extravagant propositions, are sufficiently simple and common: the misapplication of words is the whole of his art. He employs the term poetry in three distinct meanings, and his legerdemain consists in substituting one of these for the other. Sometimes it is the general appellation of a certain class of compositions, as when he says that poetry is graver than history. Secondly, it denotes the talent by which these compositions are produced; and it is in this sense that he calls poetry that fine particle within us, which produces in our being rarefaction, expansion, elevation, and purification. Thirdly, it denotes the subjects of which these compositions treat. It is in this meaning that he uses the term, when he says, that all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it; that fear is poetry, that hope is poetry, that love is poetry; and in the very same sense he might assert that fear is sculpture and painting and music, that the crimes of Verres are the eloquence of Cicero, and the poetry of Milton the criticism of Mr. Hazlitt. When he tells us, that though we have never studied the principles of poetry, we have acted upon them all our lives, like the man who talked prose without knowing it, we suspect that the common-place allusion at the end of the sentence has tempted him into nonsense at the beginning. The principles of poetry a reader would naturally imagine to be the chief rules of the art; but by that phrase Mr. Hazlitt means the principal subjects of which poetry treats. These are the passions and affections of mankind; we are all under the influence of our passions and affections; that is, in Mr. Hazlitt's new language, we all act on the principles of poetry, and are, in truth, poets. We all exert our muscles and limbs, therefore we are anatomists and surgeons; we have teeth which we employ in chewing, therefore we are dentists; we use our eyes to look at objects, therefore we are oculists; we eat beef and mutton, therefore we are all deeply versed in the sciences of breeding and fattening sheep and oxen. Mr. Hazlitt will forgive us for anticipating these brilliant conclusions, which he no doubt intends to promulgate in a course of lectures at some future day; we claim no merit for announcing them; the praise, we admit, is exclusively his own, for they are merely legitimate inferences from his peculiar mode of abusing English.

As another specimen of his definitions we may take the following. 'Poetry does not define the limits of sense, or analyse the distinctions of the understanding, but signifies the excess of the imagination

imagination beyond the actual or ordinary impression of any object or feeling.' Poetry was at the beginning of the book asserted to be an impression; it is now the excess of the imagination beyond an impression: what this excess is we cannot tell, but at least it must be something very unlike an impression. Though the total want of meaning is the weightiest objection to such writing; yet the abuse which it involves of particular words is very remarkable, and will not be overlooked by those who are aware of the inseparable connection between justness of thought and precision of language. What, in strict reasoning, can be meant by the impression of a feeling? How can *actual* and *ordinary* be used as synonymous? Every impression must be an actual impression; and the use of that epithet annihilates the limitations, with which Mr. Hazlitt meant to guard his proposition. In another part of his work he asserts, that 'words are the *voluntary* signs of certain ideas.' By *voluntary* we suppose he means that there is no natural connection between the sign and the thing signified, though this is an acceptance which the term never bore before. In a passage already quoted, he says that 'wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power, or harmony, as in the motion of a wave of the sea, or in the growth of a flower, there is poetry in its birth.' Can the motion of a wave, or the growth of a flower have any sense of beauty, or power, or harmony; or can either form a convenient cradle for newly born poetry? If he meant to place the beauty, and not the sense of beauty, in the wave and the flower, he ought to have expressed himself very differently.

One of the secrets of Mr. Hazlitt's composition is to introduce as many words as possible, which he has at any time seen or heard used in connection with that term which makes, for the moment, the principal figure before his imagination. Is he speaking, for instance, of the heavenly bodies—He recollects that the phrase *square of the distance* often recurs in astronomy, and that in Dr. Chalmers's Discourses a great deal is said about the sun and stars. Dr. Chalmers's Discourses, and the square of the distance, must, therefore, be impressed into his service, without caring whether they are or are not likely to be of the least use. 'There can never be another Jacob's dream. Since that time the heavens have gone farther off and grown astronomical. They have become averse to the imagination; nor will they return to us on the squares of the distances, or in Dr. Chalmers's Discourses.' We really have not a variety of language adequate to do justice to the variety of shapes, in which unmeaning jargon is perpetually coming upon us in this performance. We can therefore only say, what we have said of so many other passages, that we have not the faintest conception of what is meant by *the heavenly bodies returning on the squares of the*
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the distances, or in Dr. Chalmers's Discourses. As to the assertion that there can never be another Jacob's dream, we see no reason why dreams should be scientific; particularly as Mr. Hazlitt's work is a convincing proof, that even the waking thoughts of some men are safe from the encroachments of reason and philosophy.

The passages, which we have quoted hitherto, are all taken from the *Lecture on Poetry*. But Mr. Hazlitt is a metaphysician; and in his criticisms upon individual poets, loves to soar into general remarks. Thus he tells us, that when a person walks from Oxford Street to Temple Bar, 'every man he meets is a blow to his personal identity.' Much puzzling matter has been written concerning personal identity, but nothing that surpasses this. 'There is nothing more likely to drive a man mad, than the being unable to get rid of the idea of the distinction between right and wrong, and an obstinate constitutional preference of the true to the agreeable.' The loss of all idea of the distinction between right and wrong is the very essence of madness, and not to prefer the true to the agreeable, where they are inconsistent, is folly. Mr. Hazlitt's doctrine therefore is, that the inability to become mad is very likely to drive a man mad.

Mr. Hazlitt is fond of running parallels between great poets; and his parallels have only two faults—the first, that it is generally impossible to comprehend them—the second, that they are in no degree characteristic of the poets to whom they are applied. 'In Homer the principle of action or life is predominant; in the Bible, the principle of faith and the idea of providence; Dante is a personification of blind will; and in Ossian we see the decay of life, and the lag end of the world.'

The following extract is still more exquisite. 'Chaucer excels as the poet of manners or of real life; Spenser as the poet of romance; Shakspeare as the poet of nature (in the largest use of the term); and Milton, as the poet of morality. Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are; Spenser as we wish them to be; Shakspeare as they would be; and Milton as they ought to be. The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakspeare, everything.' The whole passage is characteristic of nothing but Mr. Hazlitt.

We occasionally discover a faint semblance of connected thinking in Mr. Hazlitt's pages; but wherever this is the case, his reasoning is for the most part incorrect. He maintains, for instance, that poetical enthusiasm has sustained a check from the progress of experimental philosophy:—a doctrine which may be regarded as a sprout from a principle very popular among certain critics, that the progress of science is unfavourable to the culture of the imagination. It is no doubt true, that the individual who devotes his labour

to the investigation of abstract truth, must acquire habits of thought very different from those which the exercise of fancy demands: the cause lies in *the exclusive appropriation of his time to reasoning, and not in the logical accuracy with which he reasons.* But while science is making rapid progress in the hands of some, the arts which depend upon the imagination may be cultivated with equal success by others, whose efforts will be aided, rather than impeded, by the general diffusion of new and valuable truths. We have parted with the systems of Ptolemy and Des Cartes to adopt that of Newton; the dreams of the Alchemists are superseded by the chemistry of Black, of Cavendish, of Lavoisier, of Davy; the subtle disquisitions of the schoolmen have given way to the speculations of Locke and Reid. We do not conceive that poetry has suffered any loss by the change, nor would she be a gainer by the total extirpation of science. Among every people, who are in a state approaching to civilization, systems of doctrines upon certain subjects must exist: they who devote their lives to the study of these systems will not be poets; but they will not be the less likely to be so, because the systems which they study have been erected cautiously on a firm foundation. The progress of true science is favourable to poetical genius in two ways: it supplies an abundant store of new materials for the poet to work upon; and there is a sublimity in its views, far superior to any thing that the framers of fanciful hypotheses can invent, which exalts the genius and trains it to lofty contemplations.

The pleasure derived from tragedy has puzzled the most ingenious critics and metaphysicians to explain. Du Bos, Fontenelle, Hume, Campbell, have all endeavoured to account for it; and none of them perhaps with complete success. The question, which perplexed these men, occasions no perplexity to Mr. Hazlitt: from the peremptoriness of his decision, we are almost tempted to suppose that he was not aware of the existence of any difficulty. 'The pleasure,' he asserts, 'derived from tragic poetry, is not any thing peculiar to it as poetry, as a fictitious and fanciful thing. It is not an anomaly of the imagination. It has its source and groundwork in the common love of strong excitement. As Mr. Burke observes, people flock to see a tragedy, but if there were a public execution in the next street, the theatre would soon be empty.' We doubt this; at all events, those who flocked to the execution would not be the persons who derived the greatest pleasure from the tragedy. Mr. Hazlitt's explanation is in truth nothing more than a misstatement of the fact. The point to be solved is this:—What is the cause of the pleasure which we receive from the exhibition in poetry of objects and events which would in themselves be painful? Mr. Hazlitt replies,—that the poetical exhibition of them
pleases,

pleases, because the objects and events would please in real life by being the cause of strong excitement. If this were true, racks and tortures and stage-executions would be the height of dramatic poetry.

The account which we have given of the general reasonings contained in Mr. Hazlitt's book, renders it less necessary to enter into a minute examination of his criticisms on particular poets, or particular passages. He gives many beautiful extracts, but his remarks will not guide the reader to a livelier sense of their beauties. Thus, when Iachimo says of Imogen, that the flame of the taper

‘ ————— would underpeep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights’—

Mr. Hazlitt admires the quaint and quaintly-expressed conceit, and calls it a passionate interpretation of the motion of the flame ! The following lines from Chaucer are very pleasing :—

‘ ————— Emelie that fayrer was to sene
Then is the lillie upon his stalke grene,
And fresher than the May with flowres newe,
For with the rose-colour strove hire hewe;
I n’ot which was the finer of hem two.’

But surely the beauty does not lie in the last line, though it is with this that Mr. Hazlitt is chiefly struck. ‘This scrupulousness,’ he observes, ‘about the literal preference, as if some question of matter of fact were at issue, is remarkable.’

When Mr. Hazlitt at any time deviates from his predecessors in his character of particular poets, he generally goes wrong. He, as a matter of course, bestows high praises on Pope; but they are interspersed with remarks, and modified by limitations, which degrade that illustrious genius far below the eminence which he must ever occupy. ‘His mind,’ says our critic, ‘was the antithesis of strength and grandeur; its power was the power of indifference. He had none of the enthusiasm of poetry; he was in poetry what the sceptic is in religion.’ The sceptic is, in the common acceptation of language, a man who has no religion: Mr. Hazlitt, therefore, if he did not write nonsense for the sake of what he thought a pretty turn upon words, must hold Pope to be no poet at all. ‘Pope,’ he remarks in another place, ‘describes the thing, and goes on describing his own descriptions, till he loses himself in verbal repetitions.’ This sentence is not in the least descriptive of Pope’s poetry, but it is a very faithful description of Mr. Hazlitt’s prose. The truth is that Pope’s unpardonable fault, in the estimation of those who decry him at the present day, consists in his being very perspicuous; he is always intelligible; every line has its meaning; every idea which he communicates has its boundaries

daries distinctly marked; and he is supposed to want feeling, because he abounds in sense. Were some of his finest passages to be translated into the mystical language of the modern school, the eyes of many would be opened, who are now blind to his superlative merits.

Mr. Hazlitt's criticism affords some strange instances of presumptuous assertion. 'Longinus,' says he, 'preferred the *Iliad* to the *Odyssey* on account of the greater number of battles it contains.' We wish he had told us where Longinus says so; for we can recollect no such passage. If he alludes to the eloquent eulogy upon Homer in the ninth section of the *Treatise on the Sublime*, he has totally mistaken the meaning of Longinus. The remark of the Greek critic is, * 'that the *Iliad* was written in the prime of life and genius, so that the whole body of the poem is dramatic and vehemently energetic; but that, according to the usual peculiarity of old age, the greater part of the *Odyssey* is devoted to narrative.' This criticism has no reference to the multitude of battles; it relates merely to the dramatic character which pervades the *Iliad*, as contrasted with the narrative, highly poetical indeed, which occupies a great part of the *Odyssey*. If it were worth while to account for Mr. Hazlitt's mistake, we might perhaps find the source of it in the Latin translation of Longinus. *Ενθαυσιον* is there translated, absurdly enough, *pugnax*; and *pugnax*, either directly or through the medium of a French version, (for we believe Mr. Hazlitt to be completely ignorant of the learned languages,) has led to this misrepresentation of Longinus and of Homer.

'Prior's serious poetry, as his *Alma*, is as heavy, as his familiar style was light and agreeable.' Unluckily for our critic, Prior's *Alma* is in his lightest and most familiar style, and is the most highly finished specimen of that species of versification which our language possesses. Whether Mr. Hazlitt could form a just judgment of an author whom he has read, may be a matter of considerable doubt; but there is little risk in asserting, that he has no right to decide upon a work with which he is unacquainted, and there is no undue uncharitableness in suspecting that he who has not read Prior has not read much of our early poets.

Mr. Hazlitt asserts that Dr. Johnson condemns the versification of *Paradise Lost* as harsh and unequal. Johnson has devoted three papers of the *Rambler*† to the examination of the structure of Milton's verse, and in these has given us a most profound and elegant specimen of English metrical criticism. Let us hear his opinion out of his own mouth. 'If the poetry of Milton be examined

* Της μὲν Ἰλιάδος γραφομένης ἐν ἀκμῇ πνεύματος ὅλοι το σωματικῇ δραματικῇ ὑπερκοσῶνται καὶ ἐνθαυσιον τῆς δὲ Ὀδυσσεύς το πλέον διηγηματικῇ, ὅπερ ἰδίῳ γένει.

† Nos. LXXXVI. LXXXVIII. XC.

with regard to the pauses and flow of his verses into each other, it will appear that he has performed all that our language would admit; and the comparison of his numbers with those who have cultivated the same manner of writing will show, that he excelled as much in the lower as in the higher parts of his art, and that his skill in harmony was not less than his invention and learning.' These surely are not words of condemnation.

Upon the whole, the greater part of Mr. Hazlitt's book is either completely unintelligible, or exhibits only faint and dubious glimpses of meaning; and the little portion of it that may be understood is not of so much value, as to excite regret on account of the vacancy of thought which pervades the rest. One advantage of this style of writing is, that Mr. Hazlitt's lectures will always be new to his hearers, whether delivered at the Surrey Institution or elsewhere. They may have been read or they may have been heard before; but they are of that happy texture that leaves not a trace in the mind of either reader or hearer. Connected thought may be retained, but no effort of recollection has any power over an incoherent jumble of gaudy words.

ART. X.—1. *Considerations respecting Cambridge, more particularly relating to its Botanical Professorship.* By Sir James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S. &c. President of the Linnæan Society. London. 1818. pp. 60.

2. *A Vindication of the University of Cambridge from the Reflections of Sir James Edward Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, &c.* By the Rev. James Henry Monk, B.D. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. 2d Edition. London. 1818. pp. 95.

A CONTROVERSY between a President of the Linnæan Society and a Regius Greek Professor is an occurrence of some importance in the transactions of the literary world, and minor combatants may for a space repose upon their arms;

Discessere omnes mediū spatiumque dedere.

The contest, however, assumes a still more serious aspect, when considered as involving to a certain degree the credit and character of a learned and numerous body of men, who are vigorously, if not skilfully, assailed by one combatant, and defended, successfully, as we think, by the other.

The combat would have been even yet more important, had it been a regular and embodied charge of the whole Linnæan Society against the University. The former would then, of course, have brought

brought into the field their auxiliary forces, the Horticultural and Gooseberry societies, with the irregular troops, the tulip-fanciers and prize-auricula-men. And what with their 'systematic arrangements' and 'classifications,' their 'patent averruncators' and pruning hooks, they would, no doubt, have formed a very imposing and formidable body, and might, perhaps, have taken by storm the botanical chair. Fortunately for Professor Monk, he has had to contend with Sir James Smith single-handed, although, to measure Sir James by the language in which he speaks of himself, he is, at least, equivalent to the rest of the Linnæan Society put together,

Unus qui multi militis instar erit.

It required, assuredly, no trifling degree of self-confidence to advance a serious and vehement charge against a university, which, unquestionably, boasts amongst its members as many men of talent and integrity, as can be produced by any academical institution in Europe. We are inclined to suspect that the President of the Linnæan Society has still lurking in his breast some of those prejudices against English universities, which are observable in most persons who have gone through their academical career in Edinburgh. This is, indeed, sufficiently evident, from the affectionate earnestness with which he exhorts his Alma Mater to avoid the bigotry and intolerance, which, in spite of the Northern lights that have gradually illuminated our hemisphere, still darken the shores of Isis and of Cam.

The history of the present controversy may be related in few words. Professor Martyn has filled the botanical chair at Cambridge for more than fifty years; but for the last twenty he has enjoyed the emoluments of his office without performing any of its duties. It was to be expected, in the natural order of events, that the professorship would be vacant at a period not very remote. It had been suggested to Sir James Smith, that he might come forward upon that occasion as a candidate for the office, with great probability of success. Two objections, indeed, there were; in the first place he was not a member of the university; and, secondly, he was a dissenter; and therefore could not conscientiously subscribe to our articles of faith, without which subscription no degree could be taken. These difficulties, however, which may, in fact, be resolved into one, did not appear to be insuperable, and, accordingly, Sir James commenced operations. As it was known that more than one member of the university intended to come forward, as a candidate for the botanical chair, in the event of a vacancy, it was, at least, a piece of good generalship in Sir James to obtain a footing in the place while his competitors were kept back by motives

tives of delicacy, and to discharge, if possible, a part of the professorial functions, while he was as yet only a professor *in posse*. Accordingly he obtained from Mr. Martyn, a letter, dated March 14, 1818, formally requesting him to read a course of botanical lectures in the ensuing Easter Term. The vice-chancellor so far forgot his usual love of precedent as to grant his sanction to this very unprecedented intrusion, and an advertisement was published, announcing that Sir James Edward Smith's lectures would commence on the 6th of April. 'Meanwhile,' says Sir James, 'I returned home for a fortnight, thinking of no opposition.' Opposition, however, was at work. A representation was made to the vice-chancellor by the tutors of fourteen colleges, expressing their strong objection to the appointment of any public lecturer, who was neither a member of the University nor of the Church of England. The consequences of this were, that the vice-chancellor withdrew his sanction, Sir James Smith abandoned his lectures, and published an angry pamphlet, which has been temperately, but decisively answered by Professor Monk.

The character of Sir James's publication is singular, in many respects; it is a remarkable instance of that egotism and self-importance, which an exclusive devotion to one science is so apt to generate in a man by leading him to exalt, in an undue degree, the importance of his own pursuits, and to depreciate the merit of those whose researches have been directed towards objects of a different kind. The natural consequence of this is that Sir James has treated the question, as if there were only one party whose interests and reputation were at stake; and, in behalf of that party, he has not scrupled to impute the worst of motives to his opponents, without supporting his charge by a tittle of evidence, or even the shadow of probability. His assertions are generally unguarded and incorrect; and his arguments drawn from precedent betray, to use his own words, 'an ignorance of the history and laws of the university.' As a discussion of these particulars would have but little interest for the generality of our readers, we shall content ourselves with referring them to the clear and satisfactory statements of Professor Monk, and proceed to consider the more prominent features of the subject; viz. first, the comparative importance of botanical pursuits; secondly, the propriety of conferring an academical office upon a person who is both an alien to the university and a dissenter from the established church.

The distinguished attainments which have deservedly placed Sir James at the head of the Linnæan Society are too well known to need the tribute of our acknowledgment. Nor are we disposed to deny to his favourite science that degree of consideration and respect which its intrinsic importance deserves. But neither do the
talents

talents or acquirements of any individual, however undisputed, justify unqualified self-recommendation; nor can any pursuit, which demands so little exertion of the higher powers of intellect as botany, justly claim that pre-*éminent* rank, which properly belongs to the nobler exercises of human reason. In estimating the relative importance of the sciences, we form our scale, for the most part, not only according to their different degrees of usefulness, but according to the opportunities which they afford for the display of all the higher faculties of the mind; and surely no person can pretend, that natural history, in any of its branches, calls for so vigorous an exertion of any talent, inventive or retentive, as the inquiries of moral philosophy, the abstruse investigations of geometrical or analytical truth, or the acquirement of that critical sagacity, which Longinus emphatically terms ‘the last result of practised experience.’ Every man’s personal observation will have informed him, that the reputation of an extremely good botanist may consist with a very moderate portion of intellect; such a portion, in short, as would never have made its professor a profound scholar, or an able mathematician: and, accordingly, the world in general thinks more highly, and with justice, of those who have arrived at eminence in these departments of literature, than of one who can run through the whole nomenclature of Tournefort or Linnæus. For the same reasons we are not of the number of those, who think it a great defect in our academical system, that more attention is not paid to botany and its kindred sciences. Next to the formation of religious principles and virtuous habits, the great object of education is to discipline the mind, and to fortify its powers; to strengthen and improve its faculties by exercising them upon those objects which are best calculated to sharpen them by difficulty, before it is called upon to take a wider range in the arts and sciences, which, without this preparation, would be apt to perplex and confuse. We are therefore inclined to think that our universities do right, in limiting the *essential* studies of their youth to a few of the most important branches of learning, giving, at the same time, a due portion of encouragement to those departments of science, which, if they do not materially invigorate or sharpen the faculties of the mind, enlarge the sphere of its view, and diversify the dry and, seemingly, barren speculations of geometry, or philology, with the visible or tangible phenomena of physical experiment. We are, therefore, entirely disposed to agree with Professor Monk in the following judicious and well expressed remarks.

‘It is impossible to assent to the propriety of botany becoming a primary pursuit among the youth of our University. The regular and established objects of study are the classics, the mathematics, and natural philosophy, a competent portion of metaphysics, and such an ele-

mentary knowledge of Divinity,* as may form a groundwork of the theological pursuits of those who are designed for holy orders; and furnish every student with an introduction to the evidences of religion, as well as to the history, the allusions, the idioms and phraseology of the Scriptures. It has been decided by long experience, that these studies supply the best and surest mode of forming the taste and cultivating the mind, during the most important season of life, of strengthening the reasoning and other faculties, particularly that of memory, of generating correct and liberal habits of thinking, and of storing the mind with valuable knowledge. They are, accordingly, the primary subjects of academical instruction, and to proficiency in them, the rewards and honours of the place, in their gradations, are attached. I consider the studies of chemistry, anatomy, mineralogy and botany, as useful, though subordinate, objects of attention: and upon those sciences, with the exception of botany, as well as the arts and manufactures of the country, and upon modern history, regular courses of lectures are given with great ability, by the respective Professors. These lectures are highly beneficial, both in diffusing among the votaries of the severer studies, a gentlemanly portion of general information, and in supplying direction and encouragement to others, who are precluded by want of taste and ability, or by other circumstances, from becoming proficient in the regular pursuits, and who might, without such assistance, waste much valuable time in idleness.' p. 10.

This we presume to be a very fair and reasonable account of the system of instruction at present pursued in both our Universities; and, for our own parts, we scruple not to confess, we hope never to see the day, when the physical sciences shall take precedence of the intellectual; when, instead of the sublime speculations of Newton, Leibnitz, Euler, and Laplace, the majestic accents of the tragic muse of Greece, and the finished eloquence of Demosthenes or Tully, our academic cloisters shall resound only with floetz, and trap, and schistus, or with Banksias, and Dryandrias, and all the *andrias* and *gynias* of the *Systema Naturæ*.

It is no doubt true, as Sir James Smith observes, that classical studies may derive illustration from botany. As an instance of this, he observes that the *acanthus* of Virgil is still undetermined; and adds, 'I am persuaded, of what no commentator has hitherto con-

* Here indeed one of our Universities lies open to reproach. A degree is generally considered by the bishops as a necessary qualification for holy orders; and yet, constituted as the examinations now are at Cambridge, of what importance can it be, with reference to the duties of the sacred office, whether the candidate has proceeded to the degree of B.A. or not? Why do not the governing members of that learned and enlightened body remove from it a stigma which is too justly merited, and make an acquaintance with at least the elementary parts of divinity, the evidences of revealed religion and the Gospels in their original tongue, an essential and indispensable part of that knowledge which shall entitle its possessor to an Academical degree? At present, we fear that the Professor's remarks on this head are true only of particular colleges. The University examinations are in this respect glaringly and inexcusably defective.

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jectured, that Virgil's plant is our common holly, a shrub not indicated in any part of his writings, though frequent in Italian gardens and thickets, as well as elsewhere throughout Europe.' He speaks of it as 'an evergreen with flexible twigs, forming thickets, clipped by the gardener in winter, and bearing berries.' It is to be observed, however, that Virgil speaks of the prickly acanthus as a foreign plant, not as a native of Italy. Sir James does not seem to be aware that the poet describes two kinds of acanthus; nor that the common reading in Georg. IV. 137. *Ille comam mollis jam tum tondebat acanthi* has been altered, upon the authority of the best MSS., into *jam tondebat hyacinthi*. And in the only passage where the berries are mentioned, (G. II. 119. *baccas semper frondentis acanthi*.) Heyne properly observes, 'De agrifolia (the holly) cogitare non licet: laudantur enim plantæ peregrinæ.' For our own parts, we are inclined to suspect that the berry-bearing acanthus of Virgil is no other than the *πυράκανθα* of the Greek botanists, which is so great an ornament to our walls. This is the opinion of Ciofanius on Ovid's Met. xiii. 701.

Again, Sir James says that he is the first person who has elucidated that beautiful apostrophe of our Saviour, 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, &c.,' which is commonly supposed to apply to the white lily, or the tulip, by referring it to the *amaryllis lutea*, or autumnal narcissus, with which the fields of the Levant are overrun. We wish to remind Sir James, that Souciet (*Recueil de Dissertations Critiques*, p. 155.) has observed that the lily mentioned in Scripture is not what we call by that name, but rather the *lilium Persicum*, or *crown imperial*, which is common in Palestine. And perhaps this is as probable a conjecture as that of Sir James.

We cannot help observing that arguments for the great importance of botany, drawn from a few elucidations of Scripture, are of no great weight, since there are many other arts and sciences which may rest their claims to distinction upon similar grounds. Upon the whole, although we are very far from thinking, with Socrates, that there is nothing to be learned from trees, yet we must enter our protest against any attempt to exalt botany or its kindred sciences to a level with the more abstruse and more intellectual pursuits, which constitute the *ἐγκύκλιος παιδεία* of our English Universities. Far distant be the day, when we shall copy the example of Sweden, where, says Sir James, 'Natural Science takes place of every other, being the pursuit which leads to preferment in Church and State, like the mathematics at Cambridge!' a most accurate and well-drawn comparison. How these matters may be managed in Sweden we know not, except from Sir James's testimony; but we have yet to learn, that, in this country, the least piece of prefer-

ment, ecclesiastical or civil, has been given as a reward for mathematical science alone—‘To this,’ says Professor Monk, ‘and all such remarks, I shall merely reply, that the results of our general system of education have been so successful, that we should not be justified in changing it for that of any other University on the face of the earth. It is by progressive steps that it has been brought to its present state. Even within the last few years, additional efficacy has been given to our system of studies, by an improved method of examination.’

The next question which arises is this, whether it be expedient to confer a professorship in the University, on a perfect stranger and alien, when there are members of the University itself, willing and competent to undertake its duties. Sir James, of course, argues for the affirmative, and produces from the Academical annals three instances of strangers being appointed to professorships upon their first foundation; but not one, where an entire stranger has been elected to an office already established.

‘The distinction,’ as Professor Monk observes, ‘is important. When it was an object to introduce into the University a pursuit hitherto uncultivated in the place, it was right and necessary to look beyond its limits for an able instructor in that science. But when a study has once been established, and successfully pursued by some of its own body, it is more consistent with justice as well as policy, to elect one of them to fill a vacant appointment, than to have recourse, as was done in the first instance, to aliens. It is by the hope of these offices and distinctions that our members are encouraged to devote their leisure to such pursuits. When a gentleman, educated amongst us, is proposed as a candidate, not only his abilities, but his personal character, can thoroughly be appreciated by the electors themselves, instead of being taken upon the partial representation of others: and in the choice of such a person, there exists a security, that he will have a community of views and feelings with the University, and a devotion to its interests, which it would be unreasonable to look for in a stranger. It is, besides, natural and proper to be extremely cautious in admitting into the bosom of our institution, and investing with our offices, persons however unexceptionable in their private characters, who have been educated in a system of studies and discipline very dissimilar to our own, and whose age and talents may give them influence over the junior members.’

Nothing can be more just than these observations; and they are backed by the authority of Philip Melancthon, one of the most moderate and candid of mankind. In the advice which he gave for the regulation of a University at Leipzig, he expresses himself thus :

‘In facultate artium habetis aliquot eruditos magistros, et *rationem haberi præsentium*, qui sunt idonei, utile est multis de causis. Invitan-
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tur enim ceteri, ut Academia libentius maneat. Et novi ac peregrini magis sunt obnoxii invidiæ: hinc oriuntur certamina ac factiones.'

'Where,' asks Sir James, 'would have been the celebrity and the utility of the foreign universities of Edinburgh, of Göttingen, of Pavia, and many others, had the choice of their professors been restricted by any rules, but the claims of acknowledged and eminent ability?' that is to say, 'Unless you elect me, a man of acknowledged and eminent ability, farewell to your celebrity and utility, good Mrs. Alma Mater!' Whether the celebrated father of Matilda Pottingen was chosen law-professor of Göttingen from another university, we have not been able to ascertain; but of this we are sure, that if competent professors could be found in their own body, neither Edinburgh, nor Göttingen, nor Pavia, nor Connecticut would elect them from another.

But the great point of all still remains for discussion; whether Sir James could, with propriety or safety, be invested with an academical office, being a professed dissenter from the established church. This was the main ground upon which the remonstrants founded their objection; an objection which Sir James mildly describes as proceeding from 'a conspiracy,' and from 'a jealous and exclusive spirit.' Sir James is, it appears, a member of that society of dissenters, who modestly assume the title of *Rational Christians*, implying thereby, that the church from which they dissent is *irrational*. Our readers need not be told that these reasonable personages are no others than Socinians, or Photinians, or Unitarians, or Humanitarians, or Priestleians, or Belshamites, which last, we believe, is the name at present in vogue. It is fair, however, to state that Sir James informs us, that 'he had always been in the habit of attending frequently the public worship of the church, and of receiving the sacrament many years since; not on any particular occasion, nor with any particular object, except the principle of Christian communion.' Is it possible that any man, who persuades himself that he is sincere, can sanction, by his presence and participation, the performance of a solemn rite and act of adoration, the whole tenor of which, in his heart, he disbelieves and disapproves? This it is to be a rational Christian! This circumstance, however, and the readiness with which Sir James, it seems, would, in the event of his election, subscribe to the necessary declaration that 'he conforms to the Liturgy of the Church of England as by law established,' we are not disposed to dwell upon. It is sufficient to remark, that such a declaration would come with singular grace and propriety from the mouth of a professed dissenter; and could not fail of encouraging, in the breast of the youthful student, the virtues of sincerity and consistency. The question is, can either of our universities, consistently with a due regard to the objects

objects of their existence, confer any of their offices upon a man who decidedly and openly dissents from the doctrines of the church? This question is answered by Professor Monk, in the most satisfactory and conclusive manner.

‘The dissenters I sincerely respect for their sincerity, and deeply lament their conscientious separation from us. At the same time I shall not conceal my decided conviction that it is our duty, so long as that disagreement continues, to keep the doors of the universities closed against them. These public institutions have hitherto been the surest supports of the national church, which can never be so effectually shaken, as by introducing open and active hostility to her doctrines into the seats of national education.’—‘It is to the Church Establishment that we owe our endowments, our privileges, our immunities, and every other advantage that we enjoy. Can he, therefore, wonder at a reluctance to invest him with an office of rank and influence amongst us, in open and declared defiance of those provisions which, for above two hundred years, have been judged necessary to protect the establishment?’—‘I have been able to hear one, and only one argument in his favour; it is this: that the subject which he wishes to teach to the university, is not divinity but botany; in which pursuit a person’s theological creed can be of no consequence. To this reasoning it must be replied, that those who, in a particular case, establish a precedent for the admission of dissenters to offices in the university, will be answerable for all the results to which that precedent may lead. We may expect that one of the first results will be, the abolition of subscription at taking degrees, which cannot, in that event, reasonably and consistently be refused: the inevitable consequence of this, the introduction of dissenters of every description to fellowships, and the various offices of tuition in the different colleges, is a matter which no friend of our establishment can contemplate without most serious alarm.’

The universities are the nurseries which supply nearly the whole kingdom with spiritual instructors; and to intrude upon either of them a maintainer of heretical opinions, would be indeed casting a firebrand into the sanctuary. The integrity and respectability of the establishment must depend, in a very great degree, upon the character and conduct of those bodies; and any innovation in her discipline (under which term we include all the regulations necessary to preserve purity of faith and practice) will soon be followed by a corresponding laxity of doctrine. ‘Pelagianism and Socinianism,’ says South, ‘with several other heterodoxies cognate to, and dependent upon them, which of late with so much confidence and scandalous countenance walk about, daring the world, are certainly no doctrines of the church of England. And none are able and fitter to make them appear what they are, and whither they tend, than our excellent and so well stocked universities; and if *they* will but bestir themselves against all innovators whatsoever, it will quickly be seen, that our church needs none *either to fill her places,*

or to defend her doctrines, but the sons whom she herself has brought forth and bred up.—So long as the universities are sound and orthodox, the church has both her eyes open; and while she has so, 'tis to be hoped that she will look about her, and consider again and again what she is to change from, and what she must change to, and where she shall make an end of changing, before she quits her present constitution.'

Sir James is pleased to term Oxford, κατ' ἰσοχρίν, *the orthodox University*; and argues thus, that if Dr. Sibthorp's executors entrusted to him (Sir James) the publication of the *Flora Græca*, and 'no objections were raised by that orthodox university,' Cambridge, as being less orthodox, has no right to object to him for her botanical professor. Botany and Logic, it seems, are not sister sciences; at least there is sometimes a family quarrel. Some arguments are too silly to be refuted: but upon the question of comparative orthodoxy, we are bound in justice to transcribe the Professor's reply:

'In steady and sincere attachment to the church, no persons were ever more distinguished, than our university has been, from the date of the Reformation to the present day. Let it not be forgotten, that the establishment may be said to have owed its very origin to this place. Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer, the fathers of our church, were Fellows of colleges in Cambridge. The first five protestant Archbishops of Canterbury, under whose superintendence it was settled and secured upon its present footing, and to whom it would be unjust to deny much of the praise due to that great work, were taken in succession from the bosom of this university. In the time of the Long Parliament, as before noticed, the greater part of the members of our colleges exhibited the strongest possible proof of their sincere devotion to the Church of England, by resigning their whole maintenance, and by preferring indigence and beggary, to apostasy from their principles and their spiritual allegiance. Some years afterwards, this university braved the full vengeance of arbitrary power, by resisting, under the most trying circumstances, the mandate of James II.; which, though not attacking its own innate privileges, yet was obviously one of a series of measures designed to overthrow the ecclesiastical constitution. From that time to the present, we shall find, that Cambridge has been steady and undeviating, in her support of our apostolic faith, and in the discouragement of heterodoxy. The number and eminence of her divines are too well known, to require notice. On every occasion, where any measure has been proposed, tending to the real benefit of the establishment, she has aided it, not only by her name and authority, but by the liberal and unsparing exertions, both public and private, of her pecuniary resources. Her zeal has, perhaps, never been ostentatious, and has been shown less in profession than in action; above all, she has never displayed the least tendency to uncharitable or unnecessary strictness. But Sir James will find himself lamentably deceived, if he expects, on this

this account, to meet with indifference and lukewarmness in the cause of religion, or with any disposition to suffer inroads upon the real defences of the establishment.'—pp. 59—61.

To say that the theological tenets of a professor of botany are of no importance is the assertion of foolish or designing men. There is no imaginable subject, and least of all in natural history, in which lectures might not be so devised, as to insinuate the peculiar religious opinions of the lecturer. Would Buffon have been withholden from detailing and illustrating, to a youthful audience, his fanciful theory, by any apprehension of weakening their belief in the Scriptures? Is it not a fact that, at the present moment, lectures may be heard on subjects not immediately connected with religion, in which the faith of the unexperienced hearer is assailed by the insinuations of a half-discovered infidelity? And is a protestant university, the depositary and guardian of the national religion, who boasts, amongst her brightest ornaments, a Pearson and a Barrow, to be compelled, by the virulence of disappointed vanity, to seat an acknowledged Socinian in her Professor's chair? Let us hope better things. The University, we doubt not, will sanction the judicious and spirited conduct of the eighteen tutors who opposed the first attempt at an unstatutable, and, we will venture to say, audacious innovation. Indeed the question, we believe, is nearly set at rest, by the able pamphlet of Professor Monk, which Sir James Smith has suffered to reach a second edition unanswered. The 'narrow prejudices' which he talks of (that is to say, attachment to the Church of England) are too powerful at Cambridge to leave him much hope of success; what little chance he might have had, has been completely destroyed by his publication, which abounds with gratuitous assumptions, mistated facts, and, we are compelled to add, incorrect assertions. It grieves us to say such things of a man distinguished for scientific acquirements; but he has drawn it upon himself. Had he been contented to be only his own panegyrist, and to class himself with Erasmus and Newton, and to talk of 'the free and lofty range which he had taken,' and 'the spontaneous offers of support which flowed in from entire strangers on the ground of his scientific character,' we might have smiled, but it would not have been in anger. We should have applied to him, what he himself has elsewhere said of Linnæus, 'If it be unbecoming, and indeed highly ridiculous in many instances, for a man to speak as he does of himself, the justice and accuracy of his assertions, had they come from any other person, could in no case be disputed.' But when he vilifies all those who disapprove of his pretensions, and charges a most able and conscientious body of men, who are entrusted with the education of the nobility and gentry of England, with 'ignorance, presumption, hostility

hostility to science, and malignity,' he forfeits all claim to that indulgence which his acknowledged merits would otherwise have demanded. He who has stepped out of his way to impute the want of a due regard to the principles of justice and truth to an amiable and respectable man, who held the Regius Professorship of physic for twenty years, and is now gone to a tribunal whose decision Sir James ought not to have anticipated, exposes himself to all the severity of impartial criticism. An undue opinion of his own merits naturally leads a man to depreciate the moral as well as the intellectual qualifications of his opponents; but the dead should be spoken of with candour, if not with tenderness; Οὐ γὰρ ἰσθλὰ καρθανοῦσι κερτοῦσιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν, was the remark of the most virulent of poets. We cannot refrain from mentioning one circumstance which is singularly at variance with Sir James's representation of the eagerness that exists at Cambridge for botanical information. 'It is customary,' Professor Monk informs us, 'for persons, who propose to attend public lectures, to write their names previously upon a board prepared for the purpose—but in spite of the celebrity of the lectures given at the Royal Institution, the "hungry flock," which was on this occasion disappointed of its repast, consisted of the Vice-Chancellor, and only four or five other persons.'

We now dismiss the subject, which our readers perhaps may think that we have considered more at length than its apparent importance required. But the fact is, that in its ultimate bearings the question is one of the last consequence. Upon the system of instruction pursued in our Universities depends, in a very considerable degree, our national character, in point of religious belief as well as of intellectual acquirements. Attempts have been repeatedly made in our Universities to break down the barriers which were erected to maintain purity in faith and discipline; but they have hitherto been defeated by the steadiness and consistency of the bodies at large. We trust that they will ever preserve their proper and constitutional character of church of England seminaries, in spite of the lamentations of Jeremy Bentham and the sarcasms of Mr. Brougham. Only let the tutors and heads of houses bear in mind that their zeal for the cause of truth must not evaporate in remonstrances against the introduction of aliens. Their first and most sacred duty is to initiate the youth committed to their care into the doctrines and duties of Christianity; and it will profit but little to guard against the intrusion of dissenters, if they are not careful to supply abundance of sound and orthodox instruction. 'Precept upon precept, and line upon line' should be directed to the grand object of making the academic youth rational, and conscientious, and virtuous members of our national church. If this be neglected—if the honours of the University be conferred solely upon proficiency in
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mere human literature, we scruple not to say, that the great ends of its institution are not answered. The youthful mind will be exercised in the subtlety of metaphysical disquisitions, and habituated to require the accuracy of mathematical demonstration, before it is taught to discern the proper and legitimate province of reason in matters of religion, or to estimate the real value of those grounds of probability, upon which the truth of the Gospel rests. The resident members of one university will understand the allusion contained in these remarks. We trust that they will persevere in their endeavours to make religious knowledge a prominent feature of academical instruction, and to take away from their adversaries a great occasion of gainsaying.

ART. XI. *A Reply to the Quarterly Review on the New Translation of the Bible from the original Hebrew.* By John Bellamy, Author of the 'History of all Religions.' 8vo. London. 1818.

WHEN we lately undertook to examine Mr. Bellamy's New Translation of the Bible, we found not only that proofs of his utter incompetence to the task crowded upon us at every step, but that his bold pretension of making new discoveries as to the meaning of the plainest passages of the Bible, tended to shake the confidence of the public in the certainty of received scriptural interpretations. In consequence, we felt ourselves called upon to explain, without disguise, the grounds of the opinion which we were led to form respecting this writer and his work. At the same time, we had no wish unnecessarily to wound his feelings, and were therefore desirous of abstaining from the exposure of his blunders to a greater extent than appeared to be required by a just regard to truth and to our public duty.

Whatever may have been the effect of these strictures on our readers, (and we are much mistaken if this be at all doubtful,) their influence on the author himself has not been that which we intended. Instead of teaching him to estimate more justly his qualifications as a biblical critic and translator, they have operated in a most unfortunate manner on the irritability of his temper; and given birth to a 'Reply,' in which he assails us with the most opprobrious epithets, and boldly contends that we are advocating the cause of error.

Under these circumstances, we find ourselves compelled to revert to a subject which we thought was set at rest, and to adduce some further confirmation of the opinion already stated respecting this author's

author's demerits. To his low and vulgar scurrilities we stoop not to reply. To his assertions that we are actuated by malicious and interested motives, we merely answer, that we have no interest in writing against his translation, besides that which all who revere the Bible have in preventing the perversion and degradation of its sacred truths. Let him *prove* to us that the received sense of Scripture is erroneous, and his new discoveries true; and we will engage to recommend his translation as warmly as we now oppose it.

In conducting his 'Reply,' Mr. Bellamy adopts, of course, that plan which he deems most advantageous to his defence. He generally keeps in the background the essential part of what we urged against him, and then boasts that he has completely confuted us: often he turns suddenly from one part of the subject to another, so as to make it difficult for the reader to trace the particular point which he is pretending to answer; then again, he strives to draw off attention from his own detected blunders, by dwelling at large on what he is pleased to deem instances of error in the received translation; and, whenever he finds himself entirely at a loss, he bursts out into violent fits of astonishment and indignation, rails at the dishonesty and incapacity of his reviewers, &c. (pp. 36. 39. &c.) We complain not that he has recourse to all these stratagems; but, in proportion as it is *his* business to perplex and confuse matters as much as possible, it is *ours* to place every thing before the reader in the most perspicuous order. To this end, we must request their attention, while we advert particularly to those texts on which we grounded the charge of utter incompetence against him, and consider with what success he has rebutted it. We begin with distinctly affirming that he has not, in any one instance, disproved in the slightest degree the justice of our strictures; nay, that he has now afforded the most valuable of all testimonies, his own, to their truth: for, since he has manifestly strained every nerve to confute what we advanced, his total failure amounts in fact to a complete admission of its validity.

The first passage on which we animadverted,* was his translation of Gen. ii. 21, 22. in the following uncouth and novel manner:

'Then he brought one to his side, whose flesh he had inclosed in her place. Then Jehovah God built the substance of the other, which he took for the man, even a woman: and he brought her to the man.'

After stating the *entire* and *absolute* concurrence of *all* versions, and of *all* interpreters and commentators, in the received sense, we shewed the total want of authority for this barbarous jargon. We will give Mr. Bellamy's *answers* in detail.

* See our last Number, pp. 262—267.

1. In reply to our remark (p. 264.) that the acknowledged sense of $\eta\rho'$ is *cepit, sumpsit, abstulit*, he produces (p. 21.) a passage where it is rendered 'brought.' Numb. xxiii. 28. 'And Balak brought ($\eta\rho'$) Balaam unto the top of Peor.' We insist on our former remark in its full force. The word may be rendered 'bring' with reference to a person, place, or thing, in which 'take' and 'bring' are in a manner synonymous; but it would be as much a departure from the acknowledged use of words to render *cepit* or *tulit*, followed by a or *de*, in the sense of 'bring to,' as $\eta\rho\lambda$, when followed, as it here is, by the preposition $\epsilon\iota\varsigma$.

2. We maintained (p. 265) that the preposition $\epsilon\upsilon\omicron$ prefixed to $\eta\rho\eta\lambda$ signifies 'from' in Hebrew, quite as much as the Latin *a* or the Greek *απο*, and that nothing can be considered as established in language, if it can be rendered at will by the opposite sense 'to.' Mr. Bellamy assigned before no reason for his new translation; he assigns none now; and gives not a single word of answer to our remark: thereby admitting that he has used the word in a sense wholly opposed to the true one.

3. We insisted (p. 265) that, although $\rho\lambda\epsilon$ is used to signify 'a rib' only in this first chapter of Genesis, yet it always occurs in some cognate sense, and all authorities are agreed in giving this sense here. To this Mr. Bellamy replies, (p. 20.) that all authorities are not so agreed, because 'Origen, in answer to the assertion of Celsus, concerning Eve being made from Adam's rib, says that "these things are to be understood allegorically: and that Philo, Eusebius, and St. Austin say the same." Thus,' continues he, 'as to this view of the subject I am not alone.' Of what view does he speak? The question now before us is, whether the Hebrew words are rightly construed to mean that God took one of the ribs of the man, &c.; and how does the assertion of Origen, that allegory is concealed under the literal sense, tend to shew that he did not construe the words precisely as others have done? But we can reduce the matter to actual proof. Origen's words are, (Orig. contr. Cels. lib. iv. p. 187. edit. 1677.) 'Then, since he (Celsus) determined to carp at the Scriptures, he blames also this passage— $\kappa\alpha\iota$ $\epsilon\lambda\alpha\beta\epsilon$ $\mu\iota\alpha\upsilon$ $\tau\omega\upsilon$ $\pi\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\omega\upsilon$ $\alpha\upsilon\tau\eta$, $\kappa\alpha\iota$ $\alpha\pi\epsilon\pi\lambda\eta\omega\sigma\epsilon$ $\sigma\alpha\rho\kappa\alpha$ $\alpha\upsilon\tau\eta\varsigma$, $\kappa\alpha\iota$ $\alpha\rho\kappa\omicron\delta\omicron\mu\eta\sigma\epsilon$ $\tau\eta\eta$ $\pi\lambda\epsilon\upsilon\omega\alpha$ — $\epsilon\iota\varsigma$ $\gamma\upsilon\upsilon\alpha\iota\kappa\alpha$: hereby proving most fully that he differed not from others in the slightest degree in his construction of the original words. Indeed, his contention for the allegorical sense, proves, of itself, that his interpretation was literally the same as ours.

4. On Mr. Bellamy's rendering of the next clause, 'whose flesh he had inclosed in her place,' we remarked, (p. 265.) that he unnecessarily departs from the received meaning; that the sense of his words

words is quite unintelligible; that he has no authority for rendering the verb in the pluperfect tense, and that there is nothing in the original corresponding to the pronoun relative 'whose' which he gratuitously introduces into the translation. To all this, the whole of what we find in reply is a simple observation respecting the last clause. 'The translators have frequently rendered the ו by the pronouns relative *who*, *which*, also the genitive *whose*, and the accusative *whom*.' We will not affirm positively that they have not done so, because we cannot be certain of the fact without a laborious search through every page of the Old Testament. But this we scruple not to affirm most distinctly, that, *if* they have done so in any particular instance, no authority is thereby afforded for thus rendering the word whenever it occurs. The Hebrew copulative ו corresponds to the Latin copulative *et*. It is possible that some translators may have found it convenient, in rendering a Latin sentence into English, to express *et* by the pronoun relative; but who in his senses would therefore contend that *et* signifies *who*, *which*, *whose*, and may be rendered by the pronoun relative whenever the translator pleases?

5. On his strange rendering of אַח אַחֵךְ by 'the substance of the other,' we observed (p. 266. 274.) that אַח is simply the mark of the accusative, or, at the most, should merely be expressed by 'the very,' ipsum, not by 'the substance of;' and that he might translate אֶת־בֵּית 'a house,' 'a tree,' or any thing else, with quite as much reason as 'the other.' With respect to אַח, he answers (as far as we understand him) (p. 38.) that he conceives the word should be rendered as he has rendered it, 'wherever our idiom will allow of the translation.' We leave the reader then to judge whether *our idiom* requires it here. As to אֶת, all the answer we can find is (p. 20.) a reference to five passages of Scripture, 'where (says he) the same word is translated as I have translated it.' Let us see. In two of his passages (Exod. xxvi. 26. 2 Sam. xvi. 13.) the word occurs in the singular, and is translated 'side'; in two others, (Exod. xxx. 4. xxxvii. 27.) in the plural, 'sides,' in the remaining one, Ezek. xli. 6. אֶת־לְבָבֵי is translated 'side chambers.' But the word also occurs in the last-mentioned text in a form more to Mr. Bellamy's purpose, and to *ours*. 'The side chambers (of the temple) were three, *one over another*.' The Hebrew of the latter expression is אֶת־לְבָבֵי אֶת־לְבָבֵי, literally 'side to side,' 'side upon side,' *latus ad latus*, correctly expressed by our translators 'one over another.' And this is Mr. Bellamy's authority for translating אֶת in this passage of Genesis, by 'the other'! His blunder is portentous. The case is precisely the same as if a person were to find in the description of a building, in Latin, such an expression as *latus ad latus* rendered

rendered 'one beside the other,' 'one by the other,' and were thence to conclude that 'latus' is the Latin word for 'the other'!

6. To his rendering the preposition כן in the sense of 'for' (the man,) meaning 'for the use, the help, of man,' we answered (p. 266.) that he had no authority whatever for giving such a sense. *On this he is totally silent.*

Such is the success with which he has confuted our strictures on his strange translation of this important passage! We proceed to the second text, Gen. ii. 25. rendered by him: 'Now they were both of them *prudent*, the man and his wife.'

In addition to other remarks, founded on the concurrence of every known authority, &c. (p. 267.) we observed, in opposition to his positive denial that ערום ever signifies 'naked,' that instances occur in which the substitution of the word 'prudent,' would make complete nonsense. Mr. Bellamy is now driven from his first position; and, changing the terms of his affirmation, contends, (Reply, p. 25.) 'that when this word is written with ה, or, in its absence, with the vowel *holem*, pronounced *gnaarom*, it uniformly signifies *naked*, but, when the root of this word is applied by the sacred writers to mean *prudent, subtle, crafty*, it is not written with the *holem*, or the *o*, but with the *shurik*, or long *u*, pronounced 'gnaaruum.' We decline entering into any discussion as to the authority we would attribute to these vowel points, and, for brevity's sake, will meet him on his own ground. He is right in affirming that ערום in the singular is pointed with the *holem* or *o* (*gnaarom*) when it has the sense of 'naked;' but he commits an error of the grossest kind when he asserts (p. 26.) that 'the word ערוּמִים, (*gnaaruumim*), the plural of ערום, which the translators have rendered "naked," never means nakedness of the whole body, but throughout the Scriptures signifies, even in the received translation, *wisdom, prudence*.' Either he does not know, or knowing studiously conceals, that, according to the rules of that very masoretic pointing, on which he now places his dependance, ערום in the plural changes the *o* into *u*; it assumes, in fact, in the plural, instead of the *holem* or *o*, the *shurik* or long *u*; (here used, according to some, for the *kibbutz* or short *u*;) and the *מ* becomes *dageshed*, so as to make the word *gnaruummim* or *gnarummim*. Thus Simonis gives ערוּם *plañ nudus*, plural ערוּמִים (ערפִּים) *plañ nudi*. So Calasio and Buxtorf, ערוּם *nudus*, plural ערוּמִים *nudi*.

Buxtorf also, in his grammar, (Thes. Gramm. p. 81.) says that some nouns change, *euphoniæ causâ*, the *holem* on the last syllable of the singular, into *kibbutz* with *dagesh* in the plural, and he particularly mentions ערוּם, *nudus*, as an instance. The word occurs in this

this form in the plural, not only here at Gen. ii. 25. but also at Job, xxii. 6. 'stripped *the naked* of their clothing,' (עֲרֹמִים) clearly meaning those who by stripping became naked, where to render the word 'prudent' would make a most strange sense. On the other hand, עָרִים, 'prudent,' seems uniformly in the plural to become עֲרֹמִים, (without the *dagesh*,) *gnaruumim*, not *gnaruummim*. See

Job, v. 12. xv. 5. Prov. xiv. 18. Here then we must again fix Mr. Bellamy on the horns of a dilemma. Either he allows the authority of the vowel points, or he does not. If he does not, all his pretended reasoning drops at once. If he does, then the very rules which have obtained respecting them, make directly against him, and prove that the word now before us bears the received sense, and can admit no other.

Our next instance was Gen. vi. 6. which Mr. Bellamy thinks proper to translate 'Yet Jehovah *was satisfied* that he had made man on the earth; notwithstanding he *idolized himself* at his heart.' After noticing his stale objections to the received sense, we observed, on his daring assertion that 'the word נחם *never* denotes repentance;' that, at least, sixty passages occur in the Bible, in which it has always been so construed, and in many of which, to substitute his sense of 'comforted,' or 'satisfied,' would be at variance with the plain meaning of the text. Mr. Bellamy (p. 29.) confidently denies the latter fact, and affirms that the text would be improved by it. In a case of this nature, it is impossible to bring the matter to positive proof; we, therefore, leave the decision to the reader, without any fears as to the result. To his strange version of יתעצב 'he idolized himself,' we stated various objections (p. 271.) and particularly that most important one, as far as he is concerned, that, in the only other passage where the word occurs in Hithpael, he himself renders it in the sense of 'grieving,' the very sense which he here rejects. He makes great parade of an answer to this, (p. 30—32.) the substance of which is merely that עצב *does* sometimes signify an idol, and that the same word *may be* used in different senses. No doubt of it; but what is to be thought of a man who renders a word in a sense contradicted (as here) by every known authority, and adopts in one passage a meaning which he rejects as perfectly inadmissible in another?

The last instance of his new discoveries, to which we thought it worth while to advert, is the passage in Abraham's temptation, in which the Almighty commands him to take his son Isaac, 'and offer him up for a burnt offering,' or, as Mr. Bellamy translates, 'cause him to ascend concerning the burnt offering.' Amongst our objections to this rendering of לעלה לעלה, we stated, (p. 272.) that to

translate the preposition *h* 'concerning' is to adopt an unusual meaning of the word; and that Mr. Bellamy himself has afforded the strongest of all proofs that he does not approve his new translation, for, within eleven verses, in a part of the same narrative, the words recur, and are there rendered by him in ~~that~~ very sense which they have always borne, but which he had just rejected as inadmissible. At this he professes great indignation, (p. 36.) but all he has to answer, is that '*h* takes a variety of prepositions in our language.' Granted; but what proof is hereby afforded that, contrary to every known authority, and to the clearest sense of the narrative, it is to be so translated in this passage? Or how does he escape from the charge of the grossest inconsistency in rejecting in one place a meaning of the words, which, in a passage immediately following, he adopts without the slightest hesitation?

In our remarks, (p. 272.) on the glaring absurdity with which Mr. Bellamy's *new* translation of this passage invests the whole narrative of Abraham's temptation, we now begin to suspect that we scarcely did him justice; or, rather, we apprehend that he has fallen upon some *newer discoveries* in the interval between the publication of his translation and his 'Reply.' His present ideas are that, when God *proved* Abraham, it is meant, that He *showed, evinced* to Abraham, the necessity of taking Isaac to the mount Moriah for him to be instructed concerning the burnt-offering, as representative of the Messiah.' Not so thought St. Paul, when he said, Hebr. xi. 17. 'By faith, Abraham, when ~~he~~ was tried (*πειρασόμενος*), offered up Isaac;' and not so once thought Mr. Bellamy himself, who, in his note on the passage, had explained it, '*to prove, to try, experience.*' He now gives it as his opinion, that Abraham conceived his son Isaac to be the promised Messiah, and that, with this persuasion in his mind, when the Almighty commanded him to 'ascend, concerning the burnt-offering,' to Mount Moriah, he *mistook His meaning*, understood that he was commanded to offer up his son Isaac, and proceeded in this mistaken sense to execute the command, till God called upon him to desist! Still, at the close of the transaction, the Almighty rewards his erroneous obedience by the confirmation of the promise of distinguished blessings. 'Because—thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son; therefore, blessing I will bless thee,' &c. Thus, Mr. Bellamy would fain persuade us that the Almighty, in communicating with his servant Abraham on an occasion so important to mankind, used words which were liable to misapprehension, and which actually were misapprehended; that the Almighty, knowing the mistake, did not set Abraham right, but suffered him to *disobey* his *real* command, by proceeding to *obey* a *supposed* one; and—
But we will say no more of Mr. Bellamy's *most recent* discovery

very of the sense in this passage, except that he thus furnishes the best excuse for our 'blundering translators,' by contending that the mistake of the sense which they have made at the distance of three thousand years, was made at the very time the words were spoken, by the very person to whom they were addressed!

Having shewn, we trust by no equivocal proof, how completely our remarks on these specimens of our author's qualifications for his task remain unanswered, we proceed briefly to examine with what better success he has confuted the few remarks which we made on his version of the first chapter of Genesis.

To our strictures (p. 274.) on his translation of Gen. i. 1. '*the substance of the heaven*,' &c. he replies, (p. 37.) that 'his reviewer is aiding the cause of infidelity, and establishing the doctrine of the eternity of matter.' We entertain no fear for the substantial defence of the cause of the Bible against the infidel, provided it can escape from such incapable and injudicious friends as Mr. Bellamy. On our remark that, if *אֵת* be rightly rendered '*the substance of*' in one passage, it ought to be so rendered in all similar passages, he says, that he has been consistent, for he has so expressed it 'wherever our idiom will allow.' What can he mean? Why would not 'our idiom' allow him to say at v. 4. '*the substance of the light*,' at v. 7. '*the substance of the expanse*,' at v. 16. '*the substance of the two great lights*,' as well as at v. 1. '*the substance of the heavens*?'

We produced (p. 274, 275.) from this chapter two instances of his ignorance of the plainest parts of speech in Hebrew; the one at v. 6. where he mistakes מְבַרֵּל for a noun substantive, while it is really the participle *beonni* in Hiphil from בָּרַל 'to divide;' the other at v. 17., where he mistakes לְחַאֵר for a noun substantive with the preposition ל and ה prefixed, whereas it is clearly a verb in the infinitive in Hiphil. On neither of these has he a single word.

We remarked, (p. 275.) that by rendering the words אֲשֶׁר וְדָוָו 'with its seed in it,' at v. 11 and 12. he entirely omits the pronoun relative אֲשֶׁר. Now let the Hebrew reader attend to his reply, (p. 42.) אֲשֶׁר (he says) 'embraces the meaning of *with*,' and so, he contends, he has rightly rendered '*with its seed in it*.' Never was an observation made in more profound ignorance of the obvious meaning of Hebrew words. The Hebrew אֲשֶׁר has no more the sense of '*with*' than the Latin *qui*. The words here are construed literally '*which its seed in it*,' a well-known Hebrew phrase for '*whose seed in it*,' the verb-substantive '*is*' being understood.

As our main purpose is, to afford the public a just view of Mr. Bellamy's competence to his assumed office of a biblical critic and translator, we have thought it best to shew in detail how completely he has failed in confuting the strictures passed on par-

ticular texts, casually selected, as specimens of the whole. To the rest of his 'Reply' we could say much, if we deemed it necessary. But we do not apprehend that, by bringing together a few passages of the authorised version which, *in his opinion*, require improvement—and certainly here and there passages occur which, according to far better opinions than his, admit of some correction—he will persuade any considerate reader that this version is not generally most correct and excellent: or that, by adducing a text or two (p. 15.) in which it may conform to the Septuagint,* or Vulgate, he will induce any one to believe that it was not directly and truly translated from the original Hebrew *only*, in the sole sense in which any judicious translators would ever think of doing so. We before accused Mr. Bellamy of applying some extracts from Dr. Lowth, Dr. Kennicott, and other learned divines, so as to give a false representation of their opinions. We repeat the same charge in the most direct terms: it is true that some of these divines were of opinion that a revision of the received version might be advantageous—not, 'was absolutely necessary,' as he states in his 'Reply,' (p. 6.)—But the revision of which they thought, extended, not to the discovery that all former translators had grossly erred in interpreting the plainest passages of the Bible, but, merely to the improvement of the language, and the more clear development of the sense in particular passages. All their writings shew that this was their meaning; and we repeat that, to quote their words, as Mr. Bellamy does, for the purpose of sanctioning *such* a translation as his, is to represent them as entertaining an opinion which they would have rejected with indignation and horror.

* Mr. Bellamy expresses great astonishment (Reply, p. 6.) at our assertion, (p. 260.) that the Septuagint version has been prized by Jews as well as Christians. We repeat the assertion in the sense in which we made it, viz. that Jews as well as Christians most fully allow the Septuagint version to give generally the true sense of the Hebrew Scriptures, however they may here and there dispute the interpretation of a particular text. It is curious to observe in what manner he disproves our assertion, (p. 261.) that the Septuagint is quoted by the writers of the New Testament; namely, (p. 17.) by producing two or three passages in which they did not quote from the Septuagint, as if we had asserted that it *always was*, instead of sometimes. However, Mr. Bellamy may contemplate the following passages, in which it is most clear that these writers did quote from the Septuagint, Matt. iv. 4. 6. xiii. 14, 15. xxi. 16. xxii. 44. Acts xv. 17. Hebr. viii. 9. x. 39. And we will produce many more passages to prove the fact, if it should be desired. But probably the authority of Michaelis may be thought sufficient: 'It is universally known,' he says, (v. i. p. 215. Edit. 1802.) 'that the quotations in the New Testament are commonly taken from the Septuagint, a version in general use among the Christians who understood Greek.'

Mr. Bellamy pretends (p. 8.) to confute our assertion that the books of the Old Testament are the *only* books which have come down to us in the ancient Hebrew, by stating that the Mishna, Talmud, &c. are written in that language. After all the proofs which we have had of this writer's ignorance, we are still inclined to ask, whether it is possible he can seriously believe that the language in which the Mishna, Talmud, &c. are written, is the same as that of the Old Testament?

But

But Mr. Bellamy lays us under peculiar difficulties, as we have not only to combat his daring misrepresentations of the opinions of others, but his intrepid contradictions of himself. From an obtuseness, or obliquity, of understanding, he rarely appears to comprehend the meaning of his own language, or to discover whither the drift of his arguments is hurrying him. He evidently writes at random; and unconsciously keeps up a perpetual warfare between his text and notes, or between his notes themselves, fiercely assailing in one page what he stoutly defends in another. His reading appears very confined—of the works of the great critical divines of this and other countries, he knows nothing; hence he frequently produces as valuable matter what had long ago been consigned to utter derision, or lays claim to discoveries which have, for ages, been familiar to every biblical student. When we add to all this; that his style of composition is mean and grovelling, and his taste depraved; that he has no relish or perception of the exquisite simplicity of the original, no touch of that fine feeling, that pious awe which led his venerable predecessors to infuse into their version as much of the Hebrew idiom as was consistent with the perfect purity of our own—a taste and feeling which have given perennial majesty and beauty to the English tongue—but that, on the contrary, he speaks with rude and vulgar buffoonery of the slight repetitions and redundancies which occasionally occur in the sacred volume, and which are so strongly and interestingly characteristic of the most remote antiquity; and proposes to sweep them all away in favour of what he is pleased to call an ‘improved text’ of his own, always harsh, jejune, and revolting, and frequently unintelligible; we are more and more astonished at the presumption of his pursuits, and the vanity of his expectations.

One word more. As Mr. Bellamy has thought proper to bring himself further into public notice by his ‘Reply’ to our strictures, it may be as well, before we part with him, to confirm the opinion which our readers must have already formed of his learning, consistency, and general competence, by the production of a few more specimens of each, for the benefit of those who have not access to his work.

Many instances occur in which Mr. Bellamy, in opposition to all authorities, translates the preter form of the verb in the pluperfect sense: we have alluded to one instance of this at Gen. ii. 21. and shall remark upon another at Gen. iii. 7. In the introduction to his translation, p. xxxix. he pretends, with much parade of accurate learning, to lay down a rule for ascertaining this ‘modification of the preter tense, which is called the preterpluperfect tense.’ It depends, he says, on the accent called *paschta*; where one of these accents is placed upon the verb, there is this first modifica-

tion of the perfect tense, 'which,' he adds, (p. xl.) 'is properly the first aorist of the Hebrew; the second occurs by a repetition of the accent *paschta* on the verb.' * 'Thus,' he afterwards says, 'it will be seen that, as the Hebrew was the first language, the Greeks must have had their aorists from the Hebrew.' The reader will not fail to remark, by the way, these 'new discoveries' in the Greek grammar, for which the world is likely to be as much indebted to Mr. Bellamy as for those he has made in the sense of Hebrew words: we suppose it will in future be received, on his authority, as an established point, that the first and second aorists in Greek bear the pluperfect sense. Seriously, we cannot help suspecting that his knowledge of this tongue is even at a lower ebb than his knowledge of Hebrew. Be this as it may, he does not seem wanting in a due consciousness of his own merit in discovering this rule for the modification of Hebrew tenses, for he tells us that, though 'the ancient Hebrews, in the time of Ezra, were well acquainted with these branches of Hebrew learning, it is certain they have been wholly neglected since; no writer, no grammarian, either Jew or Christian,' (always excepting Mr. Bellamy,) 'since that period, having attempted to give us a solution of these *lingual problems* concerning this peculiar construction of the language.' And it is true enough, that the greatest masters of the language had not the most distant notion that any such rule obtained. Even J. Buxtorf, who attaches at least as much weight as any one to the points and accents, says, (Thes. Gramm. p. 33.) that the accents are of use in regulating the pronunciation and intonation; but gives not the slightest hint that in this manner they modify the sense.

Under these circumstances, it will not be supposed that there can be the least truth in Mr. Bellamy's solution of his *lingual problems*. In fact, the slightest inquiry proves the utter futility of his pretended rule; for, of verbs manifestly referring to times equally remote, one often has the *paschta*, the other not, as at Gen. i. 4, 5. יָבַדַּל 'he divided,' has not the *paschta*; יָקָרָא 'he called' has it; and often where the sense evidently requires a construction in the pluperfect, there is no *paschta*, as at Gen. ii. v. 2. עָשָׂה 'he had made,' v. 5. לֹא הִמְשִׁיר 'had not caused it to rain.' But our main business is not with Mr. Bellamy's sagacity, or his modesty in propounding the rule, but with his consistency in adhering to it. It is natural to expect that, after laying it down, whenever he deviates from the received sense by rendering in the pluperfect tense, it will be from its authority. But what is the fact? At Gen. ii. 21. he renders 'he had inclosed,' yet the verb is without the *paschta*. So at Gen. ii. 9. 'had brought forth;' ii. 25. 'had not shamed themselves.' In these, and numberless other instances, he not only runs counter to all authority in imposing a pluperfect sense, but does

so without the sanction of that very rule which he himself had framed for ascertaining it!

We have mentioned already that, at Gen. ii. 25., he reads ערוּמִים 'prudent,' instead of 'naked,' deriving it from a root which bears the sense of guile, craft, &c. Now at ch. iii. 7., occurs the cognate word עִירִים in the plural, which he, consistently with his former translation, renders 'subtle,' instead of the received sense 'naked.' But the same word recurs at v. 10. and 11.; and how does he there translate it? Will it be believed that he renders it 'imprudent,' diametrically opposite to his sense of 'prudent' at ch. ii. 25.! His version of v. 10. is, 'I feared because I was *imprudent*' (עִירִים); of v. 11., 'Who told thee that thou wast *imprudent*' (עִירִים)? Observe how this is brought about: 'the word (he says) has various significations, all partaking of the meaning of its root, to be subtle, crafty, guileful; in a good sense, wise, prudent; thus, in a *perverted* sense, subtle or crafty in wickedness; and thus, *imprudent*, which is its true meaning.' After such a specimen, we conceive that Mr. Bellamy can find no difficulty in *proving* the same word to mean *black* and *white*. But what, we ask, as before, can be certain in language, if such arbitrary meanings are to be assigned to words, contrary to every authority and to their established uses?

At Gen. iii. 2., he renders טַרְטֵר 'some fruit of the tree.' And, in his note on the passage, he says, in opposition to the received translation 'of the fruit,' that 'מ prefixed to טַר fruit cannot be rendered by *of*.' Whatever may be thought of the value of this edict, let us observe in what degree he acts consistently with it. Only four verses after, the very same word טַרְטֵר occurs again; and how does he translate it? not 'some fruit,' which he declared to be the right translation at v. 2.; but, agreeably to the received version, 'of the fruit,' the very rendering which he before pronounced inadmissible!

Gen. iii. 7. His ingenious translation of this verse would furnish ample matter for observation. We shall confine ourselves to the first clause, 'Nevertheless the eyes of them both had been opened,' instead of the received version 'and the eyes of them both were opened.' In the first place, why is he not consistent with himself in rendering עֵינֵי 'understandings' as at v. 5.? As the expressions at v. 5. and at v. 7. are precisely similar, the translation which is proper for the one must be proper for the other. 2dly. He assigns no reason whatever for departing from the usual sense of the copulative ו, and rendering it 'nevertheless.' 3dly, by translating the verb in the pluperfect tense, he makes the whole narrative completely unintelligible. At v. 5. the serpent says to the woman, 'God knoweth that on the day ye eat of the same, then your understandings shall be opened.' Thus the *consequence* of their eating of the

tree of knowledge was to be the opening of their understandings. The woman is induced to eat of the tree, and of course it is to be expected that the consequence mentioned before would immediately take place. But not so according to Mr. Bellamy's *improvements*. He translates the words which follow, 'nevertheless, the eyes of them both *had been* opened.' And he tells us, in his note, that their eyes (meaning their understandings) had been opened, long before, not that this was the effect of eating the forbidden fruit. So consistent would he make the Holy Scriptures!

At ch. iii. 17., Mr. Bellamy translates, 'Cursed is the ground by thy transgression; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.' We have no objection to his substitution of the words 'by thy transgression,' for those of the received version, 'for thy sake,' except that here is a needless departure from the original text, לעבור בעבור signifying literally, 'for thy sake,' 'on thy account.' But we have much to remark on his explanation of this passage in his notes. He first tells us that 'the ground' here mentioned is 'the organized ground, Adam.'

'The organized ground called Adam was the ground that was cursed, and not the ground, which God had blessed with the principles of generation to produce every thing necessary for the use of His creatures.'

Well then, we are to understand that the ground is not cursed, but Adam. Now for the words which follow, 'In sorrow shalt thou eat of it.' It manifestly refers to 'the ground,' which, as we have just been told, means Adam, and the sentence is addressed to Adam: therefore the clause runs, 'In sorrow shalt thou (Adam) eat of it (Adam) all the days of thy life.' We must really apologize to our readers for laying such prodigies of absurdity before them—but we quote Mr. Bellamy fairly. In his note on the very next verse he says,

'It is highly proper to observe here that a charge has been brought against this part of the sacred history, which is not true; viz. that God cursed Adam. But it is sufficiently evident that no such expression is found, even in the common version.'

What are we now to think? Who in his senses ever understood the meaning of the passage to be that God cursed Adam, before Mr. Bellamy broached this opinion? And yet, in the very next note after he had delivered this opinion, he contradicts himself and affirms the direct contrary to what he had before advanced. It surely must be needless to extract any more of this writer's monstrous inconsistencies. We will however subjoin,

1st. An instance of his extreme carelessness, to use the mildest term. At Gen. iii. 23. he translates לעבר את האדמה 'when he had transgressed on the ground,' instead of the usual 'to till the ground.'

We

We say nothing of the form which he gives the clause, 'when he had,' and come to his meaning of the word עבר. 'This word, with this construction, means to *transgress*. See Deut. xvii. 2. where the same word, both consonants and vowels, is rendered by the word *transgressing*.' Now it so happens that the word at Deut. xvii. 2. is עבר, not עבר : thus he has confounded two words totally distinct, and in his sagacity given the one as authority for the new sense of the other! And this is the man who, by his superior acquaintance with the original, is to set aside the established version!

2dly. A proof of his not understanding the distinction between the plainest parts of speech in Hebrew. At Gen. vi. 16. on the words ופתח התבה בצד תשים, rendered in the received version 'and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof,' he remarks that our translators have rendered תשים 'thereof.' Now it so happens that תשים is the verb rendered 'shalt thou set,' and that it is ה suffixed to בצד which is rendered 'thereof.' The case is precisely the same as if a person were to find the Latin words 'et portam arcæ in latere ejus pones,' translated, 'and the door of the ark thou shalt set in the side thereof;' and then, because *pones* is the last word in the Latin, and 'thereof' in the English, were to remark (with due applause of his own sagacity) that *pones* is translated 'thereof'!

In the midst of all this blundering, his intolerable arrogance is not the least striking: expressions of this kind continually occur—'Every intelligent reader will readily allow that, notwithstanding the concurring testimony of all these authorities, ancient and modern, the translations I have given are perfectly right, and sanctioned by the Hebrew.' (Reply, p. 29.)—*Such* self-sufficiency, resting on *such* grounds, we firmly believe to be without a parallel.

We had almost forgotten to add any thing respecting Mr. Bellamy's punctuation.* We content ourselves with repeating his words 'I have paid particular attention to the punctuation.' (Introd. p. xi.) and subjoining one or two further specimens of the fruits of his labours.

'Gen. iii. 15. Moreover I will put, enmity, between thee, and the woman; also between thy posterity, and her posterity: he shall bruise thy head; and thou shalt bruise his heel.

'Gen. iv. 10. Moreover he said, something thou hast done: the voice of the blood, of thy brother; crieth before me, from the ground.'

We here dismiss, for the present, Mr. Bellamy, his New transla-

* Mr. Bellamy complains (Reply, p. 39.) that we misrepresented his punctuation in our last number. His complaint is perfectly unfounded: our printer put a full period at the end of each quotation that we made, which, we believe, is always done in such cases.

tion, and his 'Reply.' Whether we shall return to them again, and how soon, will depend on the occasion which we see for laying before the public, more fully even than we have yet done, proofs of his utter incompetence to the task of a biblical translator. We pledge ourselves, at any time when it may be thought necessary, to produce ten, or twenty times as many instances of blunders and mistranslation equally gross and glaring.

Mr. Bellamy speaks, we observe, (Reply, p. 47.) of 'testimonials of decided approbation' received from many of 'our learned clergy,' and of 'the warm approbation of the public;' but unfortunately he forgets to mention in *what* manner, and from *what* individuals this approbation has been received. He forgets equally to mention, what he knows, perhaps, a little better, how much decided reprobation of his work has been expressed, and from what quarters.—As far as relates to ourselves, he may depend on one thing; which is, that, as long as we find him, or any one else, acting on a system which must tend to degrade the Holy Bible in public estimation, so long we shall feel it our duty to use our utmost exertions to maintain inviolate its sacred truths.

ART. XII.—1. *Abrégé des Mémoires ou Journal du Marquis de Dangeau, avec des Notes Historiques et Critiques, et un Abrégé de l'Histoire de la Régence.* Par Mad. de Genlis. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1817.

2. *Essai sur l'Etablissement Monarchique de Louis XIV. précédé de Nouveaux Mémoires de Dangeau, avec des Notes Autographes curieuses et anecdotiques ajoutées à ces Mémoires par un Courtisan de la même Époque.* Par Edouard Pierre Lémontey. Paris. 1818. 8vo. pp. 484.

MEMOIRS may, we think, be called the most instructive of the amusing and the most amusing of the instructive departments of literature: they combine individual characters and feelings with public transactions—dignifying the levity of private anecdotes, and enlivening the gravity of historical events.

The whole of the seventeenth century is rich in memoirs; it was then a kind of fashion to keep a journal, and it was, we think, a happy fashion for posterity—we should else know but little of what passed during that interesting period. We have not received from our immediate ancestors much of this species of information, and we apprehend our posterity will be still less indebted to us. The incentives to memoir-writing are greatly diminished by the number of newspapers which have of late inundated Europe: the regularity with which they relate all public events, and the minute

minute and often indelicate accuracy with which they record the lighter topics of curiosity, leave too little unsaid to repay the diligence of a private journalist; and the curious, instead of writing the memoirs of their own time, now content themselves with filing and preserving the *Morning Post*. It is true that these diurnal records are always hasty, often inaccurate; and that they therefore supply very ill, or rather not at all, the place of authentic and well-founded memoirs; but they nevertheless anticipate so much of what the private collector of anecdotes would have to relate, that he is discouraged from the task altogether. Nor can we believe that the publicity which state-papers now so generally, and sometimes so strangely, receive, tends—as much as would at first sight appear—to supersede the assistance of authentic memoirs; because it has a natural tendency to indispose statesmen from placing on record all the real grounds of their proceedings:—they are obliged to consider not so much what is forcible in expression, cogent in argument, or accurate in fact, as what is fit to be *published*; and accordingly diplomatic papers have been growing, for the last thirty years, drier and drier. We see that the greatest affairs of our own day are transacted in personal conferences; and of the motives of many of the most important events it is to be feared that no recorded explanation will survive: (we hold for nothing the unofficial and intentionally-meagre protocols of conferences.) Nor can we hope that the private papers of ministers of state, occupied as they are with public duties, will furnish many instances of historical memoirs; and, however paradoxical it may seem, we see some reason to apprehend that this ‘writing, printing, and publishing age of ours’ will leave behind it as few materials for political history, and fewer for the history of manners than any of its predecessors since the revival of learning.

The Memoirs of the Marquis of Dangeau, which have led us to these observations, are curious, and certainly include a great deal of valuable information; although we are not disposed to rate them so highly in this point of view as either of the editors. Before we begin our examination of them, we shall lay before the reader some account of their author, which Madame de Genlis has done too scantily, and M. Lémontey not at all.

Pierre de Courcillon, Marquis of Dangeau, was born in 1638, and was about a year younger than Louis XIV.; his family was protestant, but he himself early in life became a Roman Catholic: he served, as all French gentlemen then did, in the army, and served with distinction. In 1665 he was made Colonel of the king's own regiment, which, however, he, some years after, resigned, to attach himself to the personal service of his master: he was employed by him in several negotiations, one in England for the second marriage of

James

James Duke of York with Mary of Modena; he was governor of the province of Touraine; first 'Menin' to the first Dauphin; Chevalier d'Honneur to two *dauphines* successively, Counsellor of State, a Knight of the St. Esprit, and Grand Master of the Order of St. Lazare.—'He had,' says Fontenelle, 'a very agreeable countenance, and a large share of natural talents, even to the writing very agreeable verses.'—He succeeded Scuderi as a member of the French Academy, but is better known to the literary world as the patron of Boileau, who addressed to him the celebrated satire on *Nobility*. The sour and inaccurate St. Simon sneers a little at Dangeau's family; but, if its honours were not well vouched from other sources, it would be sufficient to substantiate them, that a writer of the nice taste and admirable good sense of Boileau selected him from all the *grandees* of France, for the apostrophe with which his poem opens—

'La noblesse, Dangeau, n'est pas une chimère
Quand, sous l'étroite loi d'une vertu sévère,
Un homme issu d'un sang fécond en demi-dieux,
Suit, comme toi, la trace où marchaient ses aïeux.'

St. Simon, who seems to have loved a calumny even better than a joke, and both far beyond truth, represents Dangeau as ridiculously vain and self-important. That Dangeau was vain and consequential in his manner we can easily believe. It was the fashion of the time. The example of the king infected and inflated all his courtiers, and M. de Montausier and one or two other *originals* are quoted with wonder in all the memoirs of the time, as *except* from this general bombast—exceptions so rare as to prove the general character of the court, and to render venial the *airs* of Dangeau.

Dangeau's chief vanity, however, was of an inoffensive and amiable kind; he was vain of his wife and her family.—She was of the family of Lowenstein,* and was, by one of those German alliances called a left-handed marriage, nearly allied to the house of Bavaria, to which the *Dauphine* belonged, and on the strength of this affinity, Mademoiselle de Lowenstein signed herself, as Madame de Sévigné informs us, *Sophie de Bavière*. The dignity, however, of the *Dauphine* was mortally wounded by such pretension. Mademoiselle de Lowenstein was obliged to retract her claim and cancel her unlucky signature;† and on no other condition could Louis XIV.

* The French always blunder in foreign names; Dangeau calls his wife before their marriage, *Levcstein*. St. Simon's orthography is more correct.

† Madame de Caylus, a great friend of Dangeau's, says, that the *Dauphine* was convinced of her error, and that the signature was *not* altered; a mistake, probably wilful, which the Genevese editor corrects by explaining the *mezotermine* by which the king appeased the contending parties, namely, that the signature '*Sophie de Bavière Lowenstein*' was changed into '*Sophie Lowenstein de Bavière*'!

re-establish peace in his court, which he goodnaturedly had interfered to effect.

Madame de Dangeau, however, was worthy of any rank; and her graces and virtues are remembered when so many of her cousins of Bavaria are forgotten. Trivial as the event may be which gives rise to such reflexions, we ruminate with awe on the instability of human affairs and the vanity of human pride, when we see one princess of Bavaria so haughtily abjuring all relationship with Sophie de Lowenstein, and another degraded into the step-daughter of Mary Joseph Rose Beauharnois, alias Joséphine Buonaparte.

'Sophie de Lowenstein,'—says St. Simon, (whose bile evaporates in describing her,)—'was beautiful as the day, formed like a nymph, with all the graces of the mind and body. Her mind was not indeed of a superior order, but it was the perfection of good sense; and her moral character was above all imputation. Her birth, her virtues, her beauty, her marriage, (more to the king's taste than her own, but in which she conducted herself like an angel); the rank of her uncle* and the station of her husband—all conducted to select her for the favourite of the court, and the selection was approved by every one.'—*St. Simon*, vol. ix. p. 19.

Madame de Sévigné, too, in relating (which she does, as she herself gaily confesses, rather maliciously) the affront of the *Dauphine's* refusal to recognize Madame de Dangeau, exclaims, 'Dangeau jouit à longs traits du plaisir d'avoir épousé la plus belle, la plus jolie, la plus jeune, la plus délicate, la plus nymphe de la cour.'—*Let. du 3 Av. 1687.* And Madame de Caylus, in her *Souvenirs*, expatiates with affection on the 'haute naissance, figure charmante et vertu si rare de Mademoiselle de Lowenstein,' to which she adds, that her 'taille de nymphe' was very much set off by a flame-coloured ribbon which she wore (as men wear the ribbons of orders) because she was a *canonesse* of some German chapter.

But however Dangeau may have been mortified at not being acknowledged by the electoral house; however proud he may have been of his wife, and however he may have aped (as St. Simon delights to tell us) his royal master in the ceremonies of the order of St. Lazare, he is undoubtedly the most modest of all writers of *Mémoires*.

Throughout the whole of his voluminous work, not a trace of personal vanity or self-sufficiency is to be found; his own name is rarely mentioned, Madame de Dangeau's scarcely more frequently; neither, except when the fact absolutely requires it, and then in the slightest, and most unobtrusive manner. Considering their stations, there is scarcely a page in which they might not have figured with splendour and propriety; and the greatest fault we have to find with

* Cardinal de Furstenberg.

Dangeau, is the tone of indifference in which he always mentions himself and his amiable wife; it serves however to excuse his coldness on other occasions, when we should have been indignant at his apparent want of feeling.

St. Simon finally accuses him of '*fadeur*,' or insipidity:—from the caustic pen of St. Simon this is praise—for, as he admits that Dangeau possessed 'good sense, knowledge of the world, a faculty of writing verses, and a kind of wit,' we may be satisfied that the quality which St. Simon considered as *insipidity* was really *good nature*—a quality which his acrid spirit must have despised. As the three foregoing topics were the only ones of blame which the gay *malice* of Madame de Sévigné and the gloomy severity of St. Simon could find, we may safely believe the rest of their character of Dangeau,—confirmed by the unanimous voice of all his contemporaries—that to his good sense he added good conduct and pure morals, agreeableness in society, accurate probity and nice honour: and the internal evidence of his Journal gives us (as Madame de Genlis justly remarks) the most entire confidence in his veracity and in the accuracy of every event he relates, and almost of every *word* he writes.

The greatest defect in his character was what his contemporaries considered as one of his greatest merits—he played extremely deep, extremely well, and with great success:—a success, owing altogether, as we are told, 'to his extraordinary powers of calculation, which enabled him,' says Grouvelle, 'to form the most scientific combinations without appearing to think about it;' and Fontenelle, in the *éloge* pronounced upon him in the Academy, celebrates this power of his mind, and gives a remarkable instance of it.

'He asked some favour of the king, which Louis promised, on condition that, during the game which they were about to play, Dangeau should compose one hundred verses—exactly one hundred, not one more or less. After the game, at which he appeared as little occupied as usual, he repeated the hundred verses; he had made them, counted them and arranged them in his memory, and these three efforts of the mind had not been disturbed by the hurry of play.'

Madame de Genlis very shrewdly suggests that, as the king had not bargained that the verses should be good, Dangeau, instead of these three mental operations, contented himself with *extemporising* the hundred verses after the game was over; which would not be very difficult to a professed versifier: but if—as St. Simon tells the story, and as seems to agree with the fashion of the times—it was a set of '*bouts-rimés des plus sauvages*,' which Louis gave to be filled up, it would add to the difficulties already stated, and suppose a prodigious readiness in the poet.

Dangeau

Dangeau was so remarkable for his skill at play, that Madame de Sévigné relates, that one of her amusements when she went to court was to admire Dangeau at the card table. Our readers will not be sorry to see the passage, which is characteristic, not only of Dangeau, but of the French court at that period. It is to be found in her letter of the 29th July, 1676, giving her daughter an account of A DAY AT VERSAILLES.—We lament that our translation will afford our English readers but a very imperfect notion of the charms of the style of this extraordinary woman, who is as unrivalled in her own department of literature as Shakspeare and Molière are in theirs.

‘29th July, 1676.

‘I went on Saturday with Villars to Versailles. I need not tell you of the Queen’s toilette, the mass, the dinner—you know it all; but at three o’clock the king rose from table, and he, the Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, all the princes and princesses, Madame de Montespan, all her suite, all the courtiers, all the ladies—in short, what we call the Court of France—were assembled in that beautiful apartment which you know. It is divinely furnished—every thing is magnificent—one does not know what it is to be too hot—we walk about here and there, and are not incommoded any where:—at last a table of reversi* gives a form to the crowd, and a place to every one. *The king is next to Madame de Montespan*, who deals: the Duke of Orleans, the Queen, and Madame de Soubise; Dangeau and Co.; Langée and Co.;—a thousand louis are poured out on the cloth—there are no other counters. I saw Dangeau play!—what fools we all are compared to him—he minds nothing but his business, and wins when every one else loses:—he neglects nothing—takes advantage of every thing—is never absent—in a word, his skill defies fortune, and accordingly 200,000 francs in ten days, 100,000 crowns in a fortnight, all go to his receipt-book.

‘He was so good as to say that I was a partner in his play, by which I got a very convenient and agreeable place. I saluted the king in the way you taught me, which he returned as if I had been young and handsome—I received a thousand compliments—you know what it is to have a word from every body! This agreeable confusion without confusion lasts from three o’clock till six. If a courier arrives, the king retires for a moment to read his letters, and returns immediately. There is always some music going on, which has a very good effect; the king listens to the music, and chats with the ladies about him. At last, at six o’clock, they stop playing—they have no trouble in settling their reckonings—there are no counters—the lowest pools are five, six, seven hundred Louis—the great ones a thousand, or twelve hundred—they put in five each at first—that makes one hundred, and the dealer puts in ten more

* A kind of game long since out of fashion, and now almost forgotten; it seems to have been a compound of Loo and Commerce—the Quinola or Pam was the knave of hearts.
—then

—then they give four Louis each to whoever has Quinola—some pass, others play, but when you play without winning the pool, you must put in sixteen to teach you how to play rashly : they talk all together, and for ever, and of every thing.—“ How many hearts ? ”—“ Two ! ”—“ I have three ! ”—“ I have one ! ”—“ I have four ! ”—“ He has only three ! ”—and Dangeau—delighted with all this prattle—turns up the trump, makes his calculations, sees whom he has against him—in short—in short, I was glad to see such an excess of skill. He it is, who really knows “ le dessous des cartes.”

“ At ten o'clock they get into their carriages ; the King, Madame de Montespan, the Duke of Orleans, and Madame de Thiangés, and the good Heudicourt on the dickey, that is, as if one were in the upper gallery. You know how these calashes are made. The Queen was in another with the princesses ; and then every body else, grouped as they liked. Then they go on the water in gondolas, with music—they return at ten—the play is ready—it is over : twelve strikes—supper is brought in, and so passes Saturday.”

This lively picture of such frightful gambling, of the adulterous triumph of Madame de Montespan, and of the humiliating part to which the Queen was condemned, will induce our readers to concur with Madame de Sévigné, who, amused as she had been by the scene she has described, calls it nevertheless, with her usual pure taste and good judgment, ‘ *l'iniqua corte.* ’

The Marquis of Dangeau began his Journal in the year 1684, and continued with extraordinary perseverance to record from day to day whatever appeared worthy of his notice down to 1720 : there seem to have been but two intervals, one in 1709, on account of the illness of his only son, wounded at Malplaquet ; the other in 1712, on the death of the younger *Dauphine*—an amiable young princess, whose fate cast a gloom over France, not unlike

‘ That which of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd.’

His notes are extremely succinct, not to say *dry*, and relate to all subjects, the most trifling as well as the most important, and preferably perhaps to the former. Our readers will judge of the extent of the original manuscript, when we inform him that Mad. de Genlis' *abridgment* contains fifteen hundred octavo pages, and that M. Lémontey has added above three hundred pages more. Such an immense mass has for a century past deterred every printer from undertaking its publication ; and though it was known to exist, and though the curious throughout Europe were anxious about it, it would never probably have seen the light but for the inclination of Madame de Genlis towards the history of Louis XIV., which induced her to wind through this labyrinth, and to select for publication such articles as appeared to her the most interesting.

Those who read merely for amusement will consider, we fear,
this

this eternal chronicle of small facts and proper names as insufferably tedious: but those who have a taste for this kind of writing, and some previous knowledge of the personages to whom it relates, will be pleased at meeting so many of their old friends, and amused with the transactions, great and small, which Dangeau records of them; while those who look still deeper into the work will find a great deal of chronological and some historical information, with many important views of the manners and morals of the age, of the character of the sovereign and his ministers, and of the secret springs and personal motives of many considerable events.

But this collection is, above all, rich in matters of court etiquette. It is indeed a text-book of this kind of learning; and if the present king of France were not so much of a *philosophe*, and so willing to forget all the forms and feelings of the ancient monarchy, we should be inclined to felicitate him on the recovery of a work as important to the re-establishment of courtly regulations, as the finding the Justinian Pandects was to the revival of the Roman law. We suspect that it was in the search of matter for her *Dictionnaire des Etiquettes* that Madame de Genlis became acquainted with Dangeau; she has in that work large obligations to him, which she has now repaid by generously bringing him forward in his own character.

Dangeau's punctilious anxiety about etiquette was so great as not to confine itself to Versailles; he was not indifferent to the proceedings of the English court, where the easy negligence of Charles the Second and the unbending ceremony of James alike called forth his animadversions.

'We learn that the King of England (James II.) received the Maréchal de Lorges (the French ambassador) covered and sitting; the late king, his brother, was not used so to receive the ministers of France, or even of other kings; this exception has surprized us by its novelty, though, strictly speaking, it may be right. The late king was so little inclined to any kind of ceremony that when M. de Vaudémont went to the English court, and wanted to stipulate that (being a grandee of Spain) he should cover himself at his audience, Charles replied to those who spoke to him about it—"Let him cover himself if he will, provided he does not force me to do so too." The present king has also regulated that ambassadors and foreign ministers should hereafter only speak to him at formal audiences; this is also a great change, for the king, his brother, gave audience at all hours and every where, and most frequently at his mistresses, and without any preparation.—*March 20th, 1685.*'

James was right in this point of etiquette, and he imitated the example set him (as we see in Bassompierre's account of his own embassy) by his father; it was also the custom of the court of France: and Dangeau's *surprise* therefore only shows the arrogant pretensions which that court was inclined to advance of being

treated with more respect than it paid. Charles's answer to the Prince de Vaudémont reminds us of his pleasant rebuke to Penn the Quaker, who not only persisted in wearing his own hat in the sovereign's presence, but condescendingly invited the king to put on his: 'No, Friend Penn,' said the good-humoured monarch, 'it is the custom that only *one* person should be covered here.'

When James, expelled at the Revolution, arrives in France, Dangeau's chief concern in the affair is the several questions of precedence and etiquette to which the presence of the *two* kings and the generosity of Louis give occasion. It is strange, and shews the costive style in which Dangeau writes, that this generosity—one of the noblest traits of Louis's history—does not draw a single word of admiration or applause from the phlegmatic chronicler: he even relates—without any remark, and as coldly as he does the morning or evening compliments—the fine expression with which Louis took leave of James, when setting out to attempt the recovery of his kingdom. 'The best wish I can make for you, Sir, is that I may never see you again; if however fortune should oblige you to return, you will still find me what you have already found me.—25th Feb. 1689.'

We have heard that when the Prince Regent was taking leave of the present French king, at Dover, His Royal Highness addressed him in these words of Louis XIV.—a well-timed compliment, which, besides its obvious import, had the merit of reminding his Majesty of the generosity of his great ancestor, and of a king of France's having paid, to an unfortunate sovereign, the same attentions which, under happier auspices, he himself now received.

Of two of Charles II.'s sons, Dangeau gives us anecdotes, of which we, at least, were before ignorant.

'The Duke of St. Albans, son of the king of England, and of Miss Gouin (Gwynn), an actress, was presented to the king; the Queen Dowager gave him a pension of 2,000 pieces, without which he could not subsist.'—*Nowv. Mém. May 8th, 1681.*

It was but the year before that he was created a Duke, and appointed to some very lucrative offices. James (less generous than the Queen Dowager, to whom the very existence of the young duke was an insult) had, it would seem, resumed all these grants. We are now the less surprized at reading that the Duke of St. Albans was abroad at the time of the Revolution, and that his regiment, with his lieutenant-colonel at its head, was one of the first that went over to the Prince of Orange.

'The king was pleased to assist at the abjuration of the Duke of Richmond.

'*Note.* This conversion (to popery) did not last long. The Duke re-
turned

turned to England after the Revolution of 1688, reconciled himself with the Church of England,' &c.—*Nouv. Mém. Oct. 25th, 1685.*

'The Duchess of Portsmouth, to whom the king gave a pension of 12,000 livres six months ago, has requested the king to convey it, with some addition, to her son, the Duke of Richmond. The king consented, and granted 8,000 in addition, so that he has now 20,000 livres.'—*Nouv. Mém. Dec. 13th, 1690.*

The Duke of Richmond was, at this time, only fifteen years of age, and it does but little credit to James that he drove into want, exile, and the temptations incident to both, the children of so indulgent a brother as Charles: it ill accords also with the promises of protection and friendship, which, the day after Charles's death, he voluntarily proffered to the Duchess of Portsmouth and her children; as we see in Barillon's letters, in the Appendix to Mr. Fox's History.—In the same place will be found an important explanation of the following passage—

'The courier of Barillon (the French ambassador) said that the king (Charles) had died a Catholic, and had confessed and received the Communion from the hands of a priest, who had saved his life in a battle he had lost against Cromwell. *But Barillon does not mention it, and would not have forgotten it; and when we told the King in the evening what the courier had said, he answered, that all he knew on that subject was, that the English bishops had pressed the King to receive the Sacrament, that he had refused them, and that they did not dare pressing farther, for fear he should make a more open declaration.**—19th Feb. 1685.'

Barillon, as appears in his original dispatch, published by Mr. Fox, *did not forget it.*—He relates the fact in the most curious detail, and substantially as Bishop Burnet does: Barillon might well say that 'he supposed the secret would not be long kept,' when it appears that his own courier was so well informed. Louis, however, in his reply, promises not to divulge his ambassador's account of the transaction; and it appears from this passage in Dangeau, that he kept his word.—But James was eager to promulgate the glad tidings of his brother's salvation, and took anxious pains to have his apostasy published: his eagerness however on this point (which defeated the caution of Barillon and Louis) excites some doubts in our mind, and we are almost inclined to think that the bigotry of James may have exaggerated into a reconciliation with the Church of Rome, Charles's indifference to the Church of England.

The *sincerity* of the conversion of James himself has never been doubted, but Dangeau gives us a minute and pitiable instance of

* The words in italic are omitted by Madame de Genlis—we shall observe upon this by and bye.

it. Immediately on his arrival in Paris after his escape from London—

‘The king of England went to the convent of the Great Carmelites to see Mother Agnes; he wished particularly to see Mother Agnes, because she was *the first person who spoke to him* of changing his religion. He practises his devotions at the convent of the Jesuits!—*Jan. 17th, 1689.*’

At such a moment, to thank the poor nun, who had persuaded him to the steps for which he was then suffering, is surely the most extraordinary proof of humility and sincerity.

We were not aware of the following attention from King William to James, and are pleased to know it.

‘The Prince of Orange has sent the king of England his carriages, his horses, all his sporting equipages, and his plate.—*Feb. 9th, 1689.*’

The terror which William had struck into France is well pictured by a trifling incident.

‘Bonfires were made all through Paris at the news of the death of the Prince of Orange, which, however, the king did not approve. But the magistrates could not restrain the people.

‘*Note.* They were not satisfied with bonfires: tables were spread in the streets, and the passengers were invited to drink, which it was not safe to refuse to do. People in their carriages, and even the first nobility, submitted, like the rest, to this folly, which became a fancy, with which the Prince of Orange, though piqued, was still more flattered: the police had great difficulty in putting an end to it.’—*Nov. Mém. Aug. 2d, 1690.*

The following* passage on the subject of royal mourning is worth observing. ‘The kings of France mourn in violet—the king of England also mourns in violet, because he still claims to be king of France. It startles us thus to see two kings of France.’ We confess we are pleased with the spirit which induced James to assert (in such circumstances) this etiquette, and no less so with the magnanimity with which Louis conceded to his unhappy guest, what, Dangeau says, on another but similar occasion, ‘il aurait eu de la peine à passer à un souverain heureux.’

We may here observe, that, if the history of this etiquette be correct, (as we believe it to be,) those persons who, on a late melancholy occasion, stated that our sovereign ought to mourn in violet, or purple, are in an error. When the title and arms of France were relinquished in 1801, the reason for the coloured mourning also ceased, and the king of *England* should thenceforward mourn, like

* We have mislaid our reference, and there are so many details on the subject of court mournings that we have not been able to find the particular passage again; but our quotation contains the substance of it.

an Englishman, in black : besides, it appears, from another passage in Dangeau, 25th Dec. 1686, that even the kings of France wore *black* for the loss of persons of their own family, and that violet was only a mere court or ceremonious mourning.

Our readers will forgive us for extracting the account of the end of James's life, and of the generous and impolitic conduct of Louis in acknowledging his son.

'The king went at two o'clock to St. Germain's, to see the King of England, who had expressed a wish to see him before his death.

'He found the King of England better, but it is thought he cannot go on much longer. He (James) spoke to the Prince of Wales, his son, with equal piety and firmness, telling him that "however splendid a crown appeared, the time is sure to come when it is a matter of perfect indifference ; that nothing is worth loving but God, or desiring except eternity ; he exhorted him never to forget his duty to his mother, and his attachment and gratitude to the King of France, from whom he had received so many favours."

'He wishes to be buried in the church of St. Germain's, without any ceremony, and like one of the poor of the parish.'—*Monday, Sept. 5th, 1701.*

'The king of England yesterday requested the king to consent that he should be buried in the parish church of St. Germain, without any monument, and with only these words for his epitaph,

"Here lies James the Second, King of England."

Nouv. Mém. Sept. 6th, 1701.'

'The king went again to St. Germain's at two o'clock—he immediately saw the King of England, who, when they told him the king was there, opened his eyes for a moment and closed them immediately again. The king told him that he had come to see him to tranquillize his mind on the subject of the Prince of Wales, and that he would acknowledge him King of England and Scotland.

'The king then went to the Queen of England, to whom he made the same promise, and proposed to call in the Prince of Wales, to acquaint him with a secret so important to him. He was called in, and the king spoke to him with a kindness that seemed to go to his heart. When the prince came out of the queen's room, Lord Perth, his governor, asked him why he had been sent for. He answered that it was a secret which he was bound to keep. He then sat down to a table and began to write;—Lord Perth again inquired what he was writing. I am writing, he replied, all that the King of France said to me, in order that I may read it every day, and never during my whole life forget it.

'When the king declared to the King of England that he would acknowledge the Prince of Wales King, all the English who were in the apartment fell on their knees, and cried God save the King! The Queen (of England) is so touched with this great action, that she can speak of nothing but her gratitude—but her sorrow for the situation of the king her husband embitters all her joy.

' At his return from St. Germain's, the King declared what he had just done for the Prince of Wales. The Pope's nuncio remains at St. Germain's, and as soon as the old King dies, he will recognize the Prince as king.—*Tuesday, 13th September, 1701.*

' The poor King of England sent early this morning for the Prince of Wales, and said to him, "Come near me, my child, I have not seen you since the King of France has made you king; never forget the obligations which you and we owe to him, and remember that God and religion are to be preferred to all temporal advantages:" he then fell back into an insensibility, from which no remedy could recover him; whenever he has an interval, he talks with a degree of piety and reason which edify all who hear him; *indeed, it seems that he speaks with more sense than before his illness.*—*Wednesday, 15th Sept. 1701.*

' The King of England is still worse than he was yesterday, and it is not thought that he can out-live the day. The king (of France) sent Degranges, master of the ceremonies, to prevent any ceremony; the body will be deposited at the English Benedictine Convent, and as soon as he is dead, the queen will go to Chaillot.—*Thursday, 15th Sept. 1701.*

' The King of England died at St. Germain's at three o'clock; he has always desired, *from a sentiment of piety*, to die of a Friday.—*Friday, 16th September, 1701.*

' The king, on going abroad, went to St. Germain's to visit the new King of England, James the Third; he did not stay long with him, and then went to visit the Queen his mother.

' All the foreign ministers came as usual to the king's levee, except the English ambassador, who affects to be angry at the king's recognition of King James the Third. There is, however, nothing in that contrary to the treaty of Ryswick; there are even examples of two kings of the same country recognized at the same time; King Casimir, whom we have seen die in Paris, was, before he was King of Poland, recognized as King of Sweden, though there was another king on the throne, with whom even, we were in alliance.—*Thursday, 20th September, 1701.*

' King William was at dinner at Loo when he heard of the death of James, and that the king had recognized the Prince of Wales: he pulled down his hat in anger, and did not open his mouth. They add, that it is thought he will immediately recall his ambassador.—*Thursday, 29th October, 1701.*

The two following extracts are worth quoting, the first as a pleasant instance of credulity and ignorance—the second as a melancholy and almost Theban example of fratricide.

' A ship is arrived at La Rochelle from Canada with accounts that our colonies are in want of speedy succours. The Bishop of Quebec has sent missionaries into parts which have been hitherto considered as imaginary. He reports that he has discovered a people, whose hair, both of the head and body, is like the plumage of parrots; and another of which all the men are hump-backed and the women all lame.—*Sept. 17th, 1690.*

' There has been, within these few days, a shocking duel at St. Germain's.

main's. Two Englishmen, brothers of the Earl of Salisbury, quarrelled, fought, and severely wounded each other :—after the duel, they were reconciled, mutually asked forgiveness, sent for a priest and abjured the protestant religion in which they had been brought up ;—the eldest, who is but nineteen years old, is since dead of his wounds, the younger is still very ill of his, and only waits his recovery to throw himself into the monastery of La Trappe.—*March 28th, 1691.*

These brothers were Thomas and Edward Cecil, sons of —, third Earl of Salisbury : the unhappy survivor did not, it would seem, retire to La Trappe, as he was himself murdered shortly after in Rome.

Our readers will easily judge, from the specimens we have given, that these Memoirs contain the most ample illustration of the personal character of Louis XIV. ; and it is indeed to this circumstance that we are chiefly indebted for the first of these works, and altogether indebted for the second. Madame de Genlis thinks that this minute history of the life of the monarch does him honour, she has accordingly published it with eulogistic commentaries and notes ; and we own that we meet, with pleasure, a great number of anecdotes like the following, which are creditable to the justice and good nature of Louis, to whose character, in these points, it seems that justice is not generally done.

‘ After the council the king called the good old Montchevreuil into his closet, and said every thing that was kind and the most proper to alleviate his sorrow for the loss of his wife. He concluded by saying, “ Don't look upon me as your master or your benefactor, but as your best friend, and in that character consult me upon all that can interest you or your family.”—*31st Oct. 1699.*

‘ The king transacted business with M. de Pontchartrain this evening as usual, and he made a promotion in the galleys.—Only one gally was vacant, and M. de Pontchartrain in enumerating to the king those officers who might be selected for this appointment, dwelt upon the name of the Chevalier de Froulé. The king said to him, “ I perceive that you interest yourself for M. de Froulé, and he deserves it ; but there are others older than he who deserve it as well—they have no interest, and I am, therefore, bound to take care of them ;” and he gave the place to the next in seniority—*15th Dec. 1699.*

‘ The play is at a prodigious rate,—the king having heard that the servant who keeps the accounts of the play had paid out of his own pocket, a mistake which had been discovered in the counters, sent for him, praised his conduct, and repaid him his money.—*12th June, 1698.*

‘ The Marquis De Coigny died on Sunday morning after a tedious illness—he had no place, but the king allowed him a pension, and during his very long illness the king had the charity to send him assistance in secret.—*1st Dec. 1699.*

‘ This morning in council, the king condemned himself in a law-suit which he had with the Prince of Carignan ; the sum in question was

as much as 200,000 livres: the matter was not without difficulty, but in all doubtful cases the king generally decides against himself.—28th December, 1699.

M. Lémontey, on the other hand, evidently belongs to the revolutionary or Buonapartean school, which took or made occasions to depreciate the character of Louis even while the Usurper was, like the frog in the fable, bursting himself to imitate his magnificence: and, as Lémontey saw in Dangeau but too many topics of accusation against Louis, he has diligently extracted every thing of that nature which Madame de Genlis had omitted, and appended to it a dissertation on the administration of that monarch, which he need hardly have told us was written 'at a period when his family appeared exiled from his throne for ever.' M. Lémontey mentions this fact as a guarantee for his impartiality; but we own that we see it in quite another light; and we think that those who read this tedious dissertation, will agree that the *spirit* of the production is perfectly consistent with its *date*. We do not, however, intend to enter here into the litigated question of the character of Louis; as we shall probably have occasion very soon to bring that discussion distinctly before our readers. At present we must confine ourselves to Dangeau and his editors.

We are sorry, sincerely sorry, to be obliged to charge Madame de Genlis with at least as much unfairness in the pursuit of her panegyric, as M. Lémontey has exhibited in his dissertation, and with this serious aggravation, that Lémontey only misrepresents and mistakes in his own character, while Madame de Genlis commits her offences under the name of Dangeau.

Madame de Genlis pledges herself that she read over every syllable of this vast collection, and that she re-read all the memoirs of the time to enable her to explain obscurities, and avoid tautologies, and she adds—'I am certain of not having omitted, in my abridgment, one line of the original which can be regretted.'—*Dis. Prél.* p. 32. Now upon this we have to say—first, that Madame de Genlis has re-read all the Memoirs to little purpose, or at least with little benefit to us; for her explanations are scanty and trite, and the natural dryness of Dangeau's narrative is made still more so by the absence of notes which should convey some of that information which is only to be found in contemporaneous memoirs. We have ourselves read a good deal in this line of French literature, and yet we own that we should have been very grateful to Madame de Genlis if she had occasionally assisted our memory with such illustrations as her recent and *purposed* perusal of the Memoirs must have afforded. This, however, is but a minor cause of complaint—the two next are more serious,—Notwithstanding her pledge that she had not omitted one interesting line of the original, M. Lémontey

tey has contrived to select an octavo volume, consisting of *one thousand articles* omitted by Madame de Genlis, and we must confess that, of the two, we consider M. Lémontey's collection as more interesting than her's, as, perhaps, our readers, by the extracts we have made, may have already discovered: but this is not all; we are sorry to say that the articles omitted by Madame de Genlis are those which, generally speaking, do least credit to Louis XIV., and are therefore least favourable to her hypothesis of his character. This then wears the appearance of an unfair suppression; and this suppression has been exercised not merely on entire articles, but on *parts* of articles which appear not to have suited her views: for instance, her zeal for the Roman Catholic religion has not only induced her to suppress all the extraordinary and extravagant attempts by force, bribery, &c. which Louis made to convert his Protestant subjects, but even to conceal the doubts which Dangeau throws on the story of the conversion of Charles II. If our readers will look back to page 469, they will see marked in italics the passage which Madame de Genlis has omitted—an omission which we cannot call by any milder term than a falsification; and we are surprised and sorry that Madame de Genlis could imagine that the cause of religion was advanced by such a conversion as Charles's, or such a *finesse* as her own.

In the same spirit, she has suppressed the death-bed acts of two Popes, (Nouv. Mém. 23d August, 1689. 14th Jan. 1691.) which, in her opinion, were not altogether creditable to those holy persons; and in giving an account of James the Second's foolish wish that he might die on a *Friday*, she puts a reason for it into Dangeau's mouth ('*from a feeling of religion,*') which is not in the original.

Sometimes her anxiety for Louis induces her to change the too simple expressions which Dangeau attributes to him, into something which she considers as more *noble*; thus, Dangeau had said,

'After the death of the *Dauphine*, the king took the Dauphin into his closet, and said to him, You see what the greatness of this world comes to! *You and I must come to that ourselves.*—20th Ap. 1690.'

The words in italics Madame de Genlis exalts into 'Behold what awaits you and me: may God give us the grace to end as holily!'

These alterations are, it must be added, not many, and, for the most part, of but little importance—they nevertheless throw a doubt over the candour of Madame de Genlis, which our respect for this agreeable and instructive writer makes us regret. We still have some faint expectation that as there are known to exist several manuscripts of Dangeau, that which she consulted may not have contained the passages which M. Lémontey has found in his; and as some of the differences are altogether unessential, there seems

reason

reason to hope that Madame de Genlis may be able to show that her copy really differed from that of Lémontey.—

Lémontey informs us that his copy is enriched with notes by an unknown hand.

‘I am ignorant,’ says he, ‘of the name of the author or authors of these additions, and I did not recognize the hand-writing of any of those persons who have left us memoirs.—One thing only seems certain, that the unknown annotator was a contemporary of Dangeau; that he survived him some years; and that he was well acquainted with the domestic affairs of the great families, and with the most secret anecdotes of the court.’—*Avertissement.*

This account of M. Lémontey convinces us, (as several previous instances had induced us to suspect,) that he is not very well read in the Memoirs of the time, and consequently not very well fitted for the work which he undertook.—We ourselves can make no pretension to cope with a Frenchman in French literature, and particularly in a department to which he has devoted himself, yet we think we can inform M. Lémontey that his annotator is *not* ‘unknown;’ that he is a person ‘who has left us memoirs;’ in short, that he is no other than the Duke of St. Simon whom we have already often quoted, and whom also M. Lémontey quotes now and then, though we think we shall show that he has not very attentively read the works of that bitter but most entertaining writer.—We shall select a few of these notes, and afterwards add St. Simon’s account of the same person or transaction, that our readers may judge whether we are wrong in attributing them to the same source.

We shall begin by the character of the President Rose, the private secretary of the king, and our translations shall be literal in order that the comparison may be perfect.

Annotator.

‘Rose held the king’s pen, that is, he wrote all the letters in the king’s own hand; whose handwriting he imitated so that *they could not be distinguished*, and he had an inimitable style—he was a man of sense, sly and adroit, bold and dangerous, and he was not to be offended with impunity—*there are stories without number about him.*—A word more of this good man, with his calotte of satin, his grey hair, his band almost like an Abbé, his little cloak, and a handkerchief always between his unbuttoned coat and his waistcoat, with a tolerably handsome countenance and piercing eyes sparkling with sense.’—p. 134.

St. Simon.

‘Rose for fifty years had held the king’s pen:—to hold the pen is to be an official forger, and to counterfeit so exactly the King’s writing, as that *one cannot be distinguished from the other.* It was not possible to make a king speak with more dignity than Rose did. The good man was sly, cunning, adroit, and dangerous; *there are stories without number about him.* Rose was a little man, neither fat nor lean, with a tolerably handsome

handsome face; a sly physiognomy, *pierring eyes sparkling with sense, a little cloak, a calotte of satin on his white hairs, a little band almost like an Abbé's, and always wearing a handkerchief between his coat and his waistcoat.*—vol. xii. p. 18.

The following account of the courtly grief for the death of M. de Barbezieux is amusing and (in one view) not uninteresting.

Annotator.

'Many persons lost by his death, and many ladies were quite melancholy in the saloon; but when they sat down to table and had cut the twelfth-cake the king exhibited a joy which made itself remarked and imitated; and, when he cried out, *La Reine boit!* he turned up his plate and rattled his fork and spoon on it; and this was soon imitated by the afflicted ladies: and this school-boy racket was often repeated,' &c. &c.

St. Simon.

'Many fine ladies, who lost much by his death, were quite melancholy in the saloon at Marly; but when they sat down to table, and had cut the cake, the king exhibited a joy which seemed to wish to be imitated; he was not content with crying out, *La Reine boit!* (as if at a tavern), but he himself rattled and made the rest rattle their forks and spoons on their plates, and this strange racket was frequently repeated.'—vol. ix. p. 43.

Again,—

Annotator.

'*Madame de Montchevreuil was a tall, thin, devout, austere, and sour figure—a nose without end, and long yellow teeth which she showed by a silly laugh, a face of yellow wax, in short she was a fairy moved by springs. She was the tribunal of all the women, old and young, on whose testimony they were admitted or rejected, distinguished or neglected, banished or recalled—she was the heart, the soul, the entire confidante, without question or appeal, of Mad. de Maintenon—she was above every body,*' &c.—p. 122.

St. Simon.

'*Madame de Montchevreuil was a tall, thin, yellow creature, who laughed sillily, and showed hideous long teeth: she wanted only a wand to be a real witch. Without any talents, she had so captivated Mad. de Maintenon, that she only saw by her eyes: she was the watch over all the women of the court, and on her testimony depended distinction or affronts—every one trembled before her.*'—vol. ii. p. 46.

We now think our readers will have but little difficulty in pronouncing the Annotator and the Duke of St. Simon to be the same; the coincidence between the passages is so great as to render it impossible that these traits can have been sketched by different pens, and there are certain little variances which a mere copyist of St. Simon would hardly have made. At all events, whether from his own hand, or by a copyist, we may venture to pronounce that the substance of the notes are St. Simon's; and we even see reason to suspect that St. Simon, in the compilation of his Memoirs, must have had a copy of Dangeau before his eyes.

We

We have now done with these amusing volumes; we are aware that we have given a very inadequate view of their contents, but we have said enough to enable our readers to judge whether they are likely to be amused by the work, and to put them on their guard against the prepossessions of the two editors, and against the weight which they might give to the *notes*, if supposed to be from another pen, than that of St. Simon; whose cynical, not to say malignant, humour, throws a suspicion over all his relations, and diminishes the pleasure excited by the vigour of his style, the extent of his information, the vivacity of his wit, the curiosity of his subjects, and the boldness of his character.

ART. XIII. *Letter from Sir Robert Wilson to his Constituents in Refutation of a Charge for dispatching a false Report of a Victory to the Commander in Chief of the British Army in the Peninsula in the Year 1809; and which Charge is advanced in the Quarterly Review published in September, 1818.* 8vo. pp. 32.

FOR the appearance of this pamphlet we are ourselves in some measure answerable, inasmuch as its avowed intention is to serve as a reply to a charge advanced against its gallant author in our last Number, of having 'enlivened a period of inaction during the Spanish war, by dispatching to head-quarters a false report of a victory gained by the corps under his command.' p. 140. In reply to this imputation, Sir Robert Wilson has thought fit to republish, with considerable enlargements, his former statement of the services of the Lusitanian Legion, in which, not content with refuting the particular aspersion to which we have referred, he has apparently made it his object to prove himself and his corps the most conspicuous and effective agents in that illustrious period of military adventure.

We, therefore, stand with him at present in the double relation of parties and of judges, and, as we are naturally anxious to keep these characters distinct from each other, we shall first reply to those parts of the present work in which we are personally concerned, before we resume our accustomed office as examiners of the general accuracy and importance of its claims and representations.

And here it is, in the first place, no more than the performance of that duty which we owe to the public and to Sir Robert Wilson himself, to state that we were misinformed as to the period of the war in which this undue assumption of success was said to have occurred, and no less so as to the precise terms of that statement which, apparently, gave rise to the rumour in question.—The affair of Baños did not occur during a *time of inactivity*, and (whatever may be our difference of opinion with Sir Robert Wilson as to its importance)

ance) it must be admitted that it was not of a nature to 'enliven : and instead of the words 'OF A VICTORY,' which we had used on the authority of current fame, Sir Robert's Reply convinces us that we ought to have said 'of an ACTION, *which, though only a trivial skirmish, ending in an unaccountable rout, was described with all the pride of a victory.*'

We must also admit to Sir Robert Wilson that he was right in supposing that we alluded to him ; and to whatever satisfaction the foregoing correction of our error can give his feelings he is fairly entitled. Our readers will probably not consider that error to have been a very serious one ; but such as it is, we must, in justice to ourselves, request them to recollect that the point in question was *incidental* only to our argument, and that it can in no degree affect the general tenour of an Article, in which we have as yet found nothing else which we are inclined to retract or qualify. If they will do us the favour to attend to our subsequent statements, they will find Sir Robert Wilson himself affording the most ample confirmation (with the single change of *action* for *victory*) of all our observations. Before we proceed to this examination, we must, however, take notice that the gallant officer has imputed to us an 'insidious allusion' to himself, as having been the first to suggest that interpretation of the Treaty of Paris, which Marshal Ney advanced against the execution of the sentence pronounced on him. But the charge of 'insidiousness' is all which we here wish to disclaim. We were, certainly, assured, on authority which appeared to us decisive, that Sir Robert Wilson *was* the first to suggest that interpretation, not, indeed, to the *counsel* of Marshal Ney, but to Marshal Ney himself, or his confidential friends.—Nor did we mean to impute to him as a *crime*, a line of conduct which would have been perfectly consistent both with his avowed political predilections, and with the humane interest which he expressed for Marshal Ney and his companions in misfortune. But we were fully justified in adducing such a circumstance as proof that *that* could not be the natural meaning of a treaty, which, after being overlooked in cases to which it would have equally applied, was suggested at length by the acuteness of a by-stander. And, whoever was the first author of the interpretation in question, we should certainly require very forcible evidence to make us believe that it was known *without being acted on*, by individuals whose lives (like those of Ney and Labedoyère) depended on its recognition.

How far Marshal Ney was a worthy object of Sir Robert Wilson's intercession we are not called on to decide. As, however, an attempt has been made to extenuate his apostasy by the supposed example of Marlborough, we are anxious, in justice to our renowned countryman, to instance some remarkable points of difference between the two cases ; though we, at the same time, protest anew against that monstrous doctrine which makes the nature
of

of right and wrong depend on precedent. But it was not merely 'to avoid a civil war,' that Marlborough left his old master,—a motive, by the way, which might justify the dignified neutrality of Marshal Macdonald, but by no means extenuate the active *co-operation* of Marshal Ney with an usurper, whom he had so lately sworn to bring to Paris as his prisoner. But Marlborough had better grounds to plead, inasmuch as he left King James in consequence of a long series of attempts on the public liberty, and after having publicly and privately remonstrated against those attempts, so far as to have declared to King James himself *his resolution not to fight against the Prince of Orange*. Nor did Marlborough desert at the head of an army. He seceded, on the contrary, betraying no post, nor doing any thing more than withdrawing himself with some few officers;* yet whoever reads the historians of that period will find that even this was regarded as an act of very doubtful morality, and one which his warmest admirers have been considerably perplexed to defend. But, had Marlborough accepted the command of the troops which were to act against William; had he publicly, and with tears, made the strongest asseverations of fidelity to James, and issued, some few days after, a proclamation inviting his soldiers to join the invader; we still should not say that Marshal Ney was on that account less criminal, but we do not think that Churchill would have found an apologist among the Major-Generals of the last century. Surely it is among the most unhappy symptoms of the present time, that brave and high-minded men have been induced, by party-spirit or overstrained generosity, to extenuate or defend a line of conduct, from the remotest approach to which they would, in their own persons, have recoiled with abhorrence and indignation!

We wish we could have excused ourselves from pursuing the examination of Sir Robert Wilson's military details: but the claims which he has advanced are, in themselves, of a nature not to be received without inquiry: and as, not content with establishing his own renown, he has, on more than one occasion, invaded the equally hard-earned fame of other officers, we are constrained to call the notice of the public to certain dates and details which, in the present animated narrative, he has, apparently, overlooked or forgotten. He has called for investigation, and he shall have it.

Sir Robert Wilson commences the narrative of his services in the Peninsula with stating that he was appointed, without any solicitation of his own, to raise a Portuguese legion, and that he subsequently refused the pay of £1000 per annum, which was offered to

* Hume, indeed, tells us, that he carried with him 'some troops of dragoons.' But as the contrary is stated by all contemporary historians—Burnet, Rapin, Ralph, and the author of King James's Reign in Kennet's compilation, we must impute this charge to carelessness in Hume, or to his known political bias in favour of the House of Stuart.

him by the *Regency of Oporto*. Now we must first beg leave to remark that there was, at that time, no *regency*, or *government*, or legal *governor* at Oporto. The *regency* was then established at *Lisbon*, and the *Bishop of Oporto* could neither have had the authority to confer, nor the means to make good, such a grant as is here spoken of. But, we would also request Sir Robert Wilson to explain on what grounds this pay was offered. If as military pay, we happen to know that the pay of a Lieutenant-General in that service is about £300 a year;—that of a Major-General about £250;—while, we believe that we are not mistaken in asserting that Sir Robert was a Brigadier-General only. And on these particulars the public have a right to be informed, in order to appreciate duly the degrees of disinterestedness displayed by him on this occasion.

It is next stated that 'the corps, having been found efficient by Sir John Cradock, it moved from Oporto, within six weeks from its formation, and entered the *Spanish territory* to make a diversion in favour of Sir John Moore, and to save Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida.' At what precise time the legion left Oporto, is of little consequence; but, if Sir Robert Wilson means, as is the natural construction of his words, that it entered the *Spanish territory* within six weeks from its formation, we have pretty good grounds for affirming that it is a point on which his memory has deceived him. His corps began its formation in *September*, (we believe in the early part of that month,) and it had not moved from Portugal until the latter end of *December*, which is nearer *four* months than six weeks from the time of its being formed. But, let us examine, by the same test of those dates which are almost uniformly omitted in Sir Robert's Letter, how far he *could*, under the circumstances of the case, produce the effects to which he lays claim. Sir John Moore, it is well known, commenced his retreat from Sahagun on the 24th of *December*: he reached Benevente on the 27th of the same month, and Coruña on the 10th of *January*. Sir Robert Wilson was still in Portugal at the first of these periods, and did not reach Ciudad Rodrigo till within two or three days of the last of these dates; and we will ask any person, however moderately versed in military affairs, whether it is possible that, by entering the *Spanish territory* at this time, he could have made 'a diversion in favour of Sir J. Moore'?

But Sir Robert Wilson proceeds to state that

'the protection of the fortresses and the important and extensive line of country between the Agueda and the Tormes, became then the objects of the service in which he resolved to engage, which undertaking appeared so hazardous to people in authority at a distance, that he was enjoined to quit his corps, and provide for his own safety.'—And thus, he

he continues, 'by successful manœuvre and unremitting activity, the feeble corps under my command maintained an extensive and important territory ;'—'reanimated the drooping spirits of the inhabitants in the Portuguese and Spanish provinces which were menaced by invasion ; kept open the gates of retreat for the Marquis de Romana escaping from Galicia ; influenced, as acknowledged by General Cuesta, by the Spanish authorities, and by the British ambassador, the preservation of Seville at the most critical juncture, prevented the union of General Lapisse from Castile with Marshal Soult at Oporto, and paralyzed that marshal's operations until Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived with fresh troops from England.'—p. 9.

It would, certainly, be difficult to conceive a more magnificent spectacle than that of Sir Robert Wilson thus bestriding the ample fields of the Peninsula ; with one hand covering the capitals of Portugal and Andalusia ; and paralyzing, with the other, the combined efforts of the armies of France under some of her most distinguished generals, at a distance of 400 miles from each other. Nor will the admiration and astonishment of his readers be diminished when we inform them that the army with which he was enabled to achieve these most important services, consisted of from 600 to 800 raw Portuguese troops, with a few worse disciplined Spaniards whom he occasionally drew from Ciudad Rodrigo. But, when the traits of the picture are examined a little in detail, we are much mistaken if it will not serve as a tolerable specimen of that accuracy of recollection and modesty of assumption which pervade the letter before us. 'Protected the fortresses' !—The fortresses of Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo require, at least, 6000 men to defend them at all ; it is clear, then, that, unless they had other garrisons, Sir Robert Wilson's corps could not even have manned their walls, and must, therefore, have been still more ludicrously inapplicable to the purposes of a covering army. 'Protected an important and extensive territory between the Agueda and the Tormes.'—This is the first time that we ever understood that this tract was worth protecting. Its general sterility, its want of population and means of subsistence have, instead of calling for defence, been the protection of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, when attacked from the side of Salamanca. It was in consequence of these deficiencies that Massena, when he attacked them, was obliged to leave behind him a considerable part of his army, and it was in passing through this region, only fertile in acorns, that the army of the Duke of Wellington suffered so much during his retreat from before Burgos.

But, further, we are told that the gallant author 'kept open the gates of retreat for the Marquis of Romana's army.'—Will Sir R. Wilson have the goodness to explain where those gates were situated ? Certainly not on the same side of a deep and rapid river with the
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officer who thus kept them open. The Marquis of Romana was moving from Leon, through Galicia, into Tras os Montes, on the *right* bank of the Douro; and the corps of Sir Robert Wilson did not extend even to the *left* bank of that river, so that it was impossible for a much more considerable force than that under Sir Robert Wilson to influence in the slightest degree the operations in Tras os Montes. There was, however, at the same time, a much larger force on the right bank of the Duero, which has somewhat singularly escaped the observation of the gallant author. General Silveira, at the head of a considerable Portuguese army, did actually keep open the gates of retreat for Romana; and, besides observing Soult, retake Chaves, and make its garrison prisoners. Sir Robert Wilson cannot surely ascribe these services to his co-operation.

Again, he 'prevented the union of General Lapisse from Castille with Marshal Soult at Oporto.' Sir R. Wilson's corps, as we have stated, did not amount to so many as 800 men. General Lapisse had from 4000 to 5000, and Marshal Soult about 22,000. Are we reading the campaign of Cortez among the naked Mexicans? or what tribute of admiration can be too great for that generalship which, without any superiority either of arms or discipline, could thus render numbers not only comparatively but absolutely unimportant! But can Sir R. Wilson have forgotten what actually took place when General Lapisse advanced towards Portugal? Can it have escaped his memory that after a skirmish at the strong pass of Barba del Puerco, he very properly and judiciously threw himself into Ciudad Rodrigo; and, instead of being able to 'protect these fortresses,' sought protection for himself and his corps within the walls of one of them?—or, with all the activity which so eminently belongs to Sir R. Wilson, or even with the ubiquity which is implied in this statement, will he say that, while locked up in Ciudad Rodrigo, he was the cause of Almeida being saved?—or that, while thus situated, he could impede any junction or paralyze any operation which Generals Lapisse and Soult might have judged expedient? 'But, at least,' it will doubtless be contended, 'he saved the town within whose walls he found a shelter.' We have no wish to deprive him of any possible merit of this kind: but the degree of such merit must depend on the extent of the danger to which the place was exposed; and we have good reason to believe that General Lapisse had neither the means nor the inclination to attack it. His object was a junction with Marshal Victor. That object he *effected without molestation*, and it was only in passing that he tried the effect of a summons on Ciudad Rodrigo.

But what shall we say to the gallant general's next assertion, that he suspended the evacuation of Lisbon until the arrival of Sir A. Wellesley with fresh troops from England? That all dates should

here, as elsewhere, be omitted, is no fresh cause of wonder :* but it is really something singular that, during the only period to which, as we conceive, he can refer, there were never less than 12,000 or 15,000 British troops in Portugal, while the new organization of the Portuguese army was already in its progress. Whether there were any persons (excepting always the English opposition) who, under such circumstances, contemplated the evacuation of Lisbon, we cannot say : but certain it is that the British army, instead of making any preparations for such a measure, were, at the moment of Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival, already *advanced* about eighty miles, from Lisbon towards Oporto, to Leiria and Thomar. And it is also somewhat singular that the same 'person in authority at a distance,' (which may be Englished by saying the commander of the forces,) should have, at one moment, esteemed Sir Robert Wilson's corps so nugatory as to desire its commander 'to quit and consult his own safety ;' and at the next, should derive from its existence, at the distance of three hundred miles, a degree of confidence with which he was not inspired by a strong British force under his command, and the honour of the British name under his guardianship. Above all, however, Sir Robert Wilson has strangely forgotten, that, when, at last, Sir Arthur Wellesley came, he absolutely brought *no troops* with him : that he was immediately followed by no more than a *single regiment of cavalry*,—and that the glorious passage of the Douro, and the expulsion of Marshal Soult with 22,000 French from Oporto, were effected with that very army which, but for the magical effect of Sir Robert Wilson's manœuvres, would have fled from Portugal without striking a blow !

But these are not the only, we may say, these are not the greatest merits laid claim to by Sir Robert Wilson's corps. 'The discipline,' he says, 'and the organization which had been commenced in my legion were successfully introduced into the whole army by Marshal Beresford.'—p. 9.

We are sorry to observe, that this is not the first attempt which has been made to deprive that officer, to whom Portugal owes her military character, of the merits which are exclusively his own ; and we are, therefore, the more anxious to remind Sir Robert that so far was that officer from building on *his* foundation, or adopting on a larger scale the system of organization previously applied to *his* legion, that the first act of General Beresford was to change it altogether, and, in fact, to break up the corps whose claims we are now

* We really must be excused for expressing a hope that, if Sir R. Wilson should be pleased to favour the public with any further communications on the merits of his services, he would condescend to specify the time, the place, the duration, and the result of each affair, respectively, and not compel us to explore our way through such an indistinct and dateless narrative, as (with one exception) it has here been our duty to review.

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discussing. And we are further compelled to observe, that the discipline and conduct of that corps were such as to make its final dissolution a matter of notorious justice and expediency.

On the merit of Sir Robert Wilson's services in Spain, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, during the year 1809, there can be no dissentient voice. He executed, with very distinguished zeal and activity, the orders which he received; but we beg leave to remind him that *some portion at least* of the praise of those movements (the importance of which is allowed in the French dispatches, and by himself so much dwelt on) must belong to *him who directed* as well as to *him who executed them*. At all events, it is rather too much for the chief of a single detached corps to ascribe the great results of the campaign to himself and to the limited means which were at his disposal.

It is in this temper that he tells us, (p. 14.) that the movements of his corps, after the battle of Talavera, threw back Victor about thirty miles, kept that officer in ignorance of Soult's advance till the 5th of August, and prevented the reunion of the French armies till the 7th, affording thus sufficient time for Sir A. Wellesley to extricate himself from his unpleasant situation.

Now, Sir Robert Wilson cannot, surely, have read Marshal Jourdan's dispatch, by which it appears that Victor *had* reported the advance of the enemy, or combined army; for when he (Jourdan) finds that the report of Victor did not 'announce the march of the combined army, but *only* of Wilson,' from that moment he seems to have thought nothing more of him, except to say, that 'he is surrounded, and that 1500 men will make him prisoner.' And by what process does Sir Robert Wilson suppose that he prevented the junction of the French armies? *He* commanded a corps of about 4000 men considerably on their *right flank*; Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the victorious army of Talavera, was directly *between them*; and even the least military of Sir Robert Wilson's constituents are qualified to judge which was the most likely cause of their communications being intercepted.

We have now, however, arrived at a period when Sir Robert Wilson, instead of acting under the guidance and superior authority of Sir Arthur Wellesley, was become, to a great extent, a free agent; and the first happy effect which resulted from this situation, was his suffering himself to be *totally surrounded*. This fact is clear from his own narrative; and this he further confirms by quoting an intercepted letter from Marshal Soult to the governor of *Seville*. We believe the fact; but Sir Robert is unfortunate in the choice of his corroborative document, since Seville was not occupied by the French for several months afterwards, and since, at the time of which he is speaking, there was not a single Frenchman in Andalusia.

To return, however, to the main fact of Sir Robert Wilson's being *surrounded*.—This might, beyond a doubt, have been unavoidable, and to be classed among the usual incidents of war; but, not content with suffering us to pass on it this construction, he himself informs us that he *foresaw* the danger, and knowingly permitted the net to be drawn around him. Thus, he tells us, (for we will give his own expressions,) 'Fortunately, in anticipation of a disaster, I had sent off my guns, when I commenced my retreat, with orders to gain the Bridge of Arzobispo by all possible efforts.'—p. 15. Now guns, (even the ladies of Southwark must be sensible,) guns have in themselves no further property of defence or offence than so many carts or waggons; and it follows, that Sir R. Wilson, in sending off his guns without an escort, must have conceived the route which he destined for them to be not exceedingly hazardous. Why then, if he believed his guns could effect their passage, did he not take the opportunity of withdrawing the corps under his orders, which, as composed of cavalry and light infantry, might, surely, have passed through the same 'gate of retreat,' through which unprotected guns were drawn-off in safety? We have heard, however, a somewhat different account of the whole transaction; and, in the case of most officers similarly situated, we should, we confess, have rather supposed that their guns had been separated from them by the unexpected advance of the enemy, than that, having the power to send them away, they should not have taken the same opportunity to save their *army*.

From the hazard, however, which he thus strangely chose to incur, his good fortune was sufficient to extricate him. Nor can any one read without interest the description of his miraculous escape along a mountain path, till then esteemed impracticable and only traversed by shepherds, through peaceful vallies, which now first started at the sound of the bugle. Yet, that even of this track the difficulties were not so great as to prevent its being passed by cavalry, we conclude, since at Baños Sir Robert Wilson was not deprived of this latter description of force, and since, if these had found a *better* road, Sir Robert Wilson would not have preferred a *worse* for his infantry. By this road, however, he drew off his men, and took up a strong position in the pass of Baños, where he was shortly after attacked by the enemy.

This is the occasion on which we erroneously stated, in a former Number, that Sir Robert Wilson claimed a *victory*. On this particular we have already acknowledged our error, and we again beg leave (as a matter of common justice) to express our concern, and apologize for our unintentional mistatement. But, while we fully acquit him of any thing like express or intentional falsehood, it really appears to us, on his own shewing, that the report which he sent to head-quarters was of a character singularly over-charged,
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and what we call almost poetical. To a *victory*, indeed, he did not lay claim; but it may be observed, that if a small corps resists for many hours a vastly superior force—occasioning great loss to the assailants, and itself receiving little injury—impeding the enemy's movements, and effecting its own retreat in good order, so as to be applicable to other purposes—such an action, though modestly not termed a *victory*, must have, in no small degree, the *character* and *consequences* of one.

Now we would ask any unprejudiced person whether Sir Robert Wilson's public report is not calculated to produce such an impression? and whether any plain man who reads it would guess that the result of an action so described had been the total dispersion of the corps?—a rout so total that the general 'owed his safety to the swiftness of his horse'!

Thus we are told in the dispatch, that 'the enemy will only have to boast that he has achieved his passage.' But, will Sir Robert Wilson have the goodness to tell us what more an enemy could boast of than the *utter dispersion* of the corps opposed to him? We ask whether the most decisive battle on record, whether even that of Waterloo itself, had, in a military point of view, any greater results than these? What is it, indeed, which Sir Arthur Wellesley says in those extracts of his letter which Sir Robert Wilson has published?—'that he cannot comprehend the matter; that he does not understand *how* troops could behave so well as Sir Robert had stated in his public dispatch, and be so utterly routed as he had described them in his *private letter*; that he had sent the dispatch home to speak for itself, and that he *would have sent it back for revision*, if the delay might not have been injurious to Sir Robert Wilson.'—p. 23. We do not know that the English language affords terms more expressive of a discrepancy between the public and private letter, the varnished and unvarnished tale, and we beg Sir Robert to consider whether, in this apparent discrepancy, he may not trace the foundation of those injurious reports which have been circulated to his disadvantage, and which have to this hour remained unquestioned (as far as we know) even by those who were least inclined to detract from his reputation.

But what, after all, is the plain truth respecting the action at Baños? The advanced guard, (we believe under Colonel Grant,) consisting of about 400 men, occupied Aldea Nueva, Sir Robert Wilson remaining, with the rest of the corps, in the position and pass of Baños. The former party skirmished, during the greatest part of the day, with the enemy's piquets, and, being at last driven in, retired upon the position of the main body. The flight and dispersion of the whole corps immediately followed: and here ended the battle of Baños! Sir Robert Wilson, indeed, speaks of a nine hours' resistance; of artillery and musketry; of such a fire

as made a longer defence impossible ; of a battalion which cut its way through a column of cavalry and a column of infantry. But all the world knows that an action of any sort continued with vigour for nine hours, between 4000 or 5000 men well posted in a strong position and a brave and disciplined corps of 14,000 men attacking it, cannot be fought without very severe loss on both sides. It is a criterion by which the English public are pretty well accustomed to form their judgments. When, at the battle of Salamanca, it was found that the Spaniards had lost somewhere about three rank and file, every child could determine how much they had contributed to the victory. It were to be wished, then, that Sir Robert Wilson would have the goodness to produce his list of killed and wounded ; that he would tell us whether he lost 300 men ? (which is one quarter of what Marshal Ney talks of.) Whether he lost 100 ? Whether, in this tremendous battle, he lost 50, or even 20 men ? And we might then be enabled to ascertain what manner of action this was and how it was contested.

But the gallant officer has brought forward a dispatch of Marshal Ney's in confirmation of his own report : nor is any further proof required of the haste and confusion in which he has collected the present details, inasmuch as a very slight degree of attention would have convinced him that the evidence of Marshal Ney, if it be worth any thing, proves vastly too much, and is, in fact, at complete variance with a great part of his own narrative. We feel, indeed, some little surprize that Sir Robert Wilson should have thought it advisable to quote a French dispatch in proof of any thing. He must have seen too much of the armies of Napoleon to be ignorant of the mechanism of their bulletins. He must know how often those bulletins were falsified on principle to answer a particular purpose ; how often the dispatches of generals were altered or suppressed in Paris, and others fabricated in their room more advantageously suited to the occasion ; nor can he avoid, we think, perceiving on further reflection, how evidently the object in the present instance was to obtain a set-off to the defeat of Talavera, and (' pour égayer la bonne ville ') somewhere and somehow to eke out something like a victory.

But let us see how far this evidence, such as it is, can be said to agree with that of Sir Robert Wilson. Our gallant countryman says that, on his arrival, he occupied those ' posts which the exigency of the time permitted.' His friend, Marshal Ney, tells us that these posts were fortified with ' abbatis, ditches, and masses of rock,'—precautions which, it is well known, are not the work of a moment. Marshal Ney states that the English general left 1200 men on the field. His gallant antagonist only says that he had many *missing*, and that the enemy would have little to boast of. Yet surely he would not have passed over in silence a loss any thing like so considerable

siderable as this would have been,—a loss little short of one third of the whole corps under his orders? But let us try Marshal Ney's account by the same test of loss which we have applied to that of Sir Robert Wilson. He paints the battle in more tremendous colours than even his opponent has employed on it. He talks of an obstinate defence of a position supposed impregnable; of troops three times rallied; of charges with the bayonet; of all which can be done or suffered in an ably conducted contest, on a scale of the first magnitude. But what, after all, was *his loss*? In *all* the late battles, not that of Baños *only*, out of a corps of 14,000 men, his loss did not amount to 180 in killed and wounded! (p. 28.) Really if the Marshal were to be believed in his account of the battle, he would have had something more to *boast of* than Sir Robert would be willing to allow; but his dispatches being, as they plainly are, a tissue of empty boastings, we can only repeat our surprize that the gallant author should have thought fit to quote them as authority.

We have yet one more observation to make on Sir Robert's account of the affair at Baños. In enumerating the reasons which led him to defend that position, he tells us that a corps of 14,000 men, *within a few hours march on the right*, might have moved to attack the enemy in flank while *he* was opposing him in front; but that, under all the circumstances of the campaign, this step was not thought *expedient*.—p. 20.

Sir Robert does not like 'insidious allusions.' Now, really, we cannot conceive a more flagrant one against an officer of the highest rank, than that a great practicable service was left unfulfilled; and a British general, with 4000 troops, abandoned, without aid, (when aid might have been supplied,) to struggle with overwhelming numbers. But has not Sir Robert, in this passage, even more than usual, given the reins to his imagination, and risked assertions which his soberer judgment and collected memory would have effectually prevented? We put '*expediency*' out of the question; and categorically demand whether it be possible that Sir R. Wilson ever *could* have expected the co-operation of that corps, inasmuch as he *must* have known that such co-operation was physically impossible? The corps which he appears to have considered as a sort of auxiliary to his Legion, was commanded by one of the most distinguished generals in our service: it was acting, we presume, in direct combination with, and under the immediate orders of the commander of the forces; and (as we have been assured) instead of being at the distance of a *few hours march* from Sir Robert Wilson's right, was at Moralejos, fifteen Spanish leagues (*equivalent to sixty English miles, or two days forced marches*) from Sir Robert's position at Baños. The gallant author tells us that he himself arrived at Baños on the 11th of August, and he confesses that, until he was informed of the march of the enemy, he had no intention of fighting there.

Now the officer who commanded the corps alluded to could hardly be expected to have moved towards Baños before he knew that Sir Robert was there, and likely to need his assistance. But no advice of this kind (supposing such advice to have been dispatched) *could* have reached him before the 12th;—yet it was on the 12th that the battle was fought, in which Sir Robert Wilson affects to complain of the non-co-operation of a corps which *could not* have arrived on the scene of action till *two days after* his own corps was utterly defeated!

Such is the accuracy of a writer who professes to furnish materials for future history, and thus well-informed is he on the particulars of his own exploits, who writes as if he knew the manœuvres of armies better than the generals who directed them, and as if he were familiar with all the secrets of all the cabinets of Europe! Yet it is not wilful misrepresentation which we impute to him—far from it! But when vanity usurps the place of proper pride, it gives obliquity to the perceptions. The practice of brooding over actions which he conceives to be overlooked, and merits which, he fancies, are neglected; the love of doing all for effect, which despises the reputation to be acquired in a subordinate command, or the patriotism which is unrewarded by power; the spirit, lastly, of party, and a desire to swim against the stream, have made his talents worse than useless as a political writer, and must, even in his own profession, operate as a very disadvantageous drawback to energy however great, and to bravery, however distinguished.

We have yet a few observations to make on the subject of a far less important objector than Sir Robert Wilson, but to whom, nevertheless, we are fully disposed to render not only justice, but, if we could find any grounds for it, indulgence also—we mean the Count Macirone.—That person has urged, in defence of his conduct in furnishing General Murat, when apprized of his hostile intentions, with a passport, which was only to have been given him conditionally, that the passport could not be used against the allies, and could only have been advantageous to Murat in the event of his abandoning the expedition to Calabria. We fear this plea would hardly avail M. Macirone in a court either of honour or of justice. In the first place, what appearance was there that Murat would relinquish an expedition which was to embark immediately,—or how, when once engaged in it, could he abandon the officers who had resigned their all for him? To offer a passport with such expectations would have been insulting,—to accept it would have been monstrous.—But is not M. Macirone aware of the finesse which General Murat endeavoured to practise in his official answer to the allied sovereigns, published the following day at Ajaccio? Is he not aware that he professes to
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*accept the asylum offered him by the allies, though he declines proceeding to Trieste in the manner specified by them, alleging some incivility on the part of the captain of the British frigate?** Is it not plain that he thus, by the possession of the passport, intended to throw a blind over his projects, and to deceive either the allies—or perhaps his own adherents, as to their destination?—And when his two hundred officers and non-commissioned officers were embarked, does M. Macirone suppose that they were all to be on deck in full uniform? Or was it not worth the trial to offer such a passport in the event of being hailed by a British cruizer, for the chance at least of escaping a search and the detention which would have followed?—Or, if he had been stopped, was it nothing to be able to plead that he was, according to the tenor of his own proclamation, peaceably pursuing his voyage, with his adherents, to Trieste? and, in the event of being defeated in Calabria, if he had escaped the first pursuit, would not the Count Lipona have found his Austrian passport useful in a flight through Italy? It is plain, indeed, that the being provided with such a possibility of evasion was in itself a strong additional stimulus to the desperate enterprize which he meditated. And that he himself felt it, appears from the fact that this paper, which, according to M. Macirone, was of no possible use, was not only accepted by him, but carefully treasured up as of the last importance, and found on his person when he was taken prisoner. To suppose that such consequences were overlooked by M. Macirone would be to suppose him (what we have no reason to do) the weakest and most blundering of political agents; and we, therefore, repeat our opinion, that in acting as he did, he was guilty of a gross infidelity to his employers, and materially forwarded the hostile designs of his ill-advised and ill-fated master.

As to M. Macirone's insinuation that General Murat's life would have been spared but for British influence; we have good grounds for asserting that it is a downright and abominable falsehood.—Murat was tried by his own laws which were still in force, —by a court-martial composed of officers who had all borne commissions under himself. By attacking as a private individual a government recognized by all the world, he had placed himself in the situation of a common pirate and disturber of the public tranquillity. The sentence by which he suffered was the *same which he had himself denounced in his printed proclamation*

* ' Peu de temps après on eut la réponse qu'il avoit donné à Macirone en forme diplomatique, par laquelle, *en paroissant d'accepter le passeport*, il se réserve de traiter avec S. M. l'Empereur sur les conditions de l'asyle, mais refuse de passer à Trieste sur la frégate Anglaise, sous prétexte de la sommation peu mesurée, dit-il, qui m'a été adressée par M. le Capitaine de la frégate.'—*Pièce adressée au Roi de Naples*, 16 Oct. 1815

against the adherents of King Ferdinand.* And sincerely as we pity the untimely end of a brave and (on the whole) a respectable soldier, it would be weakness to forget the *massacre of Madrid*, and worse than weakness to deny that the death by which he suffered was as just as it was legal and necessary.

ART. XIV.—1. *First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth REPORTS of the Select Committee appointed to Inquire into THE EDUCATION OF THE LOWER ORDERS IN THE METROPOLIS*, and to report their Observations thereupon, together with the Minutes of the Evidence taken before them from time to time, to the House: and who were instructed to consider WHAT MAY BE FIT TO BE DONE WITH RESPECT TO THE CHILDREN OF PAUPERS WHO SHALL BE FOUND BEGGING IN THE STREETS in and near the Metropolis, or who shall be carried about by Persons asking Charity, and whose Parents, or other Persons who [whom] they accompany, have not sent such Children to any of the Schools provided for the Education of Poor Children. 1816—1818.

2. *A Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, M. P. from Henry Brougham, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. upon the Abuse of Charities*. Tenth Edition. London. 1818. 8vo. pp. 67.
3. *The Speech of Henry Brougham, Esq. M. P. in the House of Commons, May 8th, 1818, on the Education of the Poor, and Charitable Abuses*. London. 1818. 8vo. pp. 49.
4. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir William Scott, &c. &c. M. P. for the University of Oxford, in Answer to Mr. Brougham's Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, upon the Abuse of Charities, and Ministerial Patronage in the Appointments under the late Act*. Fourth Edition. London. 1818. 8vo. pp. 100.
5. *Vindiciæ Wykehamicæ; or, a Vindication of Winchester College: in a Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. occasioned by his Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, on Charitable Abuses*. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. London. 8vo. 1818.

* 'Ogni individuo impiegato da Ferdinando dopo l'epoca suddetta cesserà le sue funzioni dal giorno della pubblicazione del presente decreto o della nuova del nostro sbarco.—Quelli che dopo tale pubblicazione o nuova, si ostinassero a conservare i loro impieghi, e a dare una disposizione qualunque, saranno riguardati come ribelli, traditori della patria, e come tali saranno puniti con tutto il rigore delle leggi.'—Qualunque ministro di Ferdinando [qualunque impiegato] che dopo la pubblicazione del presente decreto o della nuova del nostro sbarco verrà conservare il potere a fare eseguire gli ordini del suo Sovrano, ordinare delle misure, o dare una disposizione qualunque tendente ad impedire l'esecuzione dei nostri ordini, sarà dichiarato ribelle, provocatore della guerra civile, traditore della patria e del Re, messo fuore della legge, e giudicato come tale.'—Art. 3 and 4 of the printed decree found on Murat's person. The passage between brackets was interlined with his own writing.

6. *A Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. in Reply to the Strictures on Winchester College, contained in his Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, M. P.* From the Rev. Liscombe Clarke, A. M. Fellow of Winchester College. London. 8vo. 1818.
7. *A Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. M. P. from John Ireland, D. D. formerly Vicar of Croydon, now Dean of Westminster, with an Appendix, containing the Letter from Mr. Drummond.* London. 1818. 8vo. pp. 31.

IN presenting to our readers some account of the proceedings of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, whose duties and functions (as entrusted to them by the House) are so carefully described in the title of their First Report; as well as of the several pamphlets to which those proceedings have given birth, we must supplicate a more than ordinary portion of indulgence. Great would be the difficulty of comprising within the limits of a Review even a brief notice of all the momentous topics (some of them most unexpectedly) involved in the examinations of the Committee, and in the Letter and Speech of its Honourable Chairman. Either of the two branches of inquiry upon which the Committee were specially directed to report, would have furnished ample materials of discussion for a separate Article. The latter branch, it must be owned, indeed, appears to have obtained but a small share of the attention of the Committee, in proportion to its urgency at the season when they were appointed: but, in return, they have made pretty wide excursions into provinces not immediately assigned to them. The result is to bring, amid many others of minor importance, the following distinct and most grave matters under our consideration.—1. The present condition of the lower orders of the metropolis.—2. Plans for promoting education amongst them, as well as for bettering, by other methods, their morals and their general state.—3. The propriety or impropriety of connecting the national religion with national education.—4. The nature and state of *all* charitable endowments and trusts.—5. The circumstances and administration of the great public schools and of the two universities of England:—and, lastly, sundry charges of malversation, and robbery of the poor, adduced against some personages of exalted rank and exalted character in the country.

It is not the extensive nature of these subjects alone that makes the discussion of them a task of great labour, and of some pain. The frequent and strong personalities which the learned Chairman of the Committee has, whether as their organ or in his own individual character, mixed up with most parts of his multifarious statements and arguments, cannot be read by any impartial person without a feeling of something like disgust. In accompanying him
through

through his long train of complaints and invectives, we find him continually treading upon ground, which few people willingly select for their operations, and meddling with weapons which, if they fail to inflict their meditated wound, are apt to recoil upon those who wield them. Nothing can be more unpleasant than to have to deal with topics such as these; but they cannot be avoided, without omitting altogether some of the most important features of the case now brought before the public. We trust that we shall be able to avoid the contagion of the example set to us in the manner of treating that case: but when we see those illustrious seminaries, which have for ages contributed to form the character of English gentlemen, made the objects of assault, we should be wanting in our duty to the public, were we to decline entering into an investigation in which their reputation, perhaps their existence, is concerned, and pursuing it whithersoever it may lead us. Our attachment both to the literary character, and to the established religion of our country, engages us to discharge fearlessly the important office of guarding the public mind against misrepresentation and prejudice, which are never so dangerous as when disguised under the mask of patriotism.

As the Chairman of the Committee comes before us voluntarily as an author, making both his 'Speech,' and the materials upon which his pamphlet is founded, public property, we may without impropriety with regard to the individual, and without trenching upon the sacredness of parliamentary privilege, say a few words of the author, before we turn to his works. He has been long known to the public, first as an able and energetic writer upon politics and economics, and of late years as one of the most powerful debaters in parliament. His style is extremely forcible, though deficient in purity and good taste: he abounds with sarcasm and invective; and upon almost all questions has recourse to personalities in a degree which is very unusual among men of his scope of abilities. In all his pursuits, he displays a spirit of industry and a power of exertion which cannot be too highly praised. But joining, as we do, with all the world, in admiration of these energies, we cannot help deeply lamenting the manner in which they are sometimes applied. We do not allude to the mere dissensions of party, nor to any of the questions which divide the two great bodies in the senate. An able and vigilant opposition, if exempt from factious and unpatriotic designs, must always prove a security to the constitution. It is the habit of disparaging the most revered institutions of this country, and the propensity to every species of innovation, that awaken distrust and alarm. If a disposition to discredit or subvert every thing that is familiar from custom, or venerable from antiquity, arises in any man's mind from a sincere and honest wish of benefiting his fellow

fellow subjects, we can only say, that his notions are such as the philosopher and the practical man must equally condemn. Who, in truth, can really have persuaded himself, that the way to benefit his country, or even to introduce such corrections and improvements in its institutions as the lapse of time and the course of events may require, is by continual efforts to hold up to public odium the various branches of the legislature, particularly the highest; to throw suspicion upon the proceedings of the courts of judicature, and to bring into contempt the great establishments for national religion and national education? Upon whom can the practical lessons afforded by the history of Europe for the last thirty years have been so entirely thrown away? Prejudice may be entertained against English education by those who themselves do not happen to have enjoyed its advantages, the nature of which they therefore do not thoroughly comprehend: and this feeling, by no means universal or even generally prevalent among those who have been brought up under a different system, is in the present instance too conspicuous to escape the notice of the most careless observer. From what cause a like prejudice against our Established Church may spring, we cannot take upon ourselves to determine: but it is as impossible to peruse the publications now before us, as it is to read the productions of a certain Northern school of critics, without observing a continual eagerness to censure the conduct of the Church of England, and to speak of its distinguished characters with expressions of bitterness or derision.

The above remarks are forced from us, and are made rather in sorrow than in anger. Whether they be justified by the conduct of the late parliamentary investigation, the voice of the public must decide. We are not ignorant how jealously our countrymen are disposed to feel on the subject of charitable endowments; nor do we wish to see this jealousy abated or lulled asleep: it is the best security for those institutions, the peculiar and distinctive boast of this island. But we also know, that they are too clear-sighted to be long deluded by any suggestions, however specious, from those improvers who, if once admitted into the garden for the purpose of weeding it, would infallibly proceed to root up the fairest and goodliest products of its culture, and convert the soil to purposes of a totally different nature.

In submitting the merits of this subject to our readers, we purpose to adopt the simplest and plainest course. The importance of the subject is in itself sufficient to command their attention. It is our wish only to put them in possession of the facts, and to leave them to form a dispassionate opinion for themselves.

On the 21st of May, 1816, the Honourable and Learned Member for Winchelsea moved for the appointment of a Select Committee

Committee of the House of Commons, 'to inquire into the state of Education of the Lower Orders of the People in London, Westminster, and Southwark.' To prove the necessity of such an inquiry, the learned Gentleman mentioned the result of investigations lately pursued by some benevolent individuals in the metropolis, associated with the view of promoting the education of the poor; who, in the course of their laudable pursuit, had discovered in some parts of the town, particularly the districts of St. Giles's and Shadwell, that many thousands of children were totally destitute of education, and that this state of ignorance was accompanied by the most shocking misery and depravity.' He threw out, at the same time, an idea of proposing some scheme for educating the poor by parliamentary assistance, to be tried in London, in the first instance, by way of experiment. The motion thus stated was agreed to unanimously, and without the least expression of jealousy from any part of the House: and a Select Committee was appointed 'To inquire into the *Education of the Lower Orders of the Metropolis*, and to report their observations thereupon, together with the Minutes of the Evidence taken before them, from time to time, to the House; and were instructed to *consider what may be fit to be done with respect to the children of Paupers who shall be found begging in the streets* in and near the Metropolis, or who shall be carried about by persons asking charity, and whose parents, or other persons whom they accompany, have not sent such children to any of the schools provided for the education of poor children.' With their powers and the objects of their attention thus accurately defined, the Committee forthwith commenced their inquiries, and continued them with laudable industry till the 19th of the following month. The result of this labour was published in the shape of Minutes of Evidence; in which appear the examinations at large of many persons connected with, or possessing information relative to, the different Charity schools, Sunday schools, and Catholic schools in the metropolis, as well as those in the connection of the National Society, and the British and Foreign School Society. In addition to these objects of inquiry, to which they were directed by their instructions, the Committee, of their own accord, examined evidence respecting Westminster, the Charter-house, and St. Paul's schools, as well as other establishments, which have, ever since their foundation, been appropriated to the classical education of the higher and middling orders of society.

The day after the Committee had concluded their sittings, a short report was presented to the House, recommending, in general terms, that Parliament should take proper measures, in concurrence with the prevailing disposition in the community, for extending the blessing of education to the poor of all descriptions; urging like-
wise

wise the expediency of instituting an inquiry into the management of Charitable Donations and other Funds for the Instruction of the Poor in different parts of the country, and the state of their education generally; and suggesting that the best method of conducting such an inquiry would be by means of a Parliamentary Commission. But respecting a most prominent part of the operations of the Committee, their inquiries into the state of the Great Schools where the higher orders receive their classical education, not a syllable was said in their Report to the House. The mover of the Committee however, who had been appointed Chairman, in his speech on the presentation of the Report, alluded to this subject, and vindicated the course taken by the Committee, by saying, 'that they conceived, though the commission, under which they acted, did not necessarily lead them to any inquiries concerning the higher schools, yet that it authorized them to include these schools at their discretion.' The distinction here taken by the learned Gentleman shall be examined by and bye, as well as the other grounds alleged in justification of what must strike every person, at first sight, as a manifest transgression of the limits appointed for their inquiry. At present we have only to remark, that the Chairman expressed, on that occasion, great satisfaction with what had been discovered respecting the state of those great establishments, particularly Westminster, and the purposes to which the several endowments were applied. By this complimentary language, so completely at variance with his subsequent expressions on the same subject, he seems to have lulled the suspicions of the House and of the country; at least, this is the only way in which we can account for so extraordinary an assumption of power by the Committee having met with no disapprobation at the time from any quarter of the House. The notice of a motion for the appointment of an itinerant Commission of Inquiry, to be made at the beginning of the next session, was well received, and obtained the approbation of the ministers. In the session of 1817, however, no such motion was made, and the Committee was prevented from pursuing the business, as is stated, by the indisposition of its Chairman. But in the last session, the Committee renewed their operations with a wider field of action, and in pursuit of a higher description of game. They now obtained the title of 'The Select Committee on the Education of the Lower Orders;' and their powers being no longer confined to the metropolis, they extended their investigations to charitable endowments in different parts of England: they examined the Lord Register of Scotland relative to the parochial schools in that part of the kingdom; and Mr. William Parnell on the subject of education in Ireland; and they received the voluntary deposition of the Chairman himself touching an institution

stitution for the instruction and improvement of certain Swiss poor, and German princes and nobles, at Hoffwyl in the Canton of Berne.

Having, two years before, invaded, without control or censure, the great establishments in the metropolis in which the sons of the nobility and gentry are educated, they now, though still empowered only to 'inquire and report on the Education of the *Lower Orders*,' felt themselves authorized to overhaul the Colleges of Eton and Winchester. Accordingly, the Chairman summoned before him the Provost of Eton, and different gentlemen holding situations at Winchester; he satisfied his curiosity by a minute examination into all particulars relative to the internal economy, government, and expenses of these establishments; he published the Bursar's book, or account of all the receipts and disbursements of Eton College for the preceding year, as he had before done those of the Charter-house; and by the absolute power which, it seems, the Chairman of a Committee of the House of Commons possesses over all his Majesty's subjects, and over every thing held precious and sacred in the kingdom, he compelled them to produce their statutes. Those of Eton he has printed, as well as those of Trinity and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge. This part of his measures, however, we merely name at present, and shall take occasion to revert to it hereafter. The Committee, during this session, though they did not entirely lose sight of the instructions which they received at their appointment, yet devoted the greater part of their time to matters apparently of a very different description. They examined into the circumstances of a select number of endowed schools, of some of which circumstances the Chairman has availed himself in his character of an author, as matter of charge against their trustees or visitors: each of these will come under our review in its order. But the inquiry did not stop here: the Master and two of the Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, were minutely examined respecting the exact amount of their several incomes, as well as the number, value, and disposition of livings in their college patronage. This inquiry was necessary, it appears, to the full performance of that duty, which enjoined him to report on the Education of the *Lower Orders*, and the state of the *mendicant children of paupers*: and accordingly this examination stands upon record, a rare specimen of propriety and delicacy.

Thus far every thing proceeded smoothly. The Committee indeed was (as is generally understood) but thinly attended. Not more than three out of the forty members of it were, if we are rightly informed, in the habit of lending their assistance to the Hon. Chairman: but they lent it so cordially, that every thing appeared to go on according to his wishes. The session and the parliament
itself

itself were drawing to their close, when a Bill was brought into the House for 'the appointment of a Commission to inquire concerning Charities in England for the Education of the Poor,' which Bill was intended to invest the Honourable Chairman and others of the Committee, along with certain persons recommended by them, with full power 'to inquire generally into the State of Education;' to examine the abuses, not only of charities relating to education, but of *all charities whatever*; to demand the production of what papers they chose; and to enforce the answer of whatever questions they might be pleased to put, or to commit to prison on refusal. Here, at length, some disapprobation was expressed: the Ministers, who had all along encouraged the inquiry, as far as its *avowed* objects were concerned, objected to the provision by which the Commissioners were to be named by parliament, conceiving this nomination to belong to the just and constitutional prerogative of the Crown. Of his disappointment on this head, the writer of the 'Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly' complains very bitterly. Moreover the Bill, in its progress through the two Houses, had its objects, which seemed before to know no limit, somewhat defined; and the enormous powers of the Commissioners were curtailed. Among the alterations, the learned author most piteously laments that *three* commissioners are now made requisite to constitute a *quorum* instead of *two*; that they are not to have the power of compelling persons to produce deeds and papers, the disclosure of which may be injurious to their own properties; that their inquiries are to be confined to the narrow sphere of *charities for education*, instead of extending to *all charities whatever*; and that the Universities of England, the great Schools, and establishments having special visitors, are exempted from their jurisdiction altogether. For the imposition of these restrictions by the legislature, he can find, in candour, no better motive than a wish to destroy the efficacy of any inquiry, and to perpetuate the abuses complained of. The capital grievance, however, yet remains to be told. The Chairman and his Committee had kindly prepared a list of persons proper to be appointed by the Crown as Commissioners under the act; but when the names appeared of those whom the Prince Regent, in execution of his powers, had nominated, behold, the list was not the same! only two of the persons recommended were found therein; and, monstrous to tell, the name of the learned Chairman himself was omitted! On this he could contain himself no longer; and as parliament was not likely to meet for some months, he was under the necessity of relieving himself by a pamphlet, in which all the fury of his indignation is poured forth upon the heads of the Ministers, and of the House of Peers, as conspiring to screen the abuses of charitable funds, and upon certain distinguished individuals,

dividuals, who are more than insinuated to be participators in the spoliation.

To this 'Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly' different replies have appeared, the principal of which is in the form of a 'Letter to Sir William Scott,' written with a knowledge of the legal bearings of the subject evidently superior to those of the first letter-writer, and in a calm, dispassionate, and argumentative tone. Its style we think somewhat languid; but this defect is more than compensated by the force and validity of its reasoning. We shall afford our readers sufficient opportunities of comparing the two productions.

We propose, first, to offer some remarks upon that part of the inquiry, which was clearly marked out by the instructions of the House, the 'Education of the Lower Orders'; we shall then examine the reasons which induced the learned Chairman of the Committee to consider the Universities, and the first schools in the kingdom, as lying within the scope of the Committee's jurisdiction; and shall finally consider, in order, his various allegations and complaints.

The Minutes of Evidence taken by the Committee in 1816, so far as they relate to the Poor, are interesting and important in the highest degree; and we trust that none of the remarks which may arise upon the subsequent measures of the Chairman, will be considered as detracting the least from the applause to which this part of the investigation is entitled. In the cause of national education we have, from the first, been zealous advocates: on more than one occasion we have stated our reasons for thinking this the first and most essential, though not the only measure, which it is our duty to pursue, for diffusing moral and religious feelings among the lower orders, and ameliorating the general state of our population. The mode in which evidence was sought for upon this subject has been, we think, on the whole judicious; and it will certainly prove a great assistance, not only to parliament, but to the public, in pointing out the safest and most effectual modes of reaching an object, the importance of which seems now to be undisputed. There are a few facts which appear to be so clearly established from the concurrent testimony of all parties, and to supply so much ground for reflection; that though the evidence itself has been above two years in the hands of the public, and though we have, on other occasions, alluded to them, yet, as the subject is now fairly before us, we cannot forbear recalling to them the attention of our readers.

It appeared, from the inquiry in the year 1816, that not less than 120,000 poor children in the metropolis were totally destitute of education. During the two last years, however, much improvement has been made; and the progressively increasing number of the different schools enables us to look forward with confidence to the

the time, when the opportunity of education will be afforded to the whole of its population. But here we have to remark, first, that it is indispensably necessary, that the increase of Sunday-schools should go hand in hand with that of day-schools: in order that when the children, who have learned to read and write in the latter, are taken away by their parents for the purpose of making their labour available to their maintenance, they may be secured from the danger of losing the good habits, and the moral and religious principles which they have acquired. The evidence concurs in shewing that the profanation of the Sabbath is the almost universal cause from which profligacy in the lower orders originates: it shews also the attachment of the children to the Sunday-schools, and the great improvement in knowledge, morals, and general character which is almost invariably derived from them. Of the different good habits which the lower orders acquire at these schools, the best is that of attending divine worship; and this habit does not leave them when they cease to be Sunday scholars. But here a most important consideration occurs. The present churches and chapels of the Establishment cannot, without great difficulty, find accommodation for the existing schools (a difficulty which, of course, increases yearly): and they are utterly incapable of containing more than a small part of the same persons, when grown up. The certain and inevitable consequence is, that they are driven to attend dissenting chapels, in the erection and maintenance of which no difficulty seems to be found from expense, or from any other obstacle. Unless, therefore, new churches and chapels for the Establishment be erected in the metropolis, and other large places where there is a superabundant population, and upon such a plan as may admit the lower orders to partake suitably in the worship of the Church, it will be impossible that the bulk of our people can be retained in the national religion. A fair prospect of remedying this deficiency is at present held out by the parliamentary grant for assisting in the erection of new churches, and the subscription of individuals for enlarging those which now exist: and we have only to express our earnest hope, first, that no delay may be suffered to intervene in the execution of these purposes; and, secondly, that should the grant and the subscription be found inadequate for the full accomplishment of their ends, neither parliament nor the public will hesitate to enlarge their amount; and that no shortsighted views of economical retrenchment will prevent their discharge of a duty which they owe alike to God and man. That the work should be undertaken *now* rather than some years hence, seems a matter of incalculable importance. Should it be found necessary, in order to its speedy accomplishment, to increase

the burdens of posterity, we can only say, that posterity will have good cause to bless the present generation for its decision. In these remarks we are aware that we are suggesting nothing more than occurs to the minds of all who bestow any reflection upon the subject: but it is our duty to declare, what appears to us the most important corollary, deducible from the whole inquiry.

We must now beg our readers to consider how far the vital interests of the 'National Society' are involved in the measures suggested by the Committee. We need hardly remind our readers that, when this institution was founded, seven or eight years ago, for educating the poor of the establishment in the principles of the Church of England, it was assailed with something more than their usual asperity, by the writers in a Journal to which we have already alluded as seldom missing an opportunity of decrying or discrediting the frame of our Ecclesiastical Polity. Upon the earliest promoters of that benevolent undertaking, clergymen of high rank; and unimpeachable characters, was heaped every abusive appellation, every sarcastic insinuation, which the storehouse of invective could supply. The terms 'minions of the church,' 'holy bigots,' and 'blind zealots of a religious faction,' were unsparingly applied to the institutors of the subscription,—some of the most enlightened men in the kingdom. And what was the crime which called for this 'more than common indignation?'—why, their daring to give their own money and to devote their own time and trouble towards obtaining for the children of the lower orders, instruction in reading, in writing, and in the religion of their country. This was 'the head and front of their offending:' and for this conduct, which was nothing more than their duty as conscientious churchmen, they were assailed with language which it would not be easy to parallel. The fact was, that this institution happened to interfere with a favourite project that had been embraced by those writers with extreme zeal, of educating the whole of the lower orders in a system which excluded all creeds, and gave a preference to no church whatever. But they could not succeed in raising even a temporary outcry against the National Society, or in making it a political question. Churchmen of all parties joined in support of the national schools, and even the dissenters did not complain of the members of the Establishment for adopting a system of education for their poor, while, by the Act of Toleration, they were themselves at full liberty to do the same. Accordingly, the national schools have not only survived the anathemas fulminated against them, but have continued to increase in number and in efficacy, and have proved one of the greatest blessings for which this country has reason to be thankful to Providence. Now, however, after all controversy upon the subject appeared to have ceased, the attack has been renewed by the

Chairman

Chairman of the Committee, (surely it cannot have been with the advised sanction of a Committee of the British House of Commons!) divested, indeed, of all the gross and open invective which had been found to answer so ill before; but in a mode far more to be apprehended. The Report which he presented in the last session recommends the House of Commons to interfere with the National Society, and to begin by partially overthrowing its system.

‘ Another point to which it is material to direct the attention of Parliament, regards the two opposite principles, of founding schools for children of all sorts, and for those only who belong to the Established Church. Where the means exist of erecting two schools, one upon each principle, education is not checked by the exclusive plan being adopted in one of them, because the other may comprehend the children of sectaries. In places where only one school can be supported, it is manifest that any regulations which exclude Dissenters, deprive the Poor of that body of all means of education.’—*Third Report of the Select Committee*, p. 56.

The published speech of the Chairman enlarges upon the same topic.

‘ In the first place, where the town is considerable, though the people may be of various religious denominations, no impediment to instructing the whole arises from that circumstance, because there is room for schools upon both principles. The Churchmen can found a seminary, from whence Dissenters may be excluded by the lessons taught, and the observances required; while the sectaries, or those members of the Establishment who patronize the schools for all without distinction of creed, may support a school upon this universal principle, and teach those whom the rules of the Church Society exclude. But this is evidently impossible in smaller towns, where the utmost exertions of the wealthy inhabitants can only maintain a single school. There, if the bulk of the rich belong to the Church, no school will be afforded to the sectarian poor; though, certainly, if the bulk of the rich be Dissenters the poor connected with the Establishment may profit by the school, which is likely to be founded. If, on the other hand, the wealthy inhabitants are more equally divided, and the members of the Church refuse to abandon the exclusive plan, no school at all can be formed. Accordingly it is in places of this moderate size that the difference between the two plans is the most felt, and where I can have no doubt, that the progress of education has been materially checked by an unbending adherence to the system of the National Society. The moderate size of the place renders the distinction of sects most injurious to education, even where there exist the means and the disposition to establish schools by subscription.’—*Mr. Brougham’s Speech*, pp. 9, 10.

On reading each of these passages, we were forcibly struck with the recollection of having seen the same, or something very much like it, before: and looking back through the pages of the Journal

nal which had led the way in this liberal view of the question, we discovered, after a little search, in that publication for Nov. 1811, the paper which had left such an impression on our memory; and from which the following is an extract.

‘ But admitting, for the sake of argument, that this proposition of a double system is perfectly sincere; and that such a plan would be attempted with good faith, after it should have served the purpose of the moment;—we hold it to be quite impracticable, at least in the desired extent, from the nature of the thing. The essence of the new method consists in economizing the expense of education, by teaching very large numbers at once. Beautiful and useful as it is, when applied to schools of a certain size, it is wholly inapplicable to small seminaries; at least, it loses all its advantages. One teacher now superintends a school of 1000 or 1200 children. Wherever, therefore, the whole poor children of the district do not exceed this number, it is exactly doubling the expense, to have two schools. And where they do exceed this number, how are they to be divided? We cannot expect that, of 1600 children, 800 will belong always to the church, and 800 to the different sects. In some places, the sectaries may be very few in number, perhaps 10 or 15; but if they were 20 or 30, they are too few,—and *they* therefore can take no benefit whatever from the new system. In all such cases, the Church of England poor may be educated; but the Dissenting poor must go without instruction, or must conform to the Church;—that is, must sin against their consciences,—and (LIKE OUR FIRST PARENTS) *purchase knowledge at the expense of innocence*. There are other places, however, where those proportions are reversed,—where the bulk of the poor are not of the Church; and, here, the sectaries may be educated under the new system, but not the others; or, at least, no school can here be established where the Catechism is taught; so that the poor of the Church must either go uneducated, or resort to the Dissenting school. It is true, they may do so with a safe conscience;—and this is the very point in which the plan recommended by us, of excluding all peculiar Catechisms, so greatly excels the other.’—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xix. pp. 36, 37.

Thus we see how much of the labour of the Committee in hearing evidence might have been spared; since the Report, which was to be deduced from that evidence, was ready drawn to their hands some years before, and in a style so strikingly similar to that which the Committee have adopted, that we apprehend, Alderman Wood, and any other members of the Committee who may have flattered themselves that they were throwing a new light upon the matter under consideration, must be grievously disappointed at finding how little originality they can lay claim to, and must be ready to exclaim with the plagiarist of old, ‘*Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!*’

We have two reasons for wishing our readers to peruse the whole of that Article from which the above extract is taken: in the

the first place, it will explain much more clearly, than either 'the Report' or 'the Speech,' what are the real views and real feelings which dictate, in some instances at least, projects such as that which is thus recommended to parliament relative to the National Schools; and, secondly, it will be most edifying to observe with what bitterness of invective and calumny the patrons of these widely spread institutions were assailed at their commencement, and to consider how utterly powerless all the mistatement and all the defamation has proved, either in obstructing their efforts or in blackening their characters; and how completely a few years have put to silence the mouth of slander! It will not be amiss, however, to see how far this part of the Report, which asserts the impossibility of the children of dissenters receiving benefit from the National Schools according to their present system, is founded on the evidence given to the Committee. The following is the examination of the Reverend T. Walmsley, the very meritorious secretary of the National Society, on this subject.

'Do you find the Dissenters are slack in sending their children to the National School?—I should say they are *not* slack; we have people of all denominations; we have even Jews in the school.

'Do the children of Dissenters go to their own places of worship?—I must beg leave to refer to the plan of union for an answer to that question, an extract from which I will read: "That the children of each school do constantly attend divine service in their parish church, or other place of public worship under the establishment, wherever the same is practicable, on the Lord's day, unless such reason for their non-attendance be assigned, as shall be satisfactory to the persons having the direction of that school."

'Do you find that in consequence of the children of Dissenters not being expressly permitted to attend at their places of worship, there is any reluctance on the part of their parents to send them?—I am not able to answer that question, for this reason, that the only question we ask when the child is admitted is, "Are you seven years old?"'—*Report of the Minutes of Evidence, 1816, p. 57.*

Similar questions were next put to the gentlemen who superintend the Whitechapel and the Castle-street National Schools, and from their answers it was distinctly found that the children of sectaries enjoy the benefit of these establishments, and conform, without difficulty or murmuring, to their regulations. But the Chairman appears to have continued incredulous upon this matter: for when the Rev. William Johnson, master of the Central National School in Baldwin's Gardens was before him, he inquired,

'Do you receive the children of persons not members of the church of England?—Yes, we do; there is no question ever put to any parent, respecting their religion.—

'Have you, in fact, according to the best of your knowledge, many
x x 4
children

children of Dissenters in that establishment?—Many are Dissenters, and Dissenters of every description, I know.

‘As nearly as you can estimate, how many may there be?—I cannot tell that.

‘Are there twenty?—More than that, I might say more than one half are Dissenters; and at this time we have seven Jews.

‘Do you include in your class of Dissenters, the children of people called Methodists?—Certainly; and also a great number of the parents go to Spa Fields chapel.

‘Have there been, to your knowledge, any objections stated by the parents of children sent to this institution, on account of your teaching the Catechism according to the Church of England?—Not one, excepting in one case, and that was complied with; it was one Jew boy, whom we have at this moment, and since that he complies with all the regulations of the school.’—*Idem*, pp. 138, 139.

Similar questions were repeated to Mr. Walmsley at his examination in the present year, and were answered in a similar manner.

‘It is understood, that in London the Dissenters do not object to their children attending the National School; is that so?—I believe that is the case.

‘Do they object to their children going to church on the Sunday, and learning the Catechism?—I never heard of any objection of that kind in our own school, in Baldwin’s Gardens, and I believe I may add also, as far as my own information goes, that there is no objection in the other schools, in the city.’—*Report of the Minutes of Evidence, 1818*, p. 12.

It appears therefore that the sentiments adopted by the Committee from the Review printed in 1811, were not only unsanctioned by the evidence before them, but were in direct contradiction to its whole tenor. Yet, upon this ground, the Report goes on to recommend to Parliament, should it think proper to give assistance to the building of National Schools, to ‘provide that the children of sectaries shall not be compelled to learn any Catechism, or attend any church other than those of their parents.’

We seriously hope that parliament will never be induced to make any legislative provisions whatever respecting the details and management of charitable institutions. The first consequence of such an interference would be, that individuals, if not suffered to conduct the charities according to their own judgment and conscience, would withdraw their subscriptions altogether: and it would be in vain to look to any parliamentary grants to supply that efficiency, which the zeal and beneficence of individuals are capable of giving to a system of education.* However, the main object of the

* Whenever local and peculiar circumstances make a relaxation of the rules desirable, (which must occasionally happen,) such modification may be safely left to the discretion of those who preside over the management, and who feel interested in the prosperity of the school.

Reporter's solicitude seems to be, to guard against the possibility of the children of persons who have separated themselves from the church, ever becoming connected with it. Though it is distinctly shewn, that numbers of dissenters of all descriptions voluntarily bring their children to the national schools, yet that important fact is dropped both in the Report and in the printed Speech; and parliament is advised to make a law for classing the children according to the religion of their parents. This, it seems, is done by the British and Foreign School Society; and what is the consequence? It appears from the Minutes of Evidence, (*Third Report*, p. 62.) that when poor persons enter their children, 'a very large proportion cannot decidedly say, WHAT religious system they prefer; and that, in very many instances, they have answered, that they were of NO RELIGION.' Were the recommendation of the Report to be adopted, it would seem to follow, that the children of all these unhappy persons must likewise be brought up of no religion: for who shall presume to choose for another in a matter of such purely individual concern? In the passage just quoted from the Journal of 1811, we are told, that the dissenting poor, who are educated in the National School, '*must sin against their consciences, and (LIKE OUR FIRST PARENTS) purchase knowledge at the expense of innocence.*' Had an ordinary writer ventured to tell his readers that a poor child of seven years old, the offspring of parents who attend a meeting-house, cannot learn the Catechism, and attend the church, but at the expense of his conscience and his innocence, we apprehend that few people would have turned over another of his pages. Coming from such a quarter, the expression, we suppose, must be styled a beautiful and affecting appeal to our feelings. Leaving it however as we find it, it is necessary only to remark, that the *lower orders* of the dissenters entertain, for the most part, no hostile feeling towards the Establishment, nor any objection to their children becoming members of it: in many cases they have themselves seceded from it, more from the want of proper accommodation in its churches, or from other accidental circumstances, than from any deliberation or fixed opinion on the subject. Add to this, that a great majority of the seceders make no conscientious objections either to the Liturgy of the church, or to the Catechism; and cannot therefore have any such motive for withholding their children from the National Schools. We foretold, in the leading Article of our Eighth Volume, that the benefits of this Institution would be experienced by the children of seceders, and we cannot forbear expressing our satisfaction at seeing this prediction abundantly verified.

Before we quit this subject, we must be permitted to mention a few facts, which appear from the Evidence respecting the National Society.

Society. The number of children receiving education at its schools, in 1817, was 155,000: that they were not more numerous was owing to the exhausted state of its funds. The annual income amounts to no more than 1500*l.* and the total amount of all the subscriptions and donations, from the first establishment of the society, by means of which it has contributed to the erection and support of those schools, is 39,500*l.*, a sum probably much less than the cost of a single arch of one of the new bridges over the Thames, and little more than a thirtieth part of that expended on the Plymouth Breakwater. Yet from this pittance, so disproportionate to the number and the riches of the higher orders throughout the country, who are deeply interested in its success, has the Institution already wrought such extensive and permanent good; while, for want of adequate resources, it has been unable to meet the requisition for founding schools in many other quarters:

Et dubitant homines serere atque impendere curam?

We shall carry our remarks no farther. The support of the National Society need not interfere with attention to other Charities for Education; but it certainly has the first, and strongest, claim upon all friends of the established religion and constitution of their country.

Having now completed all that we feel it necessary to remark upon the education of *the Lower Orders*, the subject which the Committee were directed to examine, we must next consider by what right or on what pretence they pushed their inquiries into the education of *the higher orders*. The dissolution of the late Parliament has rendered all matters relating to itself or its Committees as open to discussion as any other topic of history; and the publication of the evidence, or rather of such parts of it as suited the publisher's purpose, in a pamphlet, would have removed any delicacy which *we* might have been disposed to feel with respect to a proceeding of the House of Commons: but we trust that we shall not make an unreasonable use of the liberty thus afforded us. For the public and private characters of most of the gentlemen composing the Education Committee we can have no feelings but those of sincere respect, and must of course regret that their names should be published, to sanction measures and language, of which it appears impossible that they can approve. We have seen that the original powers conferred upon them were, '*To inquire and report upon the Education of the Lower Orders of the Metropolis; and consider what may be fit to be done with respect to the Children of Paupers who shall be found begging,*' &c. Upon their reappointment, they were commissioned generally, '*to inquire into the Education of the Lower Orders, and report their observations thereon.*' We have likewise

likewise seen that, by virtue of such authority, and no more, the Chairman, with how many or how few assessors—

‘ Well may we guess, but may not tell’—

examined most minutely into the great schools of Eton, Westminster, Winchester, and the Charter-House, and has caused to be printed the statutes of the two largest colleges in one of the universities. How to reconcile these proceedings with the commission given them, is a difficulty. For our own parts we are unable to see any connection between them, except upon the theory maintained in a celebrated Review of the ‘ Memoirs of the Princess of Bareith,’ relative to the approximation of the very highest and the very lowest ranks in society. Upon the principle of this approximation, the Committee (for we are told that after the chairman is once placed in the chair, *he*, though alone, is for the remainder of that sitting, the Committee) was consistent enough in questioning Dr. Page, the head master of Westminster, a school which has, ever since its foundation, educated the first of the English nobility, upon the subject of its examinations and elections; and then immediately receiving the deposition of Mr. William Blair, a benevolent surgeon of Russel-street, respecting the misery, profligacy and ignorance found in the recesses of St. Giles’s.*

As to the distinction taken by the learned author of the Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, that the Committee were *authorized*, though not expressly *led* by the words of the commission, to examine the highest establishments, we wish only to ask—1st, whether, if the House of Commons had intended such an examination to take place, it would not have given its directions in express terms? and, 2dly, from what part of the commission really given, could the Committee infer that such a measure was contemplated by the House at that time? The terms of direction to the Committee are remarkably definite and precise; and it would be an insult to suppose, that had they designed an examination of the Great Schools and the Universities, the House would have enjoined it either under the term ‘ *education of the lower orders*,’ or by the long sentence about ‘ *children found begging*.’ But was there any collateral circumstance from which such an intention could be inferred? Certainly not from the selection of the Committee, in which we find the names of Sir William Curtis, Mr. Butterworth, Sir James Shaw, Mr. C. Calvert, Mr. Barclay, Mr. Alderman Atkins, and Mr. Alderman Wood; gentlemen who, by their success in the honourable pursuits of commerce, have raised themselves to the high rank of legislators, and whose experience and intelligence, both as men of business, and as magistrates, make them a valuable accession to parliament; but

* See Report and Minutes of Evidence on Education, 1816, p. 445.

who are probably some of the last members in the House who would have been selected for a Committee intended to inquire into the state of the Great Schools and Universities. The defence of the Committee, on this point, is rested by the Chairman upon an argument so incomparably ludicrous, that we find it difficult to state it consistently with the respect due to his name and talents. He examined, it seems, the statutes of the great schools, and there discovered that the persons for whose benefit the endowments were intended, are, *pauperes et indigentes scholares*.* he accordingly prints the words PAUPERES et INDIGENTES in large capitals, and, from the similarity of the English terms, *paupers* and *indigent*, he concludes that those establishments were originally destined for the 'education of the lower orders.' Thus then it would seem that the learned Chairman does not know that *pauperes* and *indigentes* are adjectives agreeing with *scholares*, and that the words imply '*scholars who are poor and in want of assistance*.' Neither is he aware that the epithet *pauper* is attached to *scholaris*, with the same reference to his situation in life, as in the expressions *pauper eques*, *pauper senatus*, *pauper REX*, or, as the English use the terms, *a poor peer*, *a poor bishop*, or *a poor king*, without intending to reduce the person spoken of to '*the lower orders*.' We should have thought but a very slight acquaintance with the history of those seminaries requisite to inform Mr. Brougham, that even at the time of their foundation *scholars* were a description of persons who ranked above '*the lower orders*,' and that for many generations past, a *scholar*, whether rich or poor, has in England held the name and station of a *gentleman*: to this degree in society he is entitled, by belonging to one of those establishments; and, unless forfeited by his own misconduct, he continues to retain it through life.

As to the two universities, the proof that they were originally destined for the poor and indigent is equally concise: It is said in the Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, that in the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, the scholars are called '*PAUPERES*;'† (an assertion which, though repeated in ten editions of that pamphlet, is absolutely untrue;) and that 'in chusing the fellows of St. John's College, a preference is prescribed in favour of the most deserving, *et inter hos, illis qui INDIGENTIORES fuerint*,' the English of which is, 'and among the most deserving, those *who may stand most in need of a fellowship*.' Thus does our learned interpreter of statutes overlook the following plain and notorious facts: first, that the estates devoted to the maintenance of those establishments were, at the time when their statutes were framed, the very same, for the same number of members, as they are at pre-

* Letter to Sir S. Romilly, p. 48.

† Ibid. p. 50.

sent; and that the buildings raised for their reception, and the allowance prescribed for their daily diet, are neither more nor less liberal now, than what were given to them by those same statutes: all of which are sufficient proofs of their not having been designed, as he imagines, for poor-houses;—secondly, that provision was made by the same statutes for servants to wait upon these *pauperes et indigentes scholares*; thirdly, that the same statutes enjoined that the manners and condition of these *poor scholars* must be good, and prescribed for objects of their study the most refined departments of human knowledge cultivated at the time, and specially directed that they should be brought up as members of the liberal professions. In spite of all these considerations, every one of which renders the pretence that those foundations were destined for the *lower orders* glaringly absurd, the learned author relies upon three or four words, partly misrepresented, and entirely misconstrued, and then exclaims, ‘I presume that I have said enough to justify the Committee for venturing to consider those great establishments as within its jurisdiction.’ This then is the whole of his case, as to the Great Schools and Universities, and here we leave it.

We shall now proceed with the examination of the Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly.

The first objects of the letter-writer’s attack are the ministers; and upon them the assault is renewed in various parts of his publication. That an avowed opponent of the government, the open object of whose political warfare is to discredit and displace the ministers, should seize any *political* occurrence that might happen during the interval of parliamentary business, to try his fortune in a pamphlet against them, would appear a matter neither of surprise nor of complaint. But it remains to be seen whether the present attack comes within the fair limits of party hostility. The matter of his complaints against the ministry is two-fold: first, he charges them with a disposition unfavourable to the objects of the inquiry in general, that is, unfavourable to the education of the poor, and the investigation of abuses of charities; secondly, he insinuates that they have been actuated in this business by party feelings. The intention in the last particular is very evident: as the author is himself labouring to place the subject on the footing of a party question, it becomes important to him to transfer from himself to his opponents the odium of having first suffered politics to mix themselves with a question of philanthropy and benevolence. But let us consider whence it can be inferred that the ministers have been actuated by party feelings in this matter. Does it appear from their having acquiesced without scruple in the nomination of a committee, consisting of about forty members, among whom three-fourths

fourths were in the habit of voting in opposition, and of the remainder, not one was connected, by office or otherwise, with any of themselves? Or can it be inferred from the marked and handsome compliments paid to the Honourable Chairman after the labours of the first session, by the leading ministers in the House of Commons? With respect to his other charge against them, of 'not wishing to see a zealous and unsparing investigation of charitable abuses,' he seems to account for the fact which he has assumed, by another more sweeping assertion—that they are the universal friends of abuses of all kinds, and must therefore be so in the present instance:

'Certain it is that the present ministers have at all times betrayed a reluctance to reformation of every sort; and that, whether from interest, or weak compliance, or fear of disquieting the alarmists, they have so acted as to afford abuses of all descriptions effectual shelter.'—*Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly*, p. 45.

Really the learned Gentleman should reserve such arguments as these for his next election contest. On such occasions it is, we believe, an ancient and immemorial practice, to ascribe the dearth of provisions resulting from a bad season, the scarcity of work, in consequence of fashion having migrated elsewhere, or any other accidental evil, to the machinations of the friends of government, and of the ministerial candidate in particular. The persons for whom these speeches and placards are intended, and they only, can be affected by such sentences as the above. What assignable or imaginable interest can any ministry have in sheltering abuses of charitable funds? Or rather, must they not always be interested in seeing such grounds of complaint removed? We may be told, however, that though the ministers cannot themselves have any immediate interest in checking the investigation of charitable funds, yet their friends and supporters, who are trustees for such institutions, may be affected thereby. But will any rational person, of whatever party, believe, that the inquiry will not find as great a proportion of such trusteeships in the hands of the opponents, as of the supporters of ministry? It is true that out of above twenty thousand charities in the country, our author has *selected* nine or ten, as specimens of abuse, all of which are in the hands of persons conceived to be friendly to his political opponents. But what does this prove, except the spirit in which the selection was made? Whether he has succeeded in stigmatizing these personages, yet remains to be decided. What are the overt acts of ministers, upon which he can ground his accusation of their being desirous to screen and shelter the abuses of charities? The only resistance, which, according to the statement of the Honourable Gentleman himself, they opposed, as a body, to the various provisions

sions of the bill, was directed against the intended nomination of the Commissioners by parliament. Conceiving that this appointment ought constitutionally to be placed in the hands of the Crown, they felt, as any other ministers, we apprehend, would have felt, that their public duty as its servants obliged them to insist upon the alteration of this provision. Our author justifies his proposal of naming the commissioners in the bill, by the example of the Commissioners of Public Accounts and of Naval and Military Inquiry. But the analogy fails entirely; and it is surprizing that he should have overlooked a distinction between the two cases, which makes his argument of precedent quite inapplicable. The reply of the author of the Letter to Sir W. Scott will, we think, set this part of the question at rest:

‘But surely it cannot escape the sagacity of that learned gentleman, that there is a very large and palpable difference between an inquiry by the House into the proper expenditure of public money, granted by the House, and an inquisition into the proper administration of funds, in no way originating with the House; and, in a great proportion, totally beyond the control of the House.

‘The abuses of public charities might be as large and important as even public peculations. Free-schools and alms-houses might be as badly administered as docks and navy-yards. But the supervision of them did not equally, and so peculiarly, belong to the House of Commons. The abuse of charities is properly an abuse of administration, and general civil economy; assuredly not of parliamentary trust. But it is unnecessary to say that all offices of administration are parts of the supreme magistracy of the country, and as such belong to the sovereign.

‘His Majesty’s Ministers, therefore, in this demand, only maintained the prerogative of the crown. They saw that neither the functions nor objects of the Commission belonged to the distinct character of the House of Commons.

‘It is an established principle of the constitution, that the people should look immediately to the crown in all cases of mal-administration; but it is the nature of such Commission to exhibit one or both of the Houses of Parliament as taking the business out of the hands of the sovereign, and executing it by themselves. It is in fact, *pro tanto*, a superseding of the King’s authority.’—*Letter to the Right Hon. Sir William Scott.*—pp. 11, 12.

In the House of Commons, the bill was not opposed at all. In the House of Peers, where opposition was made, it received the support of the ministers; a fact which the ‘Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly’ indeed somewhat ungraciously admits. In this house however, some of the ministers concurred with the majority in thinking the powers and the objects of the bill too extensive, and accordingly voted for their curtailment.

One of the powers upon which this curtailment operated; was that

that of an unlimited call for the production of papers, upon which the author of the 'Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly' thus expresses himself:

'As for the clamour excited against the clause respecting title-deeds, no one who had read our bill could be deceived by it for a moment; because the possessor of a deed was only obliged to produce it, in case it related wholly to the charity; if any other matter whatever was contained in it, he was allowed to produce a copy of the part relating to the charity.'—p. 12.

We find his arguments thus combated and controverted by his legal antagonist:

'The powers moreover were too general. In the terms of the first Bill, they would have compelled the indiscriminate production of title-deeds and charters. It was true, indeed, that a power of this kind had been granted to the Commissioners of the naval and military inquiry. The learned gentleman contends, likewise, that a similar power was possessed by all courts of justice, and even by commissioners of bankrupts. But in the naval and military inquiry, the object was of a different nature; the papers to be required could only be matters of account; they could extend to no inquisition into the titles and muniments of indifferent parties. It was matter of ledger, and no more: and it is an error to maintain, that such powers are possessed by all courts and commissioners of bankrupts. It is indeed rather singular that such an argument should have originated with the learned Chairman himself. There in fact exists no such compulsory unqualified production by third parties of any papers or documents; and least of all of the highest description of papers (titles, muniments, and deeds,) which were the objects of the clause in question. The learned gentleman has mistaken the scope of the 46 G. III. c. 37. in the same manner as he appears to have mistaken the rules of evidence. The 46 G. III. merely refers to the obligation of witnesses to answer questions, though such answer might make them civilly responsible for debts. But the production of muniments and title-deeds are not included in the words "to answer questions."

'It is true indeed that by the writ of *subpœna duces tecum*, it is the duty of a witness to bring all papers with him which he has in his possession; but it is likewise the right of a witness to state to the court that a particular paper, which he is called upon to produce, is one of his titles, and thereupon to put it to the discretion of the judge, whether he shall be required to produce it. But this is surely very different from the unlimited and unqualified obligation to produce *all papers*.'—*Letter to Sir William Scott*, pp. 15—17.

To us, we confess, this appears a perfectly satisfactory answer. It is plain that the commissioners would, in the range of above twenty thousand charitable trusts, reach no inconsiderable proportion of the title-deeds in the kingdom; the production of which might have been called for and brought into debate at the discretion

tion of the commissioners, or, more properly speaking, on the suggestion of anonymous informers. This would have occasioned, in some cases, the utmost peril, and, in many more, a great degree of vexation: the infallible consequence of which must have been, that persons of property and respectability, alarmed at these proceedings, would have disengaged themselves as much as possible from such charities; and that for the future all connection with charitable trusts would have been shunned like an infection:—an evil which would have more than counterbalanced all the good that may be expected to result from the inquiry.

The next subject of complaint is, that the commissioners were restricted to inquire into the education of *the poor*, instead of extending the investigation to the state of education in general. The reader will recollect, what seems totally to have escaped the memory of the complainant, that the bill originated in a Committee appointed to inquire into the Education of the 'Lower Orders'; that it professed to be a bill respecting 'the Education of the Poor.'

But for the restriction which the Honourable Chairman deplores, the commissioners would have enjoyed, indeed, an excursive range over an unbounded field of inquiry. In compliance with the terms of their appointment, they must have accurately scrutinized and compared the various systems according to which the Greek and Latin classics are taught in the schools and academies of this kingdom; and the relative proficiency of the respective classes of each in history, chronology, geography, and the use of the globes; not to mention modern languages, fencing, dancing and drawing. From hence they would have descended, by a regular gradation, through the many classes of commercial and preparatory schools, in which the sons of tradesmen, from six years and upwards, receive their education; till at length they arrived at the Parish schools, Sunday schools, and Dames' schools throughout the kingdom. In the course of this progress they would probably have taken opportunities of comparing the plans of our Naval and Military Academies with those of the *Ecole Polytechnique* and the *Ecole Militaire* of our neighbours; they would no doubt have suggested from the North, improvements in our Latin prosody; and would have introduced from *Hoffwyl* the practice of chaunting hymns by moonlight, and of studying botany at the tail of the plough. Nor is this all. The seminaries of female education would, by the words of the enactment, have come equally within the scope of their inspection, and therewith the systems of needlework, fancy-work, and embroidery practised in the boarding schools, day schools, and evening schools for young ladies. Whether such an investigation would have answered any better purpose than that of furnishing materials for an amusing appendix

to an occasional pamphlet during the recess; or whether, in good truth, an 'Inquiry into Education in General' would have been at all more practicable or more useful than an inquiry into Commerce in general, or into Property in general, or into Literature in general, are questions upon which again we are contented to leave the decision to the plain common sense of mankind; remarking only, that those persons have shown themselves the best friends to any practical object, who, by stripping it of such preposterous additions, have rendered its execution possible.

A similar remark will apply to the next subject of complaint, that 'the commissioners were not suffered to examine the abuses of ALL charities, but only of those connected with the education of the poor.' This complaint is hardly less extravagant than the last. It seems admitted that the number of charities in England to which the learned chairman's proposed bill was to have extended does not fall much short of 30,000. Supposing them to have been divided among his four boards, within what time can it be imagined that any one of them would have completed the investigation of its seven thousand?—The 'Letter to Sir William Scott' observes:

'It is neither a just nor candid inference from this restriction, that the ministers and the House of Lords intended to deny the existence of abuses in other charities, and, least of all, that it was their object to stifle any suitable inquiry. But the field already marked out for the Commission was amply sufficient. They saw in fact no end to an inquiry into the abuses of "all charities in the kingdom." Every town and almost every village in the kingdom had one or other of such charities. But what commission in any reasonable time, and for any practical purpose, could report on all the alms-houses, small-pox institutions, lunatic asylums, lying-in hospitals, and public infirmaries in the kingdom? The sweeping words "ALL CHARITIES," in the original Bill, would have afforded adequate matter for a score of such commissions. The life of one man would have been scarcely sufficient to read such reports; which, if given with impartiality, would have at least equalled in number and bulk the volumes of our statute law. It has been calculated, as I have before observed, that there are between twenty and thirty thousand of such charities; so that allowing, upon a moderate calculation, a page for each, saying nothing for an appendix of charters and documents, one may be permitted to express a doubt, whether this Eleemosynary Encyclopædia, however charitably compiled, would have been as charitably read. Another commission must have followed to have reported upon the reporters; and, after another interval of about twenty years, an abridgement, of about a dozen stately folio volumes, might have been laid upon the table of the House, but I much fear, without any reasonable expectation that any honourable gentleman might move to have them read by the clerk. Add to this, the immense mass of property implicated and involved in such charities so indefinitely included. Let the Honourable Chairman recal to his own mind

mind a few only of those immediately before his own view. What other, for example, except as a public charity, is the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, the Missionary Societies, and the Bible Associations, in every principal town in the kingdom?'—p. 21—23.

This estimate of the work proposed, stupendous as it appears, would, we are inclined to think, have fallen short of the reality. We merely request our readers to recollect the different charities in their own neighbourhood, within their own immediate knowledge, and then to endeavour to form some estimate of the time requisite for a board of commissioners to complete a full and *impartial* investigation of all the charities in their single county. If, however, it be said, (and this we suspect to be the real, though unavowed intention of those who claim such extravagant and unreasonable functions,) that they would not have *really* examined *all* charities, but would have *selected* the objects of inquiry at their discretion after the example of the parent committee; then, indeed, the nature of the demand is such as to excite not ridicule but indignation. A power to examine into some cases and to overlook others, at the option of the examiners, would be too manifestly arbitrary and iniquitous, either to be countenanced by the legislature, or tolerated by the people of a free country.

Our author proceeds to allege as a matter of extreme regret that, 'among charities connected with education, there was introduced a large class of exceptions, comprehending, not only the Universities and the public schools down to Rugby, but generally all charities having special "visitors, governors, or overseers."' 'The obvious ground of this exception is, that such special visitors being persons appointed by the founders as their perpetual representatives, to protect the interests of the foundations and to inquire into the due execution of their bequests, and being armed by the law with full powers for so doing; the appointing a commission for the very same purpose would have been an assumption of their privileges, and an interference with the will of the donors. The founders, in voluntarily giving or bequeathing property for charitable purposes, had an undoubted right to fix upon persons, holding certain situations, whose perpetual duty it should be to inquire into the management of their foundations. The Legislature declined appointing other persons to assume the visitatorial powers, upon the same principle as it always declines interfering with the provisions of a testament. Half a dozen instances, of visitors having neglected or abused their charge, even supposing them to have been fairly and impartially stated, never could have justified an abandonment of the general principles of legislation, or a deviation from the distinct precedent of former enactments.

Our subject has now led us to the specific abuses in charities
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alleged in the Speech and the Letter of the learned Chairman, and to his various attempts to criminate individuals by charging them with participation or connivance. We wish to premise that we are not among the number of those who doubt, or affect to doubt, the existence of such abuses at all. Indeed, when it is considered with what variety of objects the numerous charities of this kingdom were formed, and how greatly local circumstances and the state of society may have been altered since the time of their foundation, and then add the possible effects of negligence, ignorance or knavery in the persons into whose hands the control of them may have fallen, it would be as unreasonable to dispute the occasional occurrence of abuses, as to doubt the existence of vice or the liability to disease in the human species. We beg leave once for all to declare, that we have no desire to see any abuse whatever screened from inquiry; that, on the contrary, we wish each case to be fairly and impartially examined. Where any malversation has arisen from neglect or misapprehension, let it be corrected; and where from corruption, let it be followed by exposure and by punishment. But what has been the conduct of the Chairman of the Committee?—He has singled out a few cases as objects of attack: respecting which the evidence summoned to the Committee was, generally speaking, of an *ex parte* description; he then proceeds to sum up, not in a report to the House, but in a pamphlet addressed to the public, cases of abuse as if proved in evidence, where, in fact, one side only of the question had been heard; he even exaggerates (as we shall shew) that *ex parte* evidence, tendered in some instances by persons notoriously hostile to the parties accused, extracted in others by leading questions; and after this proceeding, he pronounces against most respectable characters a sentence which, if well-founded, would amount to infamy. Happily, there lies an appeal from such decisions to the tribunal of public opinion.

The first individual whose character we find assailed in the 'Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly,' is an illustrious Prelate of our Church. It is to be remarked, that whenever the letter-writer designs a blow of more than ordinary severity, his method is to state his accusation in strong terms, and then to leave it, but after a short time to take it up again, and re-state the self-same assertions, as admitted facts in different and, if possible, in aggravated language. Occasionally we find this process two or three times repeated.

1. 'At Mere, in Lincolnshire, is an endowment for a warden and poor brethren of a very ancient date. The warden and his lessees seem to be well provided for, whatever may be the lot of the brethren; the estate consists of 650 acres, five miles from Lincoln; it is let for only half-a-guinea

guinea an acre, though it pays neither tythe nor poor's rate; and £24 a year is the whole sum allotted to the poor brethren. The bishop of the diocese is both patron and visitor; he has given the wardenship to his nephew; and the former warden resigned it upon being promoted by the same prelate to a living in his gift. The son of that right reverend person is Master of Spital Hospital in the same county. Besides other landed property, he is in possession of one estate worth 6 or £700 a year in right of his office; and all that he pays to the poor is £27 : 4s. to four or five pensioners.'—*Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly*, pp. 14. 15.

2. 'The Dean and Chapter of Lincoln have the patronage as well as the superintendence of Spital charity; yet they allow the warden, son of their diocesan, to enjoy the produce of large estates, devised to him in trust for the poor of the two parishes as well as the hospital, while he only pays a few pounds to four or five of the latter. The bishop himself is patron and visitor of Mere, and permits the warden, his nephew, (for whom he made the vacancy by promoting his predecessor) to enjoy or underlet a considerable trust estate, paying only £24 a year to the poor.'—*Idem*, p. 25.

Many persons, on reading these passages, struck with the uncommon acrimony which seems to accompany the mention of the Bishop of Lincoln, have thought that such an attack could only originate in feelings of personal animosity: particularly as these charities are entirely unconnected with Education, and as the Committee could not pretend to have received any more jurisdiction over them, than they had over the expedition to the North Pole. We are not disposed to have recourse to so offensive a method of explaining the Chairman's extraordinary conduct in this particular; and should protest against attributing personal motives to any one, where there exists a possibility of accounting for the fact in any other way. The circumstance of this very learned prelate having stepped forward on various occasions as the vindicator of the doctrines and integrity of the church of England, in which he has, for a long series of years, fulfilled the duties of the most extensive diocese, seems cause sufficient to account for the hostile spirit displayed against him in the above passages. But however this may be, the writer, who has gone thus far out of his way to injure a dignified and respected character, will derive no earthly consequence from the attack, but that of making his unfriendly disposition manifest.

The writer of the letter to Sir W. Scott, describes these passages truly as containing 'a tolerably broad insinuation of most gross misconduct in the Bishop of Lincoln, not to say, of confederacy and peculation!'^{*} And what are the facts which are to justify this insinuation? With the Spital Charity the bishop has *no concern* whatever; the master is *not* his son; nor do we find any thing in the evi-

* Letter to Sir William Scott, p. 69.

dence which could lead the Honourable Chairman to make such assertions. Let us then examine the facts relative to the Mere charity, the warden of which is son (not *nephew*, as the writer of the letter to Sir S. Romilly tells us) of the Bishop of Lincoln. The agent for receiving the rent of this estate, Mr. Richard Dawson, is examined at great length, and in a most inquisitorial style: the information procured amounts to this: there is an ecclesiastical estate, given for the support of a warden and certain poor brethren, called Beadsmen; but though the foundations of several buildings may be still traced, there has not been standing at Mere, within memory or record, any church, chapel, almshouse, or any other building, except a single farm-house. It is let by the warden, as ecclesiastical and collegiate property frequently is, upon a lease of twenty-one years, renewable on payment of a fine every seven years. The annual reserved rent is £32, out of which he pays the fixed stipend of £4 each to six infirm old men, of good characters, not receiving parochial relief. Thus then is this preferment circumstanced like many others in the kingdom; an ecclesiastical estate, burthened by a fixed money payment.

In the first place, we are at a loss to understand in what consists the precise abuse at which the bishop is charged with conniving? in the next place, we would inquire why the present right reverend patron is to be attacked rather than any one of his predecessors under whom this preferment has been on its present footing? or why this case is to be selected from two or three hundred benefices similarly circumstanced in different parts of the kingdom? From the examination of the Mere charity, pursued with obstinacy through seven folio pages, little further is proved, except the Honourable Chairman's extraordinary want of information upon so common a topic, as letting leases on fines. He plies Mr. Dawson, who readily communicated all that he could know upon the subject, with the same questions ten times repeated: and, after all, he misapprehends the bearing of the evidence. In complaining that the land is only let for half a guinea an acre, he forgets that it is the lessee, not the warden, who lets it; and, if the lessee does not obtain as good a rent as he might do, he alone can be the sufferer. At all events, neither the bishop nor the warden can interfere with the terms which the lessee gives to his tenants. The charge against the bishop of 'permitting the warden, his nephew [son] (for whom he made the vacancy by promoting his predecessor)* to enjoy or underlet the estate,'

* It is amusing to observe how easily the Chairman is satisfied with the evidence on which he grounds his assertions. He asked Mr. Dawson, 'Where does the last warden reside?—*Ans.* At Cardington, near Bedford.' *Quest.* 'Was that living given him by the Bishop of Lincoln?—*Ans.* Yes, I believe it was.' It surely was too much to expect

estate,' is surely the strangest kind of accusation ever thought of. That the estate is underlet, though not proved by the evidence, is yet probably the fact: for various reasons well known to persons at all conversant with such matters, it seldom happens that for property let upon such a plan, an adequate consideration is received. But the letter-writer actually makes it a matter of charge, that the bishop permits the warden, his relation, to receive less than he is intitled to! That something else was running in his head when he wrote this, is pretty evident; for he forgot what the witness had repeated three times at least, that the present warden had never let the estate at all; that he had been the incumbent only a twelve-month; and that he could not possibly receive any emolument, beyond £7 a year, from the preferment, for six years to come.

Thus all the insinuations against the Bishop of Lincoln fail in point of fact, except that of having given preferment to his nearest connections. And if this be chargeable as a crime; how many prelates are, or ever have been, exempt from the same imputation? And what principle is there which ought to interdict them from providing for their dearest relatives, supposing such relatives to be in character and qualifications deserving of preferment? That this is not strictly the case in the present instance, even the letter-writer has not ventured to insinuate. And what philosophy is that which shall teach us that the claims of public duty are inconsistent with the affections of nature? It does not appear what authority the learned Chairman had received to inquire into the distribution of church patronage at all; but supposing such an inquiry to take place, it would, perhaps, be found that few patrons ever preferred so great a number of learned and able divines as the present Bishop of Lincoln.

With respect to the Spital charity, which is introduced *ad augendam invidiam*, the Honourable Gentleman might easily have learned that the mastership was given by the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln, to the Rev. John Pretyma, (son of the late Dr. Pretyma, at that time one of their members,) without any application or interference whatever on the part of the Bishop of Lincoln; and that it is in no respect under the jurisdiction of that prelate. When we have stated this, and that it was as completely foreign to the province of the Education Committee as the Mere estate, it is perhaps not incumbent upon us to say a word more on the subject. But lest the accuser should exult as over an admitted abuse, we

pect that an honest Lincolnshire farmer should know in whose patronage the livings of another and a remote county might happen to be. Had the learned gentleman taken the more reasonable and more obvious method of opening Bacon's *Liber Regis*, or a County history, he might have discovered that the living of Cardington was in the gift, not of the Bishop of Lincoln, but of Trinity College, Cambridge.

shall just mention, that the circumstances of this benefice do not differ very materially from those of the last. The estates being let in the different modes of leases for years, on lives, and at rack-rent, afforded opportunity to the Chairman to convey his doubts upon the expediency of the several bargains. However, a copy of the original endowment being produced, it appeared that the present master possesses no more than his predecessors from the time of Richard II.;—that the property was expressly given to the master of The Spital-in-the-Street, (called by the learned gentleman Spital Hospital,) annexing only the condition of aiding in the maintenance of certain poor persons; and that accordingly he does give the usual pensions to the usual number of poor, taken, according to the direction of the original deed, from the neighbouring parishes. To call it ‘an estate devised in trust for the poor,’ is an unfair representation. The payment of competent sums of money to certain poor is not the main object, but only a condition of the grant. We shall dwell no longer upon so plain a topic, but only observe, that this attack might be as fairly directed against ecclesiastical property in every diocese, or against property belonging to every chapter, college, or *corporation* in the kingdom.

The Honourable Gentleman proceeds to mention abuses in the management of charity estates at Wellingborough in Northamptonshire and Yeovil in Somersetshire. In both these cases the evidence heard before the Committee was *ex parte*—the representations of accusers. In the Yeovil case, the treatment experienced by the trustees, some of whom are respectable gentlemen of the county, seems peculiarly hard. It appears that there had been in that parish a squabble respecting the charities, and that three churchwardens, being ousted by the stronger party, were carrying on a chancery suit against the trustees: the action not turning out to their minds, these three persons go to the Committee-room, and accuse their opponents of monstrous peculations and dishonesty. The charges may, for any thing we know, be well founded: but it is very clear, that whoever circulates such imputations without inquiring what can be alleged by the accused in their defence, runs the risk of cruelly wronging innocent persons. We can hardly conceive evidence bearing more suspicion upon the face of it, than that of the three informers in the Yeovil case. They were confessedly a party, and the defeated one: the language of their depositions speaks the bitterness of vexation, and the ravings of disappointment: in accusing by insinuation, they seem to have caught the very spirit of their examiner: witness these specimens:

‘Are those valuations exclusive of the mansion-house and timber sold in 1808, as appears by this paper?—Yes.

‘What became of the £1,285 got for that?—God knows.

‘Under

‘ Under what authority was the sale effected?—It was sold by auction, as I understand.

‘ By whose authority?—I suppose by the trustees.

‘ Was any order of the Court of Chancery made?—No, not that I know.—

‘ Who at that time pocketed the money of this estate?—God knows, I do not.—

—‘ What did old Figes do with the rent?—He used to pay a certain sum to a school-master at Yeovil.

‘ What did he do with the rest and residue?—God knows; many of the parents of the boys have told me, they had nothing to bind them out, or settle them in the world.—

—‘ Is five hundred and odd pounds spent upon these alms-houses?—No, nor yet two hundred I should suppose.

‘ Who pockets the residue?—God knows.’

We cannot help suspecting, however, that there is another cause which has procured these charities the honour of a prominent place among the learned chairman’s grievances. He has of late occupied the attention of the House of Commons by attacks upon the proceedings of the Court of Chancery; and on one occasion pronounced against the noble lord who presides in that court a studied philippic, wherein all his powers of ridicule, sarcasm, and declamation were summoned into full play. The charities of Wellingborough and Yeovil have been some years in Chancery; of the former case, indeed, not much could be made; but in the examination of the Yeovil complainants the following scene appears to have been got up with considerable dramatic effect.

‘ *To Mr. Watts.*—Did you go into the Court of Chancery soon after the year 1802?—We instituted proceedings there in 1804.

‘ How long were you in Chancery?—We are not out yet; we have paid twelve or thirteen hundred pounds, and only received about three hundred from the town.

‘ Have you found that court afford you relief?—Oh, it has ruined me.

‘ Have you found the expenses heavy?—Oh, good God, I have wished myself out of the world a thousand times since I have got into it; it has entirely ruined me; I had a nice business which brought me in four or five hundred a year, which it has ruined: and I have now a wife and family.

‘ *To Mr. Welington.*—Have you suffered anything in this court?—My heart is almost broken; indeed my nerves are so shook by the losses I have sustained by this proceeding, that I scarcely know what I am speaking of, and I have a wife and eight children; it is the most grievous thing to me that I have ever known; I was a churchwarden only two years.

‘ *To Mr. Collins.*—What have you found the court of Chancery to be?—It has cost me about 500*l.* and I am afraid I do not know the worst of it yet; I suppose the other party will bring in a bill against us.’—*Third Report of the Education Committee*, p. 190.

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The next accusation ascends higher: we mean the case of the Croydon Charities, the visitor of one of which, (Whitgift's Hospital,) the Archbishop of Canterbury, is insinuated to have 'neglected or violated his duty, permitting or abetting the misconduct of the managers.' An apology, indeed, is charitably suggested for this distinguished prelate, on the score of his presumed ignorance: an apology which does not seem quite compatible with the charge; and for which, as the accusation has been disproved in all its parts, his Grace owes the Honourable Gentleman no thanks. The complaint of abuses is founded upon the *ex parte* evidence of some discontented persons, whose only assignable grievance seems to have been, the establishment of a school on Dr. Bell's system in the old school-room of the hospital. We were going simply to point out the injustice of making any statement at all upon the representations of one side, when the account of the other party might have been as easily obtained; and to shew how much the Chairman misrepresents and exaggerates even the partial allegations of his own witnesses. But just as our remarks were going to press, there was put into our hands a printed 'Letter to Mr. Brougham,' from the Rev. Dr. Ireland, formerly Vicar of Croydon, but now Dean of Westminster; a gentleman, whom to mention, is to praise; whose virtues reflect honour upon the high station which he fills; and whose conduct at Croydon never had been questioned, till our author gave to the world his pamphlet, and his 'Minutes of Evidence.' Dr. Ireland's Letter, to which is attached another from Mr. Patrick Drummond, agent to the Trustees of certain estates belonging to another of the charities, contains a complete vindication of the Archbishop, and of his own general management of the endowed charities of Croydon in all the cases in which he is personally responsible. We are therefore able for once to give our readers the satisfaction of seeing both sides of a question: and they will judge from this specimen how far it is safe to give implicit credence to the other statements of the learned accuser.

1. 'There are two estates belonging to the poor of Croydon, which ought to bring between 1000 and £1500 a year, and yet are worth nothing from being badly let on ninety years' leases; but into this the Commissioners must not look, when they go to examine the abuses in the Hospital, because those estates are unconnected with education. In that Hospital itself, they will find but little within their jurisdiction: it is, indeed, full of abuse; but only a small portion of the charity belongs to the school, and even that is protected from inquiry by the appointment of a visitor.'—*Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly*, p. 16.

2. 'The hospital at Croydon founded by Archbishop Whitgift is protected from investigation by a similar appointment; but the evidence plainly shews, that all is not right there. The estates are valued by the surveyor of the house itself at £2,673 a year; yet they are let for £860; and

£860; and down to 1812 they fetched no more than £336. A free school too, is specially appointed to be kept for all the inhabitants of Croydon; but none has within the memory of man been taught, although the master receives his emoluments, teaching another school for his own profit, and although the inhabitants have established a seminary upon the new plan to give education at their own expense to the poor of the place, in the very school-room which Archbishop Whitgift devised for their gratuitous instruction. These abuses, I verily believe, are unknown to the distinguished prelate who is visitor of the hospital. Whoever fills his station in the church, has, beside the ordinary functions of his province, the superintendence of a vast number of charitable institutions in various parts of the kingdom; and it is quite impossible that his eye should be always fixed upon the abuses which silently creep into each.—p. 18, 19.

3. 'Still if there be a special visitor, who neglects or violates his duty, permitting or abetting the misconduct of the managers, courts of equity cannot entertain the discussion of their proceedings, unless the funds are directly misapplied. Thus I take it to be clear, that neither Whitgift's hospital nor Pocklington school, could have been examined by information or petition to the Lord Chancellor, although large revenues are expended, in the one case, upon the education of a single child, and in the other, to make a complete sinecure for the master.'—p. 27.

Respecting Whitgift's Hospital, we must beg that the reader will peruse the following statement of Dr. Ireland, which it would be injustice to abridge:

'In the inquiry, instituted by you in June last concerning the Hospital of Archbishop Whitgift at Croydon, you thought proper, by a question to one of your witnesses, to implicate me in a responsibility for its management. Had you asked specially, whether my situation, as vicar, gave me any controul over the hospital, the answer must have been, no. But from this you abstained, and have left me in the unpleasant situation of which I complain. You have thrown upon me an appearance of guilt which you can never substantiate.—I must, therefore, inform you what has been the amount of my occasional agency at the hospital, under the sanction of the visitor. And, as I perceive, that those on whose reports you have so unhappily relied, have either misinformed you, or have left you in a convenient ignorance, concerning the other endowed charities of that place, I will present to you a general sketch of them, and the nature of my connection with them.—

1st. The *Hospital of Archbishop Whitgift* was founded for certain poor people of the parishes of Croydon and Lambeth. The Archbishop of Canterbury was to be the visitor; and the Vicar of Croydon was to hold that office only during the vacancy of the see. A grammar school was annexed to the hospital; where the very poor of Croydon were to be taught freely, and those of a better condition were to pay something to the school-master. Perhaps, for about half a century past, there have been no scholars. When, in 1812, it became expedient to open a new school in connection with the National Institution, it was suggested, that the vacant grammar school might, perhaps, be used, if care were taken,

taken, at the same time, to provide another room for the founder's scholars, should any offer themselves. The proposal was submitted to counsel; and the now Mr. Justice Park, Mr. Justice Best, and Mr. Serjeant Taddy, who were either inhabitants of the parish, or visitants there, readily contributed their opinions, that the measure was both meritorious and legal. Under this sanction, I had no scruple to apply to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the old room, which his Grace instantly and cheerfully granted. This is the real state of the offence which the witness has coupled with my name, and magnified into the Archbishop's refusal to revive the original school.

'If the funds of the hospital had been touched for this purpose, blame might still have been laid: but all was done at our own private expense. The master of the new school was paid by the subscription of the friends of the church establishment; and the new room, adjoining to the original grammar school, was built, from the same fund, for the grammar scholars of Archbishop Whitgift, if any should choose to come. On recent inquiry from the present schoolmaster of the foundation, it appears, that not a single proposal has been made to him for the admission of children there. One of the witnesses informs you, that the inhabitants do not know the privilege they have to send scholars. It is their own fault. It has been repeatedly announced. Once it was done through my own advice; and notices were stuck on the church door, and all the public places of the parish.'—*Letter from Dr. Ireland to Henry Brougham, Esq. p. 7.*

With regard to the revenues of this hospital, the reply is brief and conclusive. The incumbent *had no concern with them whatever*: they were entirely in the management of the warden and poor brethren of the hospital. On one occasion, the Archbishop having sent, as visitor, an injunction to them not to proceed with the destruction of timber on the estates, they refused *in toto* to allow his Grace's interference with the management of their property. What followed? Such a power having always been exercised by his predecessors, the Archbishop submitted the case to Sir Samuel Romilly; who gave his opinion, that his Grace had 'no right to interfere in the cases described; that he had no other authority than that of visitor and patron, and that the general management was with the hospital.' So much for the charge and the apology; upon which the Dean of Westminster observes:

'You have recently produced your letter to Sir Samuel which inveighs, with particular warmth, against the management of this hospital; and one of the strong tendencies of your statement (notwithstanding a needless sentence introduced for the purpose of disarming his resentment) is, to throw an obloquy on the archbishop, because, for so many years, he had permitted the continuance of a system which, according to Sir Samuel himself, was not within his grace's authority!'—*Letter, &c. p. 12.*

Upon the other Croydon charities, the Dean's reply is full, clear, and

and irrefragable. And it seems that, far from abuse or negligence, all attention has been paid to the interest of the trusts as far as he is personally concerned. How comes it then to be asserted as a fact, that 'there are two estates belonging to the poor of Croydon, which ought to bring between 1000*l.* and 1500*l.* a year, and yet are *worth nothing*, from being badly let on 90 years' leases'? Why, no such thing appears even in the evidence from which it pretends to be taken. Mr. Patrick Drummond, clerk of the trustees for these estates, the person to whom the honourable accuser was in vain advised to apply for information, has published a precise statement of the case. One of these 'two estates,' 7 acres at Streatham, is let for 35*l.* a year, and *this the Committee were told by their witness.*—(*Third Report*, p. 213.) The other, 26 acres at New Cross near Deptford, brings to the charity 145*l.* and *this also the Committee were told by their witness.*—(p. 200.) With such information before him, does this learned publisher of evidence declare that they are 'worth *nothing*'! One witness certainly declared—'there are 26 acres of land at New Cross, by Deptford, let at 143*l.*; they are worth 1000*l.* *they tell me now.*'—Quest. 'For what term is it let?'—Ans. '*I believe* a sixty years' lease.' Of another evidence he inquired, 'What is the yearly value of the estate at New Cross, of 35 [26] acres of land?'—Ans. 'We cannot tell; *I suppose* 1000*l.* or 1500*l.* a year; but it is let on a long lease.'—'How many years are there to run?'—Ans. 'I do not know; but *it is said* that the lease is for 90 years.' The last, however, of these witnesses of hearsay suggested, properly enough, 'that Mr. Drummond would be able to give any *information* on the subject.' But to hear both sides of the question would have been inconsistent with the Honourable Chairman's plan. Now, however, both *are* heard: and it is found, that of the 26 acres, only one and a half are let for a 99 years' lease, and that a *building lease*, on terms extremely beneficial to the charity; that the rent of this small spot is 48*l.* a year, a greater sum than could otherwise have been procured; and that a valuable reversion of well-built houses is secured. The rest of the ground, not being suited for building, was let, in 1799, for 85*l.* on usual husbandry leases, to respectable tenants, neither for 90 nor for 60, but for 21 years—and that by open competition, to the highest bidders.

We have no room to say much more on the Croydon case. We shall only observe, that the artifice used by the witnesses of the Committee has been, (and it may perhaps be renewed,)—to confound the primary management of the property by the trustees, with the final application of it by the churchwardens and overseers, concerning which there have been local disputes. But it is clear from Mr. Drummond's account, that when the trustees have paid
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over the money to the parish officers, 'their function is at an end.' And it is equally clear from Dr. Ireland's statement, that neither as trustee, nor as vicar, is he at all responsible for the application. The will of the donor has excluded him altogether. By a positive provision in it, it is ordered, that the churchwardens and overseers alone shall apply the rents to be received from the trustees. By depriving the incumbent, therefore, of all application of the money, the testator has necessarily rescued him from all legal responsibility for it; and it is only by a wilful inattention to this just and obvious distinction, that any colour of blame can be for a moment cast on the late vicar.—We will now only add the concluding observations of the Dean of Westminster:

'This might be quite sufficient to prove the precipitation and injustice with which you have treated my name. While the calumny was confined to the persons with whom it began, it was too contemptible to be noticed. But your adoption of it compels me to address you thus publicly. It may appear to you, perhaps, that I have spoken with too much warmth. I cannot do less. You have attempted a serious injury to my name. For a considerable part of my life, character was almost my only possession. By the blessing of Providence, it has raised me to affluence and honours: but, valuing them highly as I do, I would cast them from me, and return to any station of privacy or humbleness, rather than wear them with such stains as you seek to throw upon me.

'In taking my leave, I will add a general declaration concerning my conduct as to those charities, to which I call your serious attention.

'I was never treasurer, or receiver, in my own person, of the income of any of them.

'I have never rented any of the property of which I was trustee.—And

'From no part of them have I ever received, directly or indirectly, to the best of my knowledge and belief, any gain or benefit whatever.

'I am told indeed, that, in private, you have disclaimed all imputation of this kind to me, and that you have expressed all the respect which I could desire from you, for my character.

'I am not satisfied, however, with these personal acknowledgments; nor indeed can I reconcile them with the ambiguous position in which you have thought proper to place me before the public.'—*Letter from Dr. Ireland to Mr. Brougham*, p. 21.

We next come to the case of Pocklington School; and though the reader may think that he has already seen enough of the mode in which such matters have been investigated, yet there are in this examination some peculiar features, to which we must beseech his attention. Though entitled 'The Case of Pocklington School,' it might, with more propriety, be styled 'the case of St. John's College, Cambridge.' The charges against that society are made in the following terms:—

1. 'Thus, Pocklington school, with a large revenue, had been suffered to fall into decay, so that only one boy was taught, and the room converted

verted into a saw-pit* ; yet it has visitors, (St. John's College, Cambridge,) who, probably from ignorance of the evil, had taken no step to correct it before last winter.'

* *Note.* 'An attempt was made to deny this ; but it seems to be the result of the evidence taken together. At any rate, it is admitted, that the proper school room was wholly disused, except for keeping lumber and working materials.'—*Letter to Sir S. Romilly*, p. 17.

2. 'Then what security have we against negligence or connivance in the visitors themselves ? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes ?* True, the founders have intrusted them with the superintendence ; but, where no visitation is appointed, the founders have reposed an entire confidence in the trustees ; and yet no one has ever contended that *they* should be exempt from the inquiries of the Commissioners ? What good reason can be assigned for investigating abuses committed wholly by trustees, and sparing those committed by trustees and visitors jointly ? St. John's College is visitor of Pocklington school ; for years the gross perversion of its ample revenues, known to all Yorkshire, had never penetrated into Cambridge.'—p. 24.

The facts of this case, as they appear in the minutes of evidence, are these.—The free grammar school of Pocklington, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, was founded and endowed in the reign of Henry VIII. for the maintenance of a master and usher. It appears, from the deed of foundation, that the visitor is the Master of St. John's College, who is empowered to examine into the state of the school, either in his own person, or through any fellows of the college whom he may depute for that purpose. Accordingly, in the summer of 1817, accounts having been received that the school was mismanaged and in decay, Dr. Wood, the present Master of St. John's, commissioned two of his fellows, Mr. Calvert and Mr. Hornbuckle, to visit the school, and to make a full inquiry and report concerning it. These gentlemen, in consequence, proceeded to the place in the October of that year, and instituted a complete and impartial investigation into the state of the school, the complaints against the master and usher, and every other particular that could be requisite for forming a perfect judgment of the case. For this purpose, they gave lists of queries, separately, to the master, the usher and the parishioners, to each of which distinct answers were requested in writing from the respective parties. This examination, the fairness and intelligence of which present a remarkable contrast to the *ex parte* investigations of the Committee, is printed in their Report. Upon their return from the visitation, they laid the whole result of their inquiries before the Head of their college, who, in consequence, drew up and sent to the master a set of regulations for the management of the school, with which he required, as visitor, his strict compliance ; and after a few months he went himself to Pocklington, to see how his directions had been followed, and to judge whether

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at that time any further interference was requisite. However faulty the management might have been,—to the visitor (whatever may be thought of the conduct of the parishioners, in not carrying their complaints to the proper quarter) not a tittle of blame can attach—since it appears from the evidence, that as soon as the state of the school was reported to him, his conduct was prompt, decisive, and effectual.

That 'for years the gross perversion of the ample revenues of this school had been known to all Yorkshire,' is one of the gratuitous assertions with which the Letter to S. Romilly abounds. No such thing appears in the evidence:—but, indeed, every part of the passages quoted displays the Honourable Chairman's peculiar method of stating evidence. When he says, that only *one* boy was taught, he forgot to add, that, at the time of his inquiry, the number was *eight*. The mention of the *saw-pit*, had not the offensive note been subjoined, might have been pardonable under the irresistible temptation of a good jest. He had heard the matter indeed explained more than once in evidence: the master, thinking the school-room damp, and unwholesome, was, at the time of the visitation, about repairing an upper room for the purpose, and thus the lower room was become a receptacle for building materials. But the Honourable Chairman not only forgot, in his examination of Messrs. Calvert and Hornbuckle, that courtesy, which no place, not even the chair of a Committee can justify a gentleman in discarding, but in his pamphlet has alleged against them the gross charge of 'attempting to deny a fact.' Let the reader judge, from their evidence, whether they deserved the imputation:

'In what state did you find the school when you went there?—It was in a dilapidated state.

'In what was it dilapidated?—There are two rooms; I am speaking particularly of the lower room; the floor was up and the windows broken.

'Had it all the appearance of not being used as a school?—Yes.

'To what other use was it applied?—That I cannot say; things were lying about; we understood it was going to be put into repair; materials were collected indeed for repair.

'Was any part of the school premises used as a saw-pit?—I saw nothing of it.

'Did you ever understand it had been so used?—It was mentioned.'—*Third Report*, p. 148.

One of these gentlemen having mentioned, that at the time of their visiting the place they found but a single scholar, the Chairman inquires,

'What was the boy doing?—*Ans.* I can hardly say what he was doing; he was in the course of school studies. We inquired what he had been doing. He was not actually employed at that moment.'

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To most persons this reply might have seemed sufficient; but the present examiner thought his conceit too happy a one to be given up so easily, and repeated the question, three times successively:

‘ Were the two masters occupied diligently in teaching this boy ?

‘ Did the master and usher appear to be diligently employed in the instruction of this *fortunate youth* ?

‘ Did you see, in point of fact, either the master or usher occupied in teaching him at all ?

The persons thus treated are gentlemen of high character, great attainments, and acknowledged ability; and, with the exception of having been educated at Cambridge instead of Edinburgh, and belonging to the church instead of the bar, they are, we believe, in all respects on an equal footing in society with those who deemed them proper objects of such contumely. But perhaps it may be said, that they could have no reason to complain of their own treatment, when they witnessed the much rougher usage experienced by the Head of their Society. The station of Dr. Wood, as the Master of a distinguished College, to advance the reputation and prosperity of which, he had given, with singular devotion, nearly forty years of his life, might have been thought sufficient to secure consideration and respect. At all events, a dignified clergyman of high character and great talents is entitled to courteous treatment from every one, however exalted in rank or authority. The learned Chairman, it seems, thought otherwise: he began by taunting, and ended by openly insulting him; and this too without provocation, or any intelligible motive. The topics of interrogatory selected for this purpose, seem as unconnected as possible with any part of the business of the Committee. As for the philological questions which follow, they appear designed only to excite merriment; and will succeed—though perhaps in a different way from that which the learned examiner intended.

‘ *To Dr. Wood.*] Is the master of the school the parson of the parish of Pocklington?—No.

‘ Who is the parson?—I do not know who is in the possession of the living.

‘ Is it a college living?—It is not ours. Pocklington is a grammar-school by the foundation, and it is possible the parents of the children may not be desirous of having their children so instructed.

‘ Is, by the foundation, nothing to be taught but grammar?—I believe so; it is a grammar-school only.

‘ Does that preclude the master from teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic?—I do not know that it precludes him; but I shall insist upon his attending to the other.

‘ Were writing and arithmetic ever taught at the school, as far as
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you can learn?—I believe it was, by an assistant, out of the regular school hours.

‘ Did the visitor, or supposed visitor, ever interfere to prevent his teaching reading, writing, &c. as being inconsistent with the foundation?—I believe not; but I can only answer for myself.

‘ Do you understand, by *scientia grammaticalis*, instruction confined purely to grammar?—To the learned languages, I do.

‘ Is not English grammar a part of *scientia grammaticalis*; and is not the circumstance of this being in Latin a mere accident, from the practice of the times?—I conceive, from the practice of the times, it is grammar and the learned languages.

‘ Upon what is that construction of words founded?—I cannot pretend to say; but that is the impression upon my mind; and I think there is another reason: that these scholars are to come properly instructed in grammar and the learned languages, to St. John’s College.

‘ Supposing *scientia grammaticalis* to comprehend grammar and the learned languages, as well as English grammar, would not then the requisition be complied with, in respect to the scholarships?—If they were sufficiently instructed in the learned languages, no doubt.

‘ *Would they be worse instructed in the learned languages for having been instructed to read English also?*—There can be no doubt as to the answer to that question; but I suppose they are to come so far prepared to Pocklington school.’—*Third Report*, p. 152.

The concluding part of Dr. Wood’s examination we presume to be that in reference to which the Letter to Sir S. Romilly says, ‘ We hardly touched the Universities’ :

‘ How many fellowships are there of St. John’s, Cambridge?—Fifty-three foundation fellowships, and about eight or nine bye-fellowships; but I do not know whether they are all filled. I understand there are seven.

‘ What is the fellowship *communibus annis* worth?—That I cannot say, the value depends upon such a variety of circumstances.

‘ What is the most you have known them worth in any one year?—That depends upon a man’s commons, so that it is impossible for me to say. The senior fellowships are worth more than the others.

‘ Confine your attention to the senior fellowships, and to the part which consists in money payments; what have you known any senior fellow receive in money in any one year?—£140, I think, is the highest dividend, in money, I ever remember; and the half of £140, making in all £210: that is the highest I ever remember to a senior fellow.

‘ Are the college leases let upon fines?—Some are, and some are not.

‘ Are the fines divided to increase the fellowships?—They are made part of the college funds.

‘ Are fellowships increased according to the amount of the fines in any one year?—I believe our dividends depend upon the residue, after all expenses are paid.

‘ Are not the fellowships increased according to the amount of the fines?—If the fines are greater, the fellowships must be greater.

‘ Besides

‘ Besides the fellowships, suppose a man resides, what advantages has he?—He has his commons; his rooms he has whether he resides or not; he has either the rooms, or the value of them.

‘ Suppose he does not reside, and has a commutation for his rooms, what are they worth?—The highest value is £13 a year, and the lowest about £4 or £5.

‘ The master has a double senior fellowship?—Yes; three junior fellowships, or two senior fellowships.

‘ Has he any other emoluments?—Yes.

‘ State them?—I enjoy an estate, which was left to the master, of about £100 a year, and some other emoluments which I cannot enumerate now.

‘ Are there many livings in the gift of St. John’s?—A considerable number.

‘ Can they be holden with fellowships any of them?—Not one; the statutes forbid it.

‘ Are there not livings in the gift of other patrons, to which fellows of St. John’s might be presented?—There are five livings in the gift of the Duke of Norfolk, or his executors or assigns, which he devised to be sold.

‘ Which might be given to persons who are, at the moment of presentation, fellows of St. John’s?—Yes.

‘ Are those valuable livings?—They are good livings, I believe.

‘ What is the greatest amount?—I cannot say exactly.

‘ Have you heard?—They talk of one being worth about £1000 a year.

‘ Who elect the fellows of St. John’s?—The master and eight seniors.

‘ Has any instance been known, of a person nearly connected with the patron of any of those five livings, being elected a fellow of St. John’s?—Yes, several.

‘ In those cases, were the persons elected fellows, known to be connected with the patrons of the livings?—I conceive so; there was one fellow, I recollect very well, who was a relation, and I dare say there are other instances.

‘ Was he a near relation?—I do not know.

‘ Does he hold one of the livings now?—Yes.

‘ Suppose a person was likely to be elected a fellow, and that any relation of his became the purchaser of one of these valuable advowsons, do you take upon you to represent to this Committee, that that circumstance would make no difference whatsoever, in his chance of obtaining a fellowship?—Not the least.

‘ If any reports of a contrary tendency have been circulated, are they utterly devoid of foundation?—I believe them to be totally devoid of foundation, and entirely slanderous.

‘ How long have you been connected with the college?—Nearly forty years; and I have never known an instance to justify such an insinuation.

‘ Are there any other livings in the gift of private patrons, to which the fellows of St. John’s must be elected, besides those?—None.

‘ The college livings go according to seniority, as usual?—Yes.

‘ Have the statutes of St. John’s ever been printed?—No, never, I believe, but there are plenty of copies.

‘ To Mr. Hornbuckle and Mr. Calvert.] Have you heard the last questions that have been put to the reverend master?—Yes.

‘ Do you entirely concur in the answers given, according to your experience and knowledge?—Yes, perfectly.

‘ Did you ever happen to hear rumours to the effect to which those questions referred?—I cannot say I ever did.

‘ Were the questions put to day, the first intimation you ever had of suspicion being entertained in any quarter whatever, respecting the rumours of such a practice?—Yes; it is the first time I ever heard it mentioned.

‘ But if such rumours had been propagated, do you entirely concur with the reverend master, that they have no foundation in truth?—Entirely, as far as our experience goes.’—*Ibid.* p. 153.

It is well known that of all the duties to be performed by the governing part of a college, that of electing into their society the best candidates, is the most important and the most sacred; and that they must discharge this duty under the obligation of the most solemn oaths. The questions therefore so repeatedly pressed upon Dr. Wood, amounted in plain terms to this: ‘ Are you not prepared, in the case supposed, to commit a palpable violation of your duty, as well as gross and wanton perjury?’ Had the learned Gentleman been cross-examining an accomplice at the Old Bailey, such questions might possibly have been tolerated. But it will hardly be alleged that these interrogatories had the least connection with any part of his duty as Chairman: and if there be found any person capable of approving or vindicating such a use of the privileges of the House of Commons, with him we should chuse to decline all discussion.—*judicio fruatur suo.* We know not where the Honourable Gentleman could have picked up the pitiful and improbable piece of slander, which he alleged as the ground of his questions; but we understand that at Cambridge no such rumour had ever been heard of.* That the affront was intended personally for Dr. Wood, we neither insinuate nor believe: it was meant, we are convinced, merely as a slur upon the society over which he presided; but addressed as it was to the Master, whose own character must necessarily

* Had any inquiry been made respecting Dr. Wood in his own University, his accuser would probably have heard some instances of disinterested conduct, which might have checked the spirit of such interrogatories: he might have chanced to learn that this gentleman was not only distinguished for scrupulous attention to the duties of his station, but that he has recently given substantial proofs of regard for the interests of his college, by benefactions to the amount of several thousand pounds, conferred in the least ostentatious manner, and for purposes the most beneficial.

be so much implicated in the calumny, it surely partook somewhat of the nature of a personal insult. In his subsequent pamphlet, the Chairman, far from making any reparation, insinuates that Dr. Wood was guilty of conniving at the abuses of Pocklington school—a charge contradicted by the evidence, and bearing, besides, its own refutation upon its face. Is it not self-evident that Dr. Wood must feel, as master of St. John's, a direct interest in the good management and prosperity of a school connected with his college?

This, then, is what the correspondent of Sir S. Romilly calls, *hardly touching the Universities*; and it is meant, we presume, as a gentle specimen of the manner in which he intends to handle them, should he succeed in dragging them to the Bar of a Committee, over which he shall preside, in the ensuing session. But we cannot help anticipating that he will, some time or other, see cause to repent the having indulged himself in such an exploit:

— *tempus erit, magno cum optaverit euntum*
Intactum Pallanta.

'You had a *Parson to roast*,' (says Lord Bolingbroke's famous Dedication to Sir R. Walpole, in allusion to the prosecution of Sacheverell,) 'You had a *Parson to roast*; (for such I think was the decent language of the time) and, to carry on the allegory, you roasted him at so fierce a fire that *you burned yourselves*.*'

The individual, however, upon whose character the greatest efforts are made to inflict a wound, is the Earl of Lonsdale, one of the governors of St. Bees school, in Cumberland.

1. 'It should seem too, that St. Bees school is equally exempted. But that its affairs merit investigation clearly appears by the evidence; for we there find that leases of its land were granted at a remote period, for 1000 years, at a very low fixed rent; that at a more recent date, the valuable minerals were leased at a mere trifle (3*l.* 14*s.*) for the term of 8 or 900 years, to one of the trustees; that one of the present trustees now enjoys the lease; and that a decided majority of the others are clergymen, holding livings under him, and supporting him in his management of the concern. As none of them have made any attempt to set aside a lease which every one must perceive to be utterly void, and as one of their number has expressed his apprehensions of engaging in a contest with so powerful an adversary, it may be presumed that such considerations alone could deter them from performing what was obviously their duty to the charity; and the inference is irresistible, that

* We have been assured that in some of the scenes of this sort, with which the proceedings of the Committee abound, the learned Chairman himself was not only sole Examiner, but had no other assessor near his chair than a Scotch Lord, not a member of either House of Parliament; and that on other occasions young gentlemen of wit and pleasure about town were invited to be spectators of the sport, when a refractory tutor was to be turned out for the day. Is this the legitimate composition of a Committee of the House of Commons?

this was exactly a case which demanded the interposition of the commissioners. The rent is about 100*l.*, the value of the tenements being above 8000*l.* a year.'—*Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly*, p. 17.

2. 'We were equally unable to ascertain how much in value of the St. Bees school property remained in the hands of the noble lord, who sustains in his own person the double character of trustee and lessee.'—p. 22.

3. —'not to multiply instances, the venerable head of a College at Oxford was deterred from exposing the St. Bees case, by the dread of a conflict with his powerful colleague, before a tribunal where a long purse is as essential as a good cause.'—p. 28.

4. 'So determined was I to avoid every thing which might lead to such imputations, (i. e. of political feelings,) that I interfered at the Westmorland election to prevent any allusion from being made to the case of St. Bees school, and *uniformly refused access to the evidence* touching that extraordinary affair to persons who might use it for the purposes of the contest.'—p. 42.

These passages, injurious as they may appear, are still less so than the method pursued in selecting the evidence upon which they pretend to be founded. Upon the last of them, however, we must, in passing, make one or two remarks, before we proceed to the evidence. First, it may be worth while to record, as matter of fact, not for the present age but for posterity, that at the very moment when this attack upon Lord Lonsdale was instituted in the Committee, the Honourable Chairman of that Committee was canvassing, by himself and his friends, the county of Westmorland, in opposition to the family interest of the noble lord. Secondly, (what is a far more curious and important matter,) it appears that, during the contest for Westmorland, that is, after the dissolution of the House of Commons by which the Committee had been appointed, and when not only no Committee of which our author could be Chairman, but no Parliament of which he could be a member, was in existence, he nevertheless retained some mysterious power of *refusing access to the evidence* collected by the Committee over which he had presided. That he deemed himself to have authority to *publish* it in the whole or in part, we have sufficient proofs in the pamphlets before us.

That any member of Parliament should exercise so complete and arbitrary a dominion over the archives of a Committee, become, by presentation to the House, the property of the House itself, as to be able to give or to withhold just so much of the information contained in them as to him, in his wisdom, might seem expedient; and, moreover, to give to some persons, and to withhold from others, the liberty of access to them,—would strike us as a singular anomaly in the practice of our parliamentary constitution: but that this same dominion should be exercised by a gentleman, *not a member*

member of Parliament, over the archives of a *dissolved* House of Commons, which House, before its dissolution, had passed an order for printing them, not partially but generally, and had not (so far as appears) denied ‘access to them’ to any subject of the realm,—this, we confess, is altogether beyond our comprehension. We do not immediately recollect any order of the expiring House of Commons for constituting a *custos* of its suspended functions and authorities. The right, therefore, thus notoriously exercised, and somewhat strangely avowed, by our author was not conveyed to him by any delegation. The only remaining solution must be, that such right inheres in this highly privileged individual by some political idiosyncrasy, which makes his character of Chairman, as well as of Member, indestructible; and that while with respect to every other component part of a Parliament the Crown is armed by the Constitution with an effective power of dissolution, this Honourable Member alone braves the stroke, and stands, like a column among ruins, ‘immortal and unchanged.’

As to the motives of the learned Chairman’s boasted interference to prevent the evidence from being read, we have of course nothing to say: but as to the effect of it, did he never hear that exaggerated rumours, incapable of being brought to strict investigation, are far more efficacious instruments of slander than evidence, even *ex parte* evidence, fairly submitted to that test?

Another instance of the extraordinary powers vested in this Honourable Member appears on the face of the report itself. About the 20th of May, it seems, that he had sent to the Rev. Mr. Bradley for some documents relative to the school; Mr. Bradley’s answer is dated the 15th June, 1818, (five days after the dissolution of parliament,) and yet this answer is inserted as delivered in and read to the Committee on the 30th May. The peculiar chronology by which the 15th of June is made to occur on the 30th of May, and the anticipated birth by which a letter, written after not only the Committee but the House itself was dissolved, comes to light by order of the dissolved House as part of the proceedings of the dissolved Committee, are, no doubt, emanations of that portentous immunity from the ordinary laws of parliamentary existence, of which the learned Chairman is the first and only specimen.

The manner in which the St. Bees case is stated in the Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly would lead any one, at first sight, to imagine that the present Earl of Lonsdale was implicated in what the learned Chairman considers little less than a fraud on the charity; our readers, if they have read that letter, or even our preceding extracts from it, will be surprised to learn that this nobleman is not in any degree *personally* concerned in the transaction; the lease in question, be it legal or not, was made in 1742, several

years before the noble lord was born; it was made not even to any one of his ancestors, but to Sir James Lowther, on the failure of whose immediate issue, this lease, with all the rest of the family property, passed into a collateral line, of which the present Earl is the representative.

But if we even suppose this old lease to have been illegally granted, what is there, we would ask, to criminate the present Earl in a transaction in which neither himself nor even his direct ancestors had any share? Upon the point of legality, however, we find the opinion of our author, positively as it is pronounced, very seriously called in question by another gentleman of the profession; (*Letter to Sir Wm. Scott*, p. 44.) and having reason to believe, that the authority of the learned author is not quite as great at the bar as in the Select Committee, we must be content to remain in suspense on that subject.

It is not our business to sit in judgment on the titles of property, and to decide this legal question between the two learned gentlemen; nor was it, we venture to say, the intention of the House of Commons that its Committee should be so employed. We shall content ourselves with having shown that the charge against the present 'trustee and lessee' is wholly groundless.

The last case of alleged abuse with which we have to trouble our readers, is that of Huntingdon Hospital. The mayor, aldermen and burgesses of that borough are accused of corruption, plunder, and other infamous conduct: to substantiate these charges the sole and sufficient witness is a solicitor of the place, who has been carrying on a prosecution against the corporation, with the view of having certain lands, now in their occupation, let for the benefit of the inhabitants at large. To style the conversation of this person 'evidence,' is an abuse of terms; it is intemperate rage, venting itself in the language of clamour and of scandal. Many of his accusations against the corporation *profess* to be founded only on surmise; and even where he knows nothing against these municipal senators, he declares his full *belief* that they are misconducting themselves. The following is the conclusion of the whole piece—the last words of the last scene of the *Education Committee*:

'Do you know of any other charity in Huntingdon, which has large estates?—No, no other which has large estates; there are many others.

'Are the corporation trustees for the estates?—Yes, they are trustees of all of them; they have got more or less into all the trusts.

'Does that increase the interest of the corporation?—No doubt of it.

'Are the funds of those charities generally applied according to the uses of the foundation?—Yes; but with favoritism whenever it can be done, *I have no doubt*.'—*Third Report*, p. 218.

To what extent the Corporation may deserve these imputations, or whether they deserve them at all, we are quite ignorant: but we should

should have hoped that no person who was sensible of the value of a fair character, or had the feelings of an Englishman respecting evidence, would have condemned them unheard upon such depositions as those of their declared adversary. It appears, however, that the two members for the borough are returned by this Corporation, and, moreover, that the interest which is supposed to prevail in the Corporation is that of Lord Sandwich, whose political opinions are understood to be favourable to the present administration.

Such are the attacks made upon the characters of individuals by the Honourable author of the 'Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly.' Respecting the spirit in which these attacks were undertaken, the principle which guided the selection of witnesses, and the manner in which the result of their evidence is stated, our readers are left to make their own comments. Upon one point we feel a confident assurance, that political feelings will not be suffered to bias their judgment on these questions; and that no Englishman of manly and liberal sentiments, whatever be his party connections, will be disposed to countenance ill-founded insinuations against the moral and gentlemanly characters of individuals, because their opinions upon certain public measures may happen to differ from his own.

To revert to the attacks made upon different great schools and colleges. Winchester College has found able vindicators in Mr. Clarke and Mr. Bowles, whose publications are prefixed to this article. The peculiar indignation displayed against that society appears to have been excited by the demur with which they received the mandates to produce their statutes. They are accordingly treated with extraordinary severity both in the examination and the pamphlet.*

In

* The following are given as copies of those mandates :—

' Education Committee, House of Commons, May 23, 1818.

' Ordered that the Head Master of Winchester School or College do send to this Committee on Tuesday next, at one o'clock, the Statutes of the said School or College with some person to attend who can give information to the Committee respecting the management of the said School or College, if it should prove inconvenient for the business of the School that the Master himself should attend.

H. BROUGHAM, Chairman.'

As soon as it was ascertained that this courteous note was the genuine production of the Honourable Chairman, the head-master of the school, and the steward of the college, were sent to the Committee; but the statutes were not in the custody of the school-master. Accordingly the next billet was as follows :—

' House of Commons, 26th May, 1818.

' Sir,

' I have to require that you will without further delay send a proper person acquainted with the College affairs, and that he do bring with him the Statutes and last year's accounts of the Establishment.—You will comply with this requisition without asking any person's leave to send the Statutes provided they are in your custody, and if they are not, you will shew this to the Keeper of them, and report to me if he refuses to give them up.

' The

In the *Fourth* and *Fifth Reports* are printed certain copies, found in the British Museum, of the statutes of Eton College, and of Trinity and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge. For this publication, as we cannot suggest any good reason, we shall not speculate upon the motives at all. We may, however, be permitted to lament, that the Honourable Gentleman lost the opportunity, which his late absolute authority over the Museum conferred upon him, of giving to the world some of those precious deposits of ancient and modern literature, which are contained in that noble collection, and in the printing of which the industry and accuracy of Mr. Ellis might have been much more usefully employed. Scarcely any manuscripts could have been found in the Museum less connected with the province of the Committee. The copying exactly all the unauthorized erasures, notes, alterations, &c. made in a transcript of the Eton statutes by some individual, does appear the most wanton expenditure of valuable time and of public money that we ever recollect. This copy of the statutes of Trinity College, given by Queen Elizabeth, appears quite unauthenticated; but, supposing it to be a correct transcript, what can be the tendency of such an insulated document, except to mislead? Trinity College, being a royal foundation, has, at various subsequent periods, received from the sovereign, as representative of its founder, different statutes, called *King's letters*, modifying or adding to the original code, and carrying with them precisely the same authority for the government of the society. What should we think of a collection of the laws of England which contained no statute made since the second year of Elizabeth? Along with the statutes of St. John's College, are printed not only an imperfect account of several private foundations attached to that society, but copies of many private orders of domestic arrangement, such as must continually be made in every establishment, and altered or modified, as circumstances dictate, by the same authority that enacted them; they are taken from the notes of some individual, who probably transcribed them without arrangement, as in a common-place book, whether for any particular purpose, or for his own amusement, does not appear.*

The

* The Committee expect that the person sent shall be here on Thursday, at two o'clock.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Your's,

H. BROUGHAM, Chairman.

Rev. L. Clarke's Letter to Mr. Brougham, pp. 62, 64.

* What could be the object, or where the sense, of giving to the world such notices as the following?

'An. 1569. Maii 21. A decree, by William Fulke, then President, and the rest of the Seniors, that every pensioner to be admitted into Fellow's commons, shall give for his admission a silver pott or goblet, in weight ten ounces,' &c.

T 100

The learned Chairman in his office of interpreter of college statutes, tells us,

‘The same poverty is the qualification required by the Statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge: the scholars are there called “PAUPERES,” and in chusing them, where other merits are equal, the preference is ordered to be given “INOPIÆ.”’—*Letter to Sir S. Romilly*, p. 49.

Having searched the copy of these statutes presented by the Chairman, with some care, we are able to assure our readers that scholars of Trinity College are NOT called PAUPERES, and that the word never occurs in speaking of the scholars, whose title actually is *discipuli*. How then could the Learned Gentleman make such an assertion? Why, there are, we find, in that establishment *other* persons styled *pauperes*; and the reader must have not only their title but their description: cap. xlii. *De Officio Pauperum*.

‘*Et nemo in illorum numerum admittatur, qui non sit inopid oppressus, aut bello confractus et mutilatus, aut senio confectus, et ad miseriam redactus.*’

In this quotation will be recognised the description of certain worn-out retainers, not uncommonly attached to such foundations, for the most part old and faithful servants, and known, we believe, by the name of *beadsmen*. Are they the innocent cause of blunder? We can only account for the mistake by a supposition which may seem more extravagant than the mistake itself. In the enumeration of the members of that foundation, we find the following words: ‘*Sint tredecim scholares pauperes, qui nominentur SIZATORES, ex reliquiis mensæ sociorum majorum victuri.*’ Though this order says expressly that ‘the thirteen poor scholars are to be called *sizars*,’ did the concurrence of the words *pauperes* and *scholares* lead, in despite of logic and language, to the assertion, that the scholars are called ‘PAUPERES’?

In taking leave of the documents of the Committee, we have only further to observe, that if there be any one point beyond others on which the English Universities have reason to be proud, it is the mode of electing to fellowships and scholarships in Trinity College, upon the strict principle of merit, ascertained by careful examination in all the branches of academical study, without any sort of favour, preference, or appropriation whatever; and that neither with respect to Trinity nor to St. John’s College is the slightest proof adduced of the positive sweeping assertion, that ‘great deviations have been made from the original foundation in all these venerable establishments.’

Two pages afterwards, we come to the following:

‘An. 1538. Dec. 15. Order’d, by the Master and Seniors, that every pensioner admitted into Fellow’s commons, shall give unto the College a silver pot, value 4 *lib.* wherein he may, if he please, engrave his arms and name.’—*Fifth Report*, p. 404 and 406.

The

The argument contained in the Letter to Sir S. Romilly appears to be summed up in the following passages.

‘If any thing has been clearly proved in the foregoing pages, it is the absolute necessity of reviving the Education Committee, and extending its powers to all charities whatever.’—p. 40.

And again,

‘An opposition to the renewal of that Committee can only originate in a determined resolution to screen delinquents, to perpetuate neglect and malversation.’

We protest against this tyrannical and intolerant assumption. We repeat, that we wish no abuse or malversation to be screened; but from the spirit and conduct of these investigations we have no hesitation in expressing our earnest hope that the House of Commons will never entrust the management of another such Committee to the same hands.

We are well aware that the House of Commons is not tied down or confined by any of those rules of evidence which exist in courts of justice; that its power, during the period of the session, is discretionary and unlimited, and that such power was granted for wise purposes. But it must surely be allowed that the very extent of this power ought to make the House circumspect with regard to the manner in which it is exerted. A court of law can only proceed by information upon oath; a Committee may commence inquiries even upon anonymous information: falsehood which, before a court, would incur the penalties of perjury, may be uttered before a Committee with impunity. A court is compelled to hear the defence as well as the accusation; and exercises such care to prevent undue impressions on the public mind, that it will not suffer any part of a trial to be published, before the whole has been completed: on the other hand, it now appears (to the astonishment we believe of many others as well as of ourselves) to be at the discretion of a Committee or its Chairman, to determine whether any defence should be heard; nor can the law visit, with its penalties, defamation in evidence printed by the order of the House. Thus would it be possible to convert a Committee-room into a tribunal more arbitrary in its objects and proceedings than the Star Chamber. Tyrannical and odious as the latter court was, its examinations were taken upon oath, and the accused had the liberty of making his defence and of producing witnesses in his favour. Is it not obvious that if ever the exercise of the powers of a Committee were to be delegated to persons, who might convert them into an engine of private animosity, or of private interest, the House of Commons itself would thereby be rendered odious to the people?

We profess the most sincere respect for the law and usage of parliament;

parliament; and for the late House of Commons we feel not respect only, but the most lively gratitude and veneration. The period from 1812, when that House was chosen, to its dissolution, was one of the most eventful in the annals of mankind; it was one in which this country occupied a larger space in the eyes of the world, and had a greater share of influence upon its affairs, than at any former period of history. The duties which were thus cast upon the Parliament, and especially upon the House of Commons, were justly estimated by them, and were nobly performed.* Never were decisions so awful to be taken, never were exertions so strenuous to be made; and never was there brought to the discussion of such mighty questions, a calmer reason, a firmer nerve, a policy more comprehensive and enlightened, and a constancy more lofty and sustained. These councils and these labours were rewarded with victory and renown—almost as much beyond the hopes of the sanguine supporters of the war as these hopes were themselves beyond the anticipations of the desponding or disaffected. After these triumphs over external danger, the Parliament had to encounter another sort of danger from within; and to repress with a prompt but steady hand attacks upon the frame of the Constitution, which, if successful, would have rendered all external successes of no avail. England in that case would have toiled and bled, and endured and triumphed in vain.

It is not, therefore, without reverence toward the memory of the late House of Commons, or without a just acknowledgment of its general deservings, that we confess ourselves somewhat at a loss to reconcile the laxity and indifference which appear to have been manifested by it on the subject of the proceedings of the Education and Mendicant Committee, and of the bill which grew out of their recommendation, with that sober discrimination, judgment and firmness which it exercised in the course of its career on so many trying occasions. It is true, indeed, that the proceedings of the Committee were regulated with sufficient dexterity to avoid exciting alarm in the first session of its existence; that there was a pause from its labours during the session of 1817, (from whatever circumstance,) while the attention of the House of Commons was sufficiently occupied with subjects so far more vital to the state as conservation is more urgent than improvement; and it must be admitted that the arrangement which, in 1818, kept from the view of the House the extraordinary and alarming strides by which the Committee had been extending its jurisdiction, till near the close of a

* See the *Debates on the Renewal of the War in 1815*, particularly the Speeches of Mr. Grattan and Mr. Plunkett, and those on the State of the Country in the years 1816 and 1817, in *Wright's Parliamentary Debates*, a record, which, for fidelity, fulness, and dispatch, has certainly never been equalled,—at least since the time of Mr. Woodfall.

session well understood to be the last of the parliament, was admirably contrived to induce a House of Commons unusually thinned in its attendance, to take a leap in the dark at the instigation of any plausible adviser.

In fact, none of the Reports of the Committee, except that of the first year, were ever in an accessible form before the late House of Commons. The second Report was ordered to be printed only on the 25th May, the third and fourth on or about the 5th June: Parliament was dissolved on the 10th; and it was not till some time after the dissolution that these important documents, the assumed foundation of the projected Bill, issued from the press of the House of Commons.

When that Bill was moved for by the Chairman of the Committee, the only document on the subject fairly before the house, with its appendix, printed for perusal, was the Report of 1816: a Report from a Committee appointed to inquire into the Education of the *Lower Orders* in the Metropolis; and recommending a Parliamentary Commission to inquire into the management of charitable donations and other funds for the *instruction of the poor*. Whatever scope, therefore, was allowed to the proposed bill beyond the limited object recommended by the Committee of 1816; (and it is the main ground of complaint that a much larger scope was allowed by the House of Commons, which was afterwards narrowed by the Lords;) that allowance was given altogether gratuitously, on the faith of a speech from the Chairman of the Committee.

Now we may be ignorant or we may have been misinformed; but we certainly do not mean to be guilty of misrepresentation, much less of disrespect, when we express our belief that this mode of legislating in either House of Parliament is (we will not venture to say without a precedent, but) as little sanctioned by practice, as it appears to be reconcileable to any sound theory. When a Committee of *Secrecy* is appointed, with an instruction to 'report their opinion upon the matters referred to them,'—the matters themselves being presumed to be of a nature not to be disclosed—it is undoubtedly usual, and it is perfectly intelligible, that the House should act upon the Report of the Committee in which such confidence has been intentionally reposed. But who ever heard of its acting, even in such a case, upon a speech from the Chairman of the Committee, to the extent of passing a legislative measure? The Chairman of any Committee, indeed, open or secret, may, upon distinct allegation of a specific fact, such as the contumacy of a witness, the materiality of a piece of evidence, or the like, obtain the sanction of the House to a measure immediately necessary for the furtherance of a pending inquiry; but to do that at once, in implicit confidence, not as to a single fact, but as to the whole

whole subject-matter of the whole inquiry, which ought properly to be the result of a deliberation which the House had not yet materials even for beginning—who ever had the confidence to offer, or in what instance, before the last Session, had a House of Commons the facility, to grant such a proposition?

The Committee, when originally instituted in 1816, was directed to report, not its own observations only, but ‘the Minutes of Evidence taken before them:’ the Report of 1816 indeed contains little more than the Minutes of Evidence; and very valuable evidence we have already stated it to be. Even in that Report, however, as if to break the House of Commons in, and to prepare it for the large demand to be made on its confidence thereafter, it is stated, that ‘in addition to what has appeared in evidence, the Committee have received *communications* which shew the necessity of Parliament as speedily as possible instituting an inquiry into the management of charitable donations, &c.’ But of those ‘communications’ nothing is communicated to the House of Commons.

The next year, as we have seen, went by without any new steps being taken. But in 1818, though no other document was yet produced than the Report of 1816, though not one of those additional ‘communications,’ alleged to be in the box of the Committee, had found its way to the table of the House of Commons, the House passes a Bill instituting an investigation, not into the charitable funds for the Education of the Poor *in the Metropolis*; (according to the evidence of the Report of 1816;) not only into charitable funds for Education of the Poor throughout the country; (according to the recommendation of that Report founded on alleged, but unforthcoming ‘communications;’) not only into all funds for the education of all classes, poor, and rich, and middling, in town and country; but generally into all charitable funds whatsoever and wheresoever, and to what purposes soever destined and applied: an extension of object not warranted, in a parliamentary sense, by one tittle of Evidence, or by one syllable of Report from a Committee. The Chairman’s speech of the 8th of May is the sole Report, and the sole evidence upon which this sweeping and comprehensive inquiry is admitted to be necessary, and enacted into a law, so far as the authority of one House of Parliament could enact it.

Far be it from us to undervalue a speech of such a speaker; far be it from us to deny that the bare allegation of a member, pledging his personal credit to a fact, nay, that common fame itself may be, in some cases, a fit ground for a proceeding of the House of Commons: but we venture, with all humility, to doubt, whether, when the case was such as to admit of a full and impartial investigation;

vestigation ; when the more usual and regular course had been already taken ; when a Committee had been appointed for the express purpose of collecting and reporting evidence of infinite importance, variety and complication, it ever before happened that, upon a mere summary or selection of matters conveyed in a speech from the Chairman of such Committee, the House has so far anticipated the reasoning of a Report, and so far presumed the effect of Evidence, as to proceed at once, not to some incidental and interlocutory order, but to a measure as full and final, as if the Report had been regularly brought under their discussion, and as if the Evidence were, in all its details, before their eyes. We doubt still more whether the result of this new and compendious mode of legislating upon trust has been such as to encourage future deviations from the ancient, approved, methodical parliamentary caution.

It has been said that there is no royal road to science. We doubt whether there be any democratical road to justice. Condemnations procured by popular harangues, and intended to appease popular clamour, have never, that we have heard, led to any other result than to involve innocence with guilt, and sooner, or later to confound the judges with the victims. First your premises, then your inference,—is an order as wholesome in law as it is in logic : but to admit the practical inference in May, on the assurance that premises would appear to bear it out in the course of the long vacation, was an expedient which we do not presume to aver no circumstances could justify, but which, at least, we venture to hope, stands fairer for apology than for imitation.

We have shewn instances in which the ‘Speech’ went far beyond the evidence, and others, more abundant, in which the Evidence itself is capable of satisfactory disproof. Yet all that is disproved in the one, and all that appears to have been exaggerated in the other, had its share in obtaining the acquiescence of the House of Commons in the proposed Bill. The Evidence was not in such a shape before the House as that it could be examined and sifted in detail, but enough and more than enough of its most alarming and inflammatory statements had been circulated through the town, to produce a considerable effect upon the minds of the House of Commons : and the fear of being stigmatized as a protector of abuses if he did not join the first outcry at every denunciation of them, operated, we have no doubt, to prepare many a worthy individual for receiving, without any very critical examination, whatever measure a public accuser might recommend.

Against such partial influences the ordinary forms of Parliament and the established stages of public measures are wisely calculated to guard. And while we repeat, with the utmost sincerity, ‘God forbid that any misuse of a trust consecrated to charity, should escape

escape without punishment, if wilful, or be allowed to be persisted in, if originating in error? !—we never can subscribe to the doctrine that a charge, if brought forward in the House of Commons, is to be accepted at once as established, however it might require to be substantiated if brought forward in the courts below. On the contrary, the very attributes which make that House what it is, the most glorious field for popular talents, the grandest arena for intellectual warfare that the world ever afforded, disqualify it, in some degree, for the exercise of the judicial faculty, and should warn it at least not to be unnecessarily hurried into its judgments. On some such acknowledged feeling as this, it has disqualified itself, in its collective capacity, from deciding the pretensions of its own members; and has referred them to a special tribunal, constituted indeed from out of itself, but acting under peculiar sanctions and obligations. It has done this doubtless from the consciousness that every question, even a question of property, or of individual right, is apt to take a tinge of party in an open discussion in the House. The Chairman indeed disclaims for his own measure any such complexion. ‘It has nothing in it,’ says he, ‘of a political, party, or personal nature. It involves no inquiry into the conduct of the Royal Family. It regards no violation of the privileges of the House. It is alike unconnected with the preservation and the pursuit of place, and can afford gratification to no malignant or interested feeling.’ Assuredly the learned Chairman’s modesty underrates the attractions of his subject. As to the Royal Family, who seem to have found their way into this passage rather unaccountably, and as to the privileges of the House, which by some singularity (we suppose) of the worthy member’s taste, he is led to specify as an amusing subject of discussion, it is obviously true enough that they are neither of them connected with his inquiry. But it may, perhaps, be questioned whether, when that evidence which ought, in the natural order of things, to have prefaced the Chairman’s Speech, came before the public as an Appendix to his Pamphlet, an impartial observer might have been equally ready to allow that the ‘dry and uninteresting subject’ which he had taken in hand was incapable of being rendered in any degree subservient to objects of ‘party.’ Nay, there were not wanting some, and those not injudicious observers, who thought that they saw in the *ex parte* statements respecting St. Bees, (not published indeed, but loudly bruited about,) at the eve of the contest for Westmoreland, matter calculated to ‘afford gratification’ to ‘feelings,’ we will not say of a ‘malignant or interested’—but in some little degree of a ‘personal nature.’

Undoubtedly we are bound to believe that the Chairman of the Committee was stating his own conscientious impressions when he

represented the bill which he proposed for the adoption of the House as of this abstracted and contemplative kind ; as wholly alien from the pursuits of what are usually denominated ‘ politics,’ as having no view to party preferences, affording no means of personal aggrandisement. It never occurred to him, we must take for granted, that the appointment of the four couple of commissioners, independent of the crown and irresponsible to it, who were to be suggested in the first instance by the mover of the bill, and among whom any accidental vacancy was to be filled up, not by the Crown exercising a general right of selection but, out of three persons named by the remaining commissioners ; would create a patronage, and (considering the extent as well as the objects of the inquiry to be undertaken) an influence, such as perhaps were never, except in one instance, grasped at before through the medium of a reforming act of Parliament.

The ‘ Naval and Military Inquiries’ are, for obvious reasons, put forward as the precedents on which the intended bill was framed. ‘ We had before us’ (says the Letter to Sir S. Romilly) ‘ the commissions of Naval and Military Inquiry, from which the country derived the most signal benefits, chiefly, as we conceived, because the acts establishing those boards had nominated the members who were to form them.’ True. ‘ We had also before us,’ might have been added, ‘ Mr. Fox’s famous India bill,’ from which the party introducing it would have ‘ derived the most signal benefits,’ had it happily passed into a law, such as it was framed by its mover.

With respect to the acts establishing the Naval and Military commission, and the various acts of inquiry into accounts and fees and offices, which passed from the years 1780 to 1787, in all of which the commissioners were named by the act creating the commission, it was perhaps (as is justly observed in the Letter to Sir W. Scott) reasonable enough that the nomination of commissioners to inquire into abuses which had grown up in departments under the Crown should not be assigned to the Crown itself. But the abuses to be inquired into by the present commission, be they as flagrant and multiplied as the most sanguine imagination can conceive them, are in no way referable to the Crown : the Crown has no interest in them, no responsibility on their account. It redounds not to the profit of the Crown that charitable funds should be dilapidated ; it adds nothing to the influence of the Crown that charitable institutions should have fallen into decay. The cases alleged are cases of property, for the most part private property, diverted or absorbed, but not diverted to the purposes, nor absorbed by the rapacity of the Crown.

But neither in the act for Naval and Military Inquiry, nor in any of those other acts to which we have referred, not even in the East
India

India bill itself, was such an affront put upon the Crown as to withhold from it the power of filling up the vacancies that might occur in the original commission. There were in the East India bill, two sets of persons appointed, one of a higher class, and, so far as appears on the face of the bill, unsalaried; the other to be salaried for their trouble in managing the commercial affairs of the East India Company; both sets named, in the first instance, by parliament. But though the East India bill was framed with the express view that, while the power of the Government should be let into the controul of the affairs of India, the patronage of India should be prevented from falling into the hands of the Crown; and though Mr. Fox's very natural and judicious expedient for this purpose was to lodge both the power and the patronage in the hands of a few of his own particular friends; Mr. Fox did not attempt to preclude the Crown from filling up any vacancy in the higher class of his 'directors,' as the commissioners under that bill were styled. As to the lower class, whose business was exclusively with the commercial affairs of the Company, the vacancies in that were to be filled up (and not unjustly) by the proprietors of East India stock. By the bill which we are now considering, the Commissioners, like a close corporation, were to fill up the vacancies in their body by nominations of their own. Lest we should be suspected of misrepresenting this clause, and as it is in itself very curious in more particulars than one, and is (as we believe) perfectly new in legislation, it may be worth while to transcribe it from a copy of the bill, as first printed after its introduction into the House.

'And be it further enacted, That in case of the death, removal, or resignation of any one of such commissioners, or of the secretary, for filling up every vacancy so produced, the said commissioners, or the remaining commissioners, shall within weeks next after such death, removal, or resignation, nominate such ' (this blank, it was understood, was to be filled with the word *three*) 'not being members of the House of Commons, as in their judgment shall be most fit for the supplying of such vacancy; and out of such persons, so nominated, it shall be lawful for his Majesty to select one, and every such person so selected to be a commissioner or secretary.'

No power, we see, is given to the Crown to reject *all* the three nominations, and to call upon the Commissioners for a new option. Of the three nominees one *must* be chosen: the effect of which constraint, it is almost unnecessary to argue, would be to force upon the Crown whomever it pleased the commissioners to choose. They had but to associate with the real object of their choice the names of Dr. Watson and Mr. Preston, and the Crown would be left without a remedy. Let it not be said that this is an extravagant supposition. First, it would not be with a very good grace that the

writer of the letter to Sir S. Romilly could complain of arbitrary inferences, and imputations of extravagant abuse of power. But in the next place,—it is notoriously common in elections conducted on this principle of double nomination, for those whose province it is to offer the names from among which selection is to be made by a superior authority, to join persons either obviously unfit, or known to be unwilling, to be chosen to the individual on whom they wish the election to fall. The very worthies whom we have suggested *exempli gratiâ*, might therefore, in the spirit of the institution, be named as the adjuncts of some favourite and less exceptionable candidate. But, if to Preston and Watson the commissioners thought fit to add Cobbett or Wooler, the Crown *must*, according to this clause, either have exercised its judgment among the three, or have refused to carry the act of Parliament into execution. To this clause, whether from accident or from humour, is appended in the margin of the printed Bill, as an exposition of its contents, '*Vacancies to be filled up by the Crown*'! That there was an intention to deceive by this annotation, it would ill become us to affirm: but there can be no doubt of the fact, that many careless readers *were* deceived by it; and took for granted that a clause so expounded, was the clause usually (and we believe without exception hitherto) introduced into bills creating parliamentary commissioners.

The East India bill, as we have seen, left the vacancies to be filled by the crown; and it contemplated the creation of those vacancies by 'death, resignation, or removal.' All these words are to be found in the clause which we have just transcribed: but the word *removal* is not to be found in those professed models of the bill, the acts of Naval or Military Inquiry, nor in any other of the acts constituting Parliamentary Commissions, the East India bill alone excepted. It is pretty plain, therefore, which was the model really kept in view. But then the East India bill is, in this respect, consistent with itself; for it proceeds to enact that a member of the commission created by that bill *may be removed* by the Crown on an address of either House of Parliament. The bill before us has no such clause; but having provided for the filling up of vacancies to be occasioned by *removal*, it nevertheless omits to provide any process by which a commissioner, however much he may have abused his trust, however flagrant his injustice and oppression, might be removed!

Such a provision was not necessary in the minor bills for inquiry into fees, salaries, &c. because they were passed only from year to year. The naval and military commissions being also for a limited time, (we believe for two or three years,) the omission of such a provision in these might be not material in effect; though we certainly think that it was in principle utterly unconstitutional. Even the East
India

India bill gave to its new *Imperium* no more than a five years' lease. But to the Commission to be erected by this bill, there was no limited duration. It was to be as indefinite in continuance as in power; it was a *κίνημα ἐς αἰῶνα*; a good thing not partaking of the qualities of other good things of this world, which are said to be eminently transitory. The new commissioners were to have a perpetuity in their offices; not removable by any known process for any imaginable malversation, and flourishing in eternal salary howsoever their functions might be performed.

As to salary, not one of the acts on which the worthy Chairman relies as a precedent for the bill which he wished to induce parliament to sanction, contained any provision analogous to that for the annual stipend which his parental care suggested for his intended commissioners. In every instance but one, the pecuniary remuneration was left to be voted by parliament after the work should have been done and approved. The East India bill alone *had* such a provision; but with a more plausible ground for it, forasmuch as the paid commissioners (or directors) under that bill were made removable not only, like their unpaid brethren, on an address from either House of Parliament, but at the will of those unpaid brethren themselves. In the bill as proposed by the worthy Chairman of the committee, the tenure of his commissioners was to be, as we have seen, permanent; the duration of the trust, unlimited: it remained only to provide for them an annual salary not depending upon the subsequent approbation of their conduct by parliament, to make them at once as independent of parliament as of the Crown.

It is but fair indeed to allow, that in order to balance the temptation to prolong the exercise of their functions which this convenient arrangement of annual salary might hold out, it was also provided, that at the termination of his trust each commissioner should receive a further sum, equal to the whole aggregate amount of all the yearly payments received by him in the course of its execution.

Hitherto it had been the lot of all such commissioners to be contented either with present enjoyment, or remote expectancy: to be salaried like the directors under the India bill, or to look forward, like the commissioners of Naval, Military and other Inquiries, to future remuneration. It is indeed the general lot of human nature, even in its most fortunate moments, to have to choose, and the great art of life consists in making a prudent choice, between equi-ponderant but incompatible advantages. Adages and apologues in abundance record the lessons of past ages on this subject. 'A bird in the hand' is estimated by the proverbialist as equivalent to 'two in the distant bush;' and the fabulist represents the disappointment

of those speculators, who sacrificed the goose which laid the golden eggs, as a just penalty for avaricious miscalculation. Thrice happy the commissioners, who, by a contrivance of their patron, which puts the concentrated wisdom of antiquity to shame, were to be saved the anxiety of balancing between rival temptations! to whom a bird was to be given every year in hand only as earnest of another exactly resembling it, limed and stationary in the bush; and in whose goose, when the hour of her dissolution should arrive, were to be found precisely as many golden eggs as the years of her cherished existence had been happily employed in laying!

Still, however, something was wanting to ensure the Commission itself against a premature end: a danger which might possibly arise from the very anxiety shewn for the interest of the commissioners. Had the salary been annual *only*, there could have been no temptation to bring the commission to a close. It might also, perhaps, have been reasonably expected that, as every 1000*l.* or 500*l.* received annually by each member of the board was to add a correspondent amount to the aggregate sum to be received by him when the commission should expire, they would wait with exemplary patience, one and all, for the scramble of that day. But men are wayward beings; and commissioners, even irresponsible, irremovable commissioners, are but men. Some of them might have objects in view that demanded more immediate aid; some might wish to marry and settle in the country, or to go abroad, or to come into parliament; some might grow weary and disgusted with the conduct of the Commission (as it is said not a few members of the House of Commons did with that of the Committee); and all, during the continuance of it, *must* be growing old. Although, therefore, the soberer majority would most probably be satisfied with the annual salary themselves, and would look forward to the growing accumulation as a provision for their families after them, the more necessitous or more impatient might endeavour to precipitate a division, and, in the scuffle,—the goose might be slain! Well and warily did the learned founder of the Commission anticipate and provide against this danger, by an arrangement so masterly that it would exceed belief, if we did not write with the bill before us, as presented by his own hands. We copy the clause as it is there drawn.

‘ And be it further enacted, That for making due remuneration to the said commissioners and secretary for and in respect of the execution of this act, there shall to *each of the said commissioners* be allowed and paid, during the continuance of such *his* commission, the sum of ———: one moiety of which shall be paid to him by half-yearly payments during the continuance of such *his* commission, and the sum
of

of the several moieties thereof when such his commission shall have terminated.'

Our readers will have the goodness to observe that it was not the 'continuance,' or the 'termination' of THE Commission generally, that was to regulate these payments. Each commissioner was of course to receive his allowance during the continuance of *his* commission,—that is, during *his* continuance as a member of THE Commission; and he was also to be entitled to his accumulation, in like manner, at the 'termination of *his* commission,'—that is, when he should cease to be a member of THE Commission. Thus, therefore, any risk of an abrupt termination to the Commission itself from the discrepancy of its members was avoided. The impatient and the froward, the weary and the decayed might retire from time to time, as their interests or tastes or tempers or infirmities inclined them. The resignation of each member would be the termination of *his* commission, and the period of his claim to the *peculium* accumulated in his behalf; which his surviving brethren would bear with equanimity, seeing that neither the Commission itself nor their shares in it had received any harm. They would immediately proceed to recommend in his room three hungrier aspirants; out of whom the Crown *must* choose one; and could not, in this view, choose amiss:

— uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo!

The Commission thus receiving, according to Lord Chatham's bold figure of parliamentary reform, a continual infusion of new blood into its veins, would be found, like the British constitution, to contain within itself the means of its own perpetuation. And thus secured against the hazard of disruption from internal causes, there would be no danger of its sudden death for lack of matter to feed upon. To state the number of charitable establishments (of all kinds) at *twenty thousand*, would be to estimate it by ten thousand *lower* than any calculation that has yet been formed. Let us take it, however, at twenty thousand, or at an average of two only to each parish, to be *sure* of keeping within bounds. The eight acting commissioners 'were to be separated into four bodies of two each, moving from place to place about the country, and carrying on their inquiries at the same time.' (*Speech*, p. 44.) Good. Without any allowance for journeys, for needful refreshment, and for the construction of their reports; for accidental over-*turns*, or occasional indispositions arising from damp sheets or pricked wine at inferior houses of entertainment in remote parts of the kingdom; it will probably be thought a reasonable, if not a sanguine calculation, if we say that each brace of commissioners

would, upon the average, get through *two* cases in *three* days; supposing them even to hear both sides, and to report defence as well as accusation. Further, let us assume that the eight commissioners would all be at work the whole year round, with no other allowance for holidays than

Sundays	52
Christmas week	6
Easter	4
Whitsuntide	2
Founder's birth-day	1

65

Three hundred working days multiplied by four (the number of migratory boards) would, on the average of three days to two cases, give *eight hundred* as the number of cases to be dispatched by the whole Commission in a twelvemonth. At this rate the *twenty thousand* cases would be completely disposed of in *twenty-five years*.

The curious in calculations may perhaps be desirous of ascertaining what would have been, at the close of that period, the amount of the sum to be divided among the eight commissioners, supposing none of them to have drawn their stakes in the mean time. This, as we have seen, would, by the provisions of the Bill, have depended upon the aggregate of the annual salary previously received by them. Taking that annual receipt at a medium between 1000*l.* and 500*l.*—at only 750*l.* a year, the accumulation, to be portioned out among them at the end of the twenty-fifth year, would be just One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds. We sometimes hear of ‘a large economy:’ for any but a reforming commission, we should think this a very large one indeed.

We presume that after the view which has thus been taken of the tenure and emoluments destined by the learned Founder for the Confraternity to be established under his bill, it will be admitted that neither the munificent piety of Henry VIth, nor the provident benevolence of William of Wykeham; neither Margaret of Anjou, nor Doctor Caius at Cambridge; neither John Baliol, the royal Scottish contributor to the University of Oxford, nor Adam de Brome,* from whose foundation was to arise the champion of that University against its modern Scottish assailants, ever devised a more liberal, a snugger *hospitium* than that, which was thus planned for octo PAUPERES et INDIGENTES barristeros.

The fellowships of Eton and Winchester have attracted the

* Oriel College, Oxford.—The foundation of this college was first suggested to Edward II. by his almoner, Adam de Brome, who was appointed first provost. *Vide New Oxford Guide*, p. 119.

notice of the Committee as more than sufficiently ample ; but what are they compared with the double endowments of the Committee's travelling fellowships !

That so well-imagined a plan for a Reformers' College should have been spoiled by the obstinate determination of the ministers of the Crown to build upon the foundations marked out by the learned Chairman, is an act of intromission which all candid persons must allow to be wholly inexcusable. Was there any backwardness on the part of the original patron in selecting proper objects of his charity, that could justify the thus ravishing from him, as Henry the Eighth did from Cardinal Wolsey, the name and honours of a Founder ? Quite the contrary. *Ego et committee meus*, says the benevolent Chairman, ' had applied ourselves with much attention to assist the legislature in making the selection.' It is even affirmed, we know not how truly, that with the assistance of the Gentlemen of the British Museum, the learned Institutor had actually constructed the Statutes of his Foundation in that language of which his late researches have made him so absolute a master ; and that the oaths to be taken by each candidate for a fellowship, and by each fellow upon his admission, ran in something like the following terms :—the first, '*Se nunquam DUO vel plura BREVIA intra BIENNIUM accepisse* ;' * the second of a more awful import—'*se nullas prorsus habere possessiones præterquam unam PURPUREAM RAGGAM* ; *flaccescentem omnino inanitatis causâ*.' But however this may be, certain it is, that the requisite qualifications for a fellow of this college of inquiry, are fully laid down in the following notable passage :

' They must be persons not only of incorruptible integrity, but of a stern disposition, and inaccessible to the cajolery which oftentimes shuts the eyes of those whom grosser arts would assail in vain. They must be easy of approach to ALL ACCUSERS—never closing their ears to suggestion or information, because it may proceed from SPITEFUL or MALICIOUS MOTIVES, or may denounce abuses too enormous to be credible, or accuse parties too exalted to be suspected—not even rejecting the aid of INFORMERS who may withhold their names, as well aware that their office is to investigate and not to judge, and that anonymous, or interested,

* The worthy Major Cartwright will no doubt collect from the juxtaposition, in this authentic formulary, of the words *duo vel plura brevía intra biennium*, a strong presumptive argument in favour of short parliaments, to be held once a year at the least.

The learned Chairman may represent to him indeed on this, as on a former occasion, that *brevia* is not an adjective but a substantive, meaning here *Briefs*, as in the other instance *Writs*. But the learned Major will perhaps not be found so docile as heretofore. He may probably reply that the propensity which the learned Chairman has recently shewn to turn adjectives into substantives has greatly weakened his authority in that particular branch of the *scientia grammaticalis*, and that he (the Major) has just as good a right, for the sake of his Reform, to interpolate *Parliamenta* after *brevia*, as the Chairman, for the sake of his, to omit *scholares* after *pauperes et indigentes*.

or malignant sources may supply the clue to guide inquiry; in a word, their *propensity* must be to suspect abuses, and lean towards tracing them; their principle must be, that no man who complains of an evil is to be disregarded, *be his apparent motives what they may*.—*Speech on the Education of the Poor*, p. 43.

It is fortunate that these important suggestions are not veiled in the obscurity of a learned language: but we cannot help suspecting them to be of foreign though not of classical origin. Could the Gentlemen of the British Museum help us to an authenticated copy of the Statutes of the Holy Inquisition, this beautiful sketch, which appears to modern English eyes but as the 'bodying forth' of a poetical imagination, as some 'gay creature of the element,' would in all probability be found to be a genuine portrait of some one of the early Familiars of that venerable and salutary Board.

Not contented, however, with this generic definition, the eminent *præpositus* proceeds to indicate a gentleman whom he describes in glowing terms as a perfect member of his projected society. 'Mr. Parry,' says he, 'was the very man for the new office. He was, if I may so speak, a commissioner ready made to our hand. He had been occupied in examining the abuses in the Berkshire charities, upon which he had just published a valuable treatise.' 'What were the grounds of Mr. Parry's rejection,' the worthy Chairman had 'yet to learn.'—*Letter to Sir S. Romilly*, p. 38.

The Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly is dated on the 20th of August, but the publication of it did not take place till some day, and not one of the earliest days, of September. On the 23d of August, three days only after the date of the letter, but many days before the publication of it, this same Mr. Parry had published in the 'Windsor and Reading Journal' a retractation of one of the most promising discoveries in his whole book. This discovery was as follows:—

'The free school on the north side of the church-yard (at Windsor) is for clothing and educating thirty boys and twenty girls. I have been informed by a gentleman of Windsor (but I do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement) that the income of this school is 400*l.* per annum; that it has fallen into the hands of a butcher and a stationer, who is the schoolmaster, and a linen draper, who supply their respective commodities for the use of the school, and contrive that their bills shall precisely correspond with the amount of the school funds. Some inquiry is about to be instituted at the instigation of respectable persons in and near Windsor respecting this establishment.'

The 'gentleman of Windsor' appears to have been precisely one of those 'informers' to whom the true-blooded commissioner is to grant so ready a credence; though whether recommended by all the prescribed qualities of 'spiteful,' 'malicious,' 'interested and malignant,' or only by one or two of them, is not sufficiently specified.

fied. Whatever may have been his motives, however, it turns out unluckily enough that every material particular of this very detailed statement is false. 'The trustees' (says the author of the Letter to Sir W. Scott) 'are the Dean of Windsor, two senior Canons, the Mayor, two senior Aldermen, and the Vicar. There is *neither butcher nor linen draper* at all engaged in the management of the school; and the *schoolmaster*, who is *not* a *stationer*, supplies *no article* for the use of the establishment, directly or indirectly.' 'No inquiry was about to be instituted, nor was ever in contemplation.' 'The accounts are constantly open for the inspection of every subscriber.'—p. 74.

But Mr. Parry did not 'vouch for the accuracy of his statement.' O no; he only published it to the world, on the 'information' 'of a gentleman,' without inquiry into the truth: and hence his peculiar fitness to be a Commissioner. The retraction of Mr. Parry is, as it ought to be, ample and unqualified, and concludes with these words: '*I am most ready to admit that my account of this establishment was completely erroneous*!' With this specimen of 'accuracy,' the result of Mr. Parry's 'years of occupation' and 'devotion,' before his eyes, Lord Sidmouth appears most unaccountably to have preferred making his own commissioners, to adopting them '*ready made*!'

The name of another candidate for the college has been mentioned in a manner so singular, as to have occasioned some perplexity to the public. While the learned Chairman's expositions were merely oral, the panegyrics heaped upon '*Messrs. Parry and Co.*' were naturally understood by his auditors in general, in the ordinary and familiar acceptation of that *sound*, as applying to Mr. Parry and those who acted, or were to act, with him; to Mr. Parry and his humbler, and therefore not necessarily to be specified, associates. But when the fugitive notes of the Orator assumed a form in which they addressed themselves to the eye, as well as to the ear; when, from the publication of his Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, we came (like Protogenes of Rhodes)

————— 'to know,
How printers *write* the name of *Koe*;

it appeared, to the infinite surprise of mankind, that what had all along been taken for a respectable noun of number, was in fact a still more respectable individual.

If the original and prevailing notion as to the orthography of this adjunct to Mr. Parry's name had proved correct, then indeed, *Ab uno disce omnes*,—'such as Mr. Parry is shewn to be, such are all his unnamed compeers,'—would have been, if not a conclusive, an apparently reasonable inference: but when, after two mortal pages
(of

(of the Letter to Sir S. Romilly) consumed in extolling Mr. Parry's merits, enforcing Mr. Parry's claims, and wondering what can have been the cause of Mr. Parry's omission, the reader arrives at once at this sentence,—‘all that we know is the fact, that *neither* Mr. Parry *nor* Mr. Koe are in the commission,’—he feels a startle of surprize at this sudden bifurcation of an argument which hitherto, from its very root upwards, had been dedicated singly to Mr. Parry.

GLAMIS hath murder'd sleep, and therefore CAWDOR
Shall sleep no more,—

would not be a more complete example of that figure of speech, which the learned Partridge reprobates as a *non sequitur*, if GLAMIS and CAWDOR had not luckily happened to be the same person; than is this deduction of Mr. Koe's claim to be a commissioner from the peculiar merits of Mr. Parry, now that Mr. Parry and Mr. Koe are found to be two persons, and two only. A union more nearly approaching to identification was perhaps never exhibited, except in the instance of the two friends recorded in the Spectator, who had one purse between them, one domestic establishment, one idea, and one hat.

We candidly avow, however, that this identification bears rather hardly upon Mr. Koe. It is not against his sequence to Mr. Parry that his friends may be expected to remonstrate; for it was long ago settled between Dogberry and Verges, that ‘an two men ride upon a horse, one of them must ride behind:’—but they may justly complain, that it is not distinctly stated, on Mr. Koe's behalf, that *he* has not had occasion to retract *any* thing in the ‘Windsor and Reading Journal;’ that *he* is not unfitted for a temperate and impartial discharge of the duty of an investigator of alleged abuses, by having already exhibited himself before the public as the organ of a groundless impeachment.

Let us now sum up the various provisions for the constitution, functions, powers and conduct of the Commission as originally devised, and see to what they would have amounted.

First, as to the constitution of the tribunal,—1. The Commission was to consist of eight paid members, to be nominated by the learned mover of it. 2. *Contrary to all precedents*, the vacancies in their number occurring by death, resignation or *removal*, were to be filled up from the nominations of the survivors. 3. *But there was no power to be lodged in any quarter for removing any commissioner.* 4. *Contrary to all precedents*, no time was fixed for the duration of the Commission. 5. *Contrary to all precedents but one*, the commissioners were to have an annual salary, secured to them by the act of Parliament. *Contrary to all precedents*, they were to be *entitled also; without any new vote of Parliament, to a further remuneration,*

remuneration, equal to the whole aggregate of the salary which they might have received,—all of them at the expiration of the Commission,—or each on voluntary resignation. 7. For the tenure of the members in their respective offices, the language in which the learned Chairman has shewn himself so deeply skilled, affords no adequate description.—*Quam diu se bene gesserint*, has been thought a sufficient security for the judges of the land: but then, *they* are, to be sure, removable on an address of Parliament. Perhaps, for want of a better, the same phrase must be applied to the commissioners, but with a physical, instead of a moral interpretation: they would probably hold their offices *so long as they found themselves pretty well*.

Secondly, as to the functions of the tribunal, these were,—1. To inquire into the education of *the poor*. 2. To inquire into all charities connected with all education. 3. To inquire into all charities, whether connected with education or not. 4. To inquire into all education, whether connected or unconnected with charities. Under which last head it was intended to include all the great Schools of the kingdom; and not to ‘touch’ only, but to probe the Universities.

Thirdly, as to its powers. The powers with which they were to be armed for these extensive purposes, were—To call for all papers, deeds, and instruments whatever. To publish those which the founders of establishments might have ordered by will to be kept secret, and enforced the so keeping of them by an oath. And any hesitation to produce such documents, and to violate such oath, they might punish by imprisonment according to their pleasure.

Lastly, as to the spirit in which these functions were to be performed, and these powers exercised. Fortunately this is not left to be matter of conjecture. We have only to refer our readers to the examination of Dr. Wood, (p. 531.) to the Letters to Winchester College, (p. 539.) to the specification by the learned Chairman of the requisites of a perfect commissioner (p. 555.) and to his exemplification of these perfections in communications of Mr. Parry with ‘the Windsor gentleman,’ (p. 556.) for samples of the courtesy in style, of the tenderness in interrogatory, of the impartiality and scrupulosity in collecting, estimating and publishing charges of criminality, which the well-trained commissioners would have inherited from the Parent Committee.

We do not wish (far from it) to employ one word of exaggeration. We have stated our premises so distinctly that our readers might be enabled to detect any misrepresentation, if into any we had fallen: but upon a review of the whole plan as here developed, and as to be traced step by step in the learned Chairman’s own publications, we do most deliberately aver that the man who
should

should have succeeded in creating such an instrument as his Commission was intended to be, and in placing himself in a situation to direct its movements, would have been, through terror, *master of the country.*

Bearing the Crown's commission, but secured from ever coming under the Crown's revision or control; armed with all the undefined authority of Parliament, but independent of Parliament from the moment of their creation; empowered to search and sift the concerns of every city, town, village and hamlet in the kingdom, to ransack the muniments of every Corporation, (for where is the Corporation which has not some charitable endowment belonging to it?)—to require the production of the title-deeds of individual property wherever the remotest connection with a charitable trust could be surmised; to investigate the conduct of every school, however endowed or maintained; inspecting, criticizing, and, if they thought fit, publishing the minutest details of their domestic management,—to extend the like inquiries to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, calling before them, when and where they pleased, at an hour's notice, and without allowance for preparation, the persons most venerable in station, learning and authority among the literary magistracy of those great establishments; licensed to solve all doubts about the producibility of documents by instant imprisonment; limited to no legal course of proceeding, subject to no legal appeal, but instructed to call in the Court of Chancery to their aid whenever they had exhausted their own capacity for vexation, and to visit a scrupulous examinant with a suit which might outlast every thing but their own interminable commission;—we venture to ask our readers, whether such a tribunal as we have faintly, but correctly described, bears any resemblance to any Court that they have ever heard or read of, constituted upon English principles for the administration of English justice?

Let any man consider in how many ways a power so inordinate and so anomalous, actuated by the same spirit (we will say no worse of it) as that which has been manifested in the proceedings of the Committee from which it was to spring, might have operated upon the characters and feelings of individuals, and upon the peace of private families, no less than upon public interests. And what redress for the injured? The decision of a Court of Law is liable to appeal; the summary power of Parliament, absolute in its effect, is limited in its duration; but here was to be a Court whose sentence would be irreversible, and the duration of whose jurisdiction would be measured only by the pace of its own proceedings. No wonder then that terror should have already begun to spread among the classes who expected to be the objects of its inquisitorial

quisitorial authority, and should have betrayed itself even in those who felt boldest in their innocence and integrity.

We could not help being struck with the appearance of this feeling in the pamphlet of the Rev. W. Bowles, to which we have already referred with commendation. Mr. Bowles is exceedingly hurt at the imputations thrown out against Winchester College. He is completely successful in removing almost all these imputations; and disproves, to the satisfaction of every reasonable mind, those absurd misconstructions of the statutes by which the plain meaning of the founder's will had been attempted to be overthrown. He has, and it is pretty plain he feels that he has, complete advantage in the argument; he sees, and he makes his reader see, the rooted hostility to all the great establishments for *English Education*, in which the attack upon Winchester originated. And yet, with all this keen sense of injury, and all this just resentment, the predominant characteristics of his work, except in what concerns his own College, are a tone of sickening adulation towards the author of the imputations which he is repelling, and a readiness to admit, as proved, all imputations from the same quarter, except against his own clients. Now this is *terror*: flattery of the power which inflicts a wrong, and a proneness to offer up to it a whole hecatomb of victims as the price of your own escape, are the genuine distinctive marks of that state of mind which prevails in *reigns of terror*.

————— *mortalia corda*
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.

It surely did not require the acuteness of Mr. Bowles's understanding to perceive that, when of many charges brought forward at random against a variety of individuals, that one in which you are yourself implicated is, to your own perfect certainty, utterly false and groundless, the reasonable as well as the charitable presumption towards your fellow-culprits is, to believe that they *may* be as innocent as you know yourself to be. In that presumption a man, not under the influence of any extraordinary passion, would at least suspend such expressions as the following,—‘The prominent and active part which you have taken in dragging into light concealed frauds,’ &c. ‘does you honour as a man, a legislator, and a Christian’—‘the whole nation hailed you not as the orator of a political party, but as a great and noble defender’, (q. accuser) &c. &c. ‘good luck, in the name of the Lord!’—till he had heard a little of what *others* of the *defended* had to say for themselves; and had learned whether there were no other ‘*Vindiciæ*’ than those of the Wykehamite Institutions to be found.

Mr. Bowles is indignant that the case of Winchester College should be ‘mentioned in the same century with that of *Yeovil*?’

Of

Of *Yeovil*, we have already said we know nothing. It may be, for aught we can tell, as bad as it is represented : but one side only has yet been heard. The accused parties of *Yeovil* have not yet been put on their defence. True : they have not volunteered one. They may not be in a condition to appeal to the press,

‘ ————— *Carent quia vate sacro ;* ’

they may have no Mr. Bowles to hold the pen. But when they do come forward, if they should think fit to travel, like Mr. Bowles, out of their own record, and to endeavour to propitiate their accuser by flinging Winchester to him as a sop, we shall not be surprised at their remarking that Mr. Bowles has said little or nothing on one charge against the College—that of the Master receiving payment for the *boys on the Foundation*. This blot (if it be one) is, we know, not peculiar to Winchester : but it was of importance enough to require notice in the ‘ *Vindiciæ* ; ’ and perhaps it would not be amiss if the practice was reformed altogether.

Again. Mr. Bowles is pleased to express his especial contentment with the ‘ candour which distinguishes those parts ’ of the Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, ‘ in which ’ the writer ‘ speaks of men of different political principles from his own. ’ Is it possible that Mr. Bowles can have read through that letter with an untroubled eye, and not have discovered that this imputed ‘ candour ’ consists in ascribing to the ministers of the crown, and to all who may hereafter presume to question the propriety of ‘ reviving the Committee with all its powers, ’ the most corrupt and profligate intentions ?

With the same civility Mr. Bowles adopts the tone of his dreaded antagonist with respect to the nomination of the honorary commissioners. The five originally proposed were (according to the Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly) Lord Grenville, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir William Grant, Lord Lansdown, and the Bishop of London. The letter-writer expresses no satisfaction at the appointment of two out of these five, the Speaker and Sir William Grant :—forbearing to notice the latter at all ; and mixing, with his acknowledgment of the Speaker’s fitness to preside, some little hint about his want of leisure. Mr. Bowles says nothing of either. The letter-writer omits the expression of any regret at the non-appearance of Lord Grenville’s name in the list of commissioners. So does Mr. Bowles. The letter-writer makes it an article of criminality in the government that Lord Lansdown and the Bishop of London are not found there. The like does Mr. Bowles ; and feeling his courage rise in proportion as he conciliates his appalling antagonist, he grows resolutely angry upon this part of the subject, talks of the government ‘ turning round ; ’ of their ‘ daring ’

to do this thing and t'other thing; and actually prints the word 'ABUSES' in roman capitals—read it who will! All this is very formidable: but why, we must again ask, should Mr. Bowles presume the complaints about the appointment of the commissioners to be better founded than those of which he was himself a competent judge, and of which he has successfully exposed the injustice? Above all, how happens it that in moaning over the names which are not forthcoming, he passes by that of Lord Grenville, the Chancellor of Mr. Bowles's own University, a man of unquestioned honour, integrity and firmness, of an accuracy and industry rarely combined with such transcendent talents, one of the ablest statesmen and confessedly one of the ripest scholars of the age? The letter-writer might have his reasons for not dwelling too fondly on his bitter regrets for Lord Grenville: but how happens it that from Mr. Bowles not a sigh is heard for the absence of this venerated name? Why are Mr. Bowles's groans nothing but echoes? *ne gemitus quidem liber*.

Does Mr. Bowles know to how many of the intended honorary Commissioners, proposals may have been made by the Government, and in how many instances those proposals may have been declined? From the silence of the 'Letter' as to the omission of Lord Grenville we should infer that proposals *had* been made to that eminent man, and that he had declined them. From the studied coupling of the names of Lord Lansdown and the Bishop of London in the complaint, we should think it not improbable that proposals had been made to one of them, though perhaps not to the other. It would be invidious to enter into comparisons. For the character and talents of Lord Lansdown, Mr. Bowles cannot feel a higher respect than we do. But without detracting from that sentiment, we may venture to express a doubt whether any man, however gifted, who is in the full, active and energetic discharge of the duties of a party leader in Parliament, be precisely the sort of person fittest to be placed in a Commission from which it would be most desirable to exclude every feeling of a political nature.

As to the Bishop of London, deeply indeed is it to be regretted if the duties of a most important and laborious diocese, filled by him as it is in a manner that gives satisfaction to every friend of the church, and extorts applause even from its enemies, should have rendered it inconvenient for him to accept the charge of superintending this investigation. In the liberality, candour and equity which mark the character of that amiable prelate, we should have seen ample security that he would have been the last man in the country to approve *ex-parte* evidence, or to lend his ear to the suggestions of malignant, or interested, or anonymous informers.

The honorary commissioners actually consist of two members

of each house of parliament, with the addition of Sir William Grant and Mr. Yorke; who, no longer members of the House of Commons, are known to the world by the reputation and authority which they enjoyed there, and by the dignity and efficiency with which they respectively discharged the duties, the one, of all but the highest judicial office in a court of equity, the other of Home Secretary of State. What objection can Mr. Bowles possibly have to such men as these? or to the Bishops of St. Asaph and Peterborough, two able prelates, placed in the commission, we conceive, to contribute that information upon ecclesiastical matters, which must frequently be requisite in the proceedings? or to the Speaker, *omni exceptione major*? or to Sir William Scott; of whom the letter-writer can suggest no more plausible disqualification than that 'his constituents are known to be, in general, the warmest enemies of the whole inquiry'? If, by this expression it be intended to imply, that the University of Oxford are, generally speaking, averse to the inquiry into abuses of charities, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the charge to be ill-founded. No persons have a greater interest than the Clergy in promoting the education of the poor; and none, in fact, do contribute a larger portion of their trouble, their time, and their incomes to that purpose. We will venture to predict that the Commissioners will find the clergy in all parts of the country, their most zealous and useful assistants.

The letter-writer is discontented with the honorary commissioners appointed under the act, for no visible reason, except that they are not exclusively of his own nomination, and that he is not himself among them. But surely this latter cannot be a ground of discontent with Mr. Bowles; who appears to have smarted sufficiently under the mistaken imputations of the Committee, not to wish to see the powers of the commission exercised under the same influence.

We have been led into this discussion respecting Mr. Bowles's pamphlet, not by any disposition to pronounce an unfavourable opinion upon that performance, which, so far as relates to the points in controversy between him and the learned Chairman, effectually does its work; but in proof of the position, that such a power as the Chairman attempted to create would have stricken terror into the heart of the country. The instances of too implicit assentation which we have quoted from Mr. Bowles's pamphlet, in respect to all the averments and all the proscriptions of his antagonist, except those only which affected the particular case of Mr. Bowles's own society, afford a signal illustration of the manner in which such terror would have operated. If upon such a mind as Mr. Bowles's—the mind of a man of talents, a scholar, and a poet—the operation was thus perceptible, what might have been expected to be
the

the feelings of humbler and less enlightened individuals! How would rural parishes and petty corporations and men of quiet and retired habits have trembled, not (as may be tauntingly alleged) from consciousness of guilt, but from apprehension of vexation at the approach of these 'stern' imprisoning Commissioners! Hence mutual distrust; hence secret delations; hence rival attempts to get before each other with information not always fastidiously correct, with the view of diverting to a distant object the fury which each dreaded for himself.

Huntingdon and St. Bees afford pretty pregnant instances how the powers of the Commission might have been applied on the eve of an election, and the Commission would necessarily have survived five or six elections at the least. It would have been a goodly sight to see the various propitiatory offers from many a decayed borough, just roused by a well-timed intimation of inquiry in the course of the last Session of the Parliament!—Not in the hope of prevailing so far as to obtain a total immunity from visitation (duty and patriotism must have frustrated that expectation), but merely that it might be deferred, in their particular case, till about the twenty-fifth year of the Commission.

In the Universities and Great Schools, consequences not less evil must have followed. There would have been an end to the peace and good government of such societies from the moment that a tribunal so composed and so empowered should have been set up to over-hang them, for the purpose (ingenuously avowed) *custodiendi ipsos custodes*. Of the supersession of the rights of visitors, whose appointment by the will of founders must be held a part and condition of their bequests, we have already spoken. But with the resident governing authorities the interference would have been still more direct and still more mischievous. What wilful boy would have been flogged, without seeking his revenge by an anonymous impeachment of the master? What refractory youth at college would have paid the penalty of an unperformed *imposition*, without sending up to his friend at the Temple or Lincoln's Inn a billet to be dropped into the *Lion's mouth*, enunciating the abuses of the *domus* fund, or the intemperance of the fellows' Combination-Room? The results of such denunciations would ere long have come down in dark intimations of a detachment of this ambulatory brotherhood being on its way from Town. Anon, it would have been buzzed through the cloisters that a couple of them had actually arrived, and were at that moment junketting in the buttery. Presently, it would be known that the late college-porter, who had been dismissed for incorrigible drunkenness two years ago, had been recognized, among the confidential followers of the *Hermandad*, on the outside of the stage; and that the sub-master, a worthy but strict man, who had pronounced that sentence of elimination, was

already put under a course of severe secret interrogatory, (or 'examination'; no matter which.) Next morning the conveyance of this respected individual to the Bridewell, for having steadily refused to consider himself as absolved from his oath by a construction of the statutes at which his moral and grammatical conscience revolted, would be a signal for the cessation of all discipline. It would then perhaps have depended upon the accidental prevalence of affection or dislike towards the governing part of the society, and of a turbulent or a generous spirit among the youth, whether the first ebullitions of licence should manifest themselves in acts of insubordination against the resident authorities, or of scarcely less reprehensible irreverence towards the sacred persons of the intrusive visitation.

It is idle to argue that such investigations can do no harm—for that, if nothing is found amiss, the Society comes out the purer from the fire.—As if it were sport to be put upon trial! as if every possessor of property, corporate or individual, must rejoice to produce his title-deeds for inspection in order to shew how perfectly they were drawn! as if it were quite pleasant to have either to consent to, or to decline such trial or such production with no other argument to sway the decision than imprisonment thrown into the declining scale! As if Mr. Clarke must have had a most delightful journey when summoned (by such billets-doux as we have cited) to leave his home at four and twenty hours notice, and hasten to the Committee! As if Dr. Wood could have felt himself undishonoured by inquiries which brought his probity into question, though they could not throw a stain upon it that would stick! As if Dr. Goodall never passed a more agreeable afternoon than that in which the serious imputations of the mal-administration of Eton College were relieved by the tea-table gossip about Professor Porson's pretty hand-writing!

Such then was the original plan of the Commission, for not having adopted which precisely as proposed, the Government have been reproached and reviled: for having restrained which within *some* limits of time; for having subjected it to occasional revision both by the Crown and by Parliament; for having conformed it to the analogies of precedent, and brought it within the scope of the Constitution, they have been held up to public odium and suspicion as enemies of all wholesome inquiry, and protectors of all imaginable malversation. Our readers are by this time enabled to judge for themselves of the degree of credit which is due to so shameless, so senseless an accusation. But we confess we are not ourselves entirely satisfied with the conduct of the Government in the whole of this transaction. We should have been still better satisfied, if the alterations made in the original plan of the learned Chairman had been made, *lucè palam*, by open debate in the House

of Commons, rather than by private communications in the lobbies. The consequence of the mode which was followed has been, that the original plan has never been discussed at all; that the public only learn that it was altered; but of the grounds, and the scope of those alterations there is no account but what is to be found in the learned Chairman's own publications. How faithful that account, it has been our endeavour in some degree to shew. But a subsequent shewing is comparatively without effect—it is too much like a justification. The Bill, as first framed in the intention of the mover, ought, in our opinion, to have been taken to pieces before the eyes of the world in its earliest stages. The public would then have gone with the government in the process of the alterations, and would have heard and appreciated the reasons for them as they arose. If delicacy towards the mover, and a desire to avoid mixing politics with charity were (as we verily believe) the motives of this forbearance, the Government see their reward. But they had yet a higher duty to perform. At the same time that they obviated misrepresentation, and rendered such an impression against themselves as has been attempted to be created, impossible; they also would have exhibited in the Bill, as originally conceived, a scaring specimen of the monstrous projects which (when the times are unhappily favourable for such conjunctions) political ambition begets upon popular reform.

The Commission which has been appointed will, we trust, be found to have entered with exemplary diligence upon the business allotted to it; and we anticipate from its labours the most satisfactory results. We think it not improbable that the range of its inquiry may be beneficially extended, although, to occupy this wider field of action, and at the same time to assign to its labours any reasonable limits, it seems necessary that its number should be enlarged. We can easily understand why three should be a better (as it is a more usual) *quorum* than two, in any matter involving the probability of difference of opinion; but of all the alterations indeed which were made in the bill by the House of Lords, that which extended the *quorum* from two to three (the whole number of commissioners remaining the same) appeared to us the most questionable.

As to the object with which these inquiries should be pursued, we fear we shall continue to differ essentially from the Honourable Chairman of the late Committee. To bring back the application of diverted revenues to the original purposes of those who bequeathed them, is, in our view, the only legitimate object; not to seize them into the hands of the state, and parcel them out anew according to the lights of modern refinement. We have stricter notions of property. The misapplication, or even the abuse of a

trust fund by its trustees does not, in our opinion, put the public in the place of the testator's heir at law.

As to the intention announced of moving the new parliament early in the session, to re-appoint the 'Committee on the Education of the Lower Orders,' with additional powers—for the express purpose of 'touching' the Universities and Great Schools, which are exempted from the jurisdiction of the Commission; of summoning other Heads of Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge to undergo the same sort of treatment as Dr. Wood; of printing their different statutes, from perfect or garbled copies, (as it may happen,) and interpreting them with the same fidelity as those of Trinity College; and of publishing their account-books at the national expense, to be audited by the world at large:—harmless as these purposes may be, we confess we are not reconciled to them by the assurance that it is not intended to follow them up with any immediate measure. We have seen how well an interval of repose can be employed in pronouncing sentences of abuse and malversation, without or against evidence; and we see that all persons who, from whatever cause, are inimical to the two Universities, and to the Established Church, of which they are the two main supports, contemplate the prospect with extreme delight.

So confidently do they anticipate success, that they have already begun to differ upon the division of the spoil. Mr. Jeremy Bentham, in his late lucid work upon CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM, is of opinion that the Colleges should be appropriated to the support of superannuated officers of the land and sea-service, whose half-pay might in consequence be saved to the country. A more recent writer in the Monthly Magazine, looks forward to the expected 'Parliamentary Visitation' as the means of planting the dissenters in the two Universities. But these gentlemen seem to be counting the fruits of victory before the battle has been won, or even fought. Buonaparte, before the battle of Waterloo, when he beheld the Duke of Wellington stationed on the opposite height, exclaimed, '*Ah! pour le coup—je les tiens donc—ces Messieurs Anglais!*'

We yet trust that the new Parliament will not put the Universities and Great Schools upon their trial. It is not seemly that the venerable establishments for ENGLISH Education should be called to plead for their existence (an existence in many instances as old as that of Parliament itself, in all perhaps as deeply interwoven with the habits and interests of this country); and to stand an inquiry, not whether they answer the purposes of their institution, but whether those purposes might not be advantageously changed. We are satisfied that these establishments, with all their faults, do mainly contribute to make England what it is. We do not presume to disparage the more material, statistical, metaphysical erudition of our neighbours. We meddle not with them: we beg only that they

they will not meddle with us. We assure all whom it may concern that the ample revenues of our Royal and Christian foundations shall never (while we have life to struggle for them) go to the support of schools for the professors of *no particular religion*. They must be contented to see still flourish in our schools the old heresies of classical and biblical learning, with enough of the exacter sciences, but very little of Ontology or Cosmogony. They must endeavour to tolerate the abomination of even *long and short*, and the divinity of the Church by law established. Within these limits is it worth their while to reform us? Out of these limits, they will attempt to force us in vain.

But if we cannot be improved, we hope we shall not be given up to be insulted. It is not seemly, we say, that these magnificent establishments should for no stateable object, and for no assignable crime, be exposed, in the persons of their most eminent conductors, to the scornful interrogatory, to the ungenerous insinuation, and, worse than all, to the humiliation of vapid pleasantries, as disgusting to good taste as to just feeling.

Thus England's monarch *once* uncover'd sat,

While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Once—but not again. We trust indeed that the 'attachment' of the nobility and gentry of England to the scenes of their early instruction, an 'attachment' stigmatized as 'romantic,' but not more 'romantic' than wise, will rescue those seats of liberal learning from a second disgrace and persecution; seeing, as they cannot but see, the spirit in which that persecution originates, and remembering that for high establishments, as well as for exalted individuals, there is but one step from degradation to destruction.

* * In Art. IV. of our Thirty-sixth Number, on 'African Discoveries,' is the following passage:—'The last victim (would he might be the last!) that we have to mention is LIEUTENANT STOKOE of the Navy. This brave officer was severely wounded when our little squadron so gallantly defended itself against an overwhelming force on lake Erie; and when taken prisoner was marched several hundred miles into Kentucky, handcuffed like a felon.'

From a letter to the editor of a reprint of our Review in America, it would seem that this passage has given offence to the friends of Captain Perry. This officer and his friends however may be assured that none was meant. Whatever necessity there might have been to march Lieutenant Stokoe into the interior, we could not suppose Captain Perry to have been his conductor; but the fact is *precisely as we have stated it*; and when the unfortunate officer above alluded to rejoined Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, the marks of violence were apparent, and his wrists were still swelled, and suffering from the fetters.

The friends of Captain Perry will do us the justice to believe that we never founded him, even in thought, with the Porters and Jacksons of his country, whom he regards, perhaps, with little less detestation than ourselves. On the contrary, we believe him to be a brave and humane officer; and it is this persuasion alone which has induced us to recur to a circumstance which was wrong from us, in the first instance, by a sense of duty, and which we now desire finally to dismiss from our minds.

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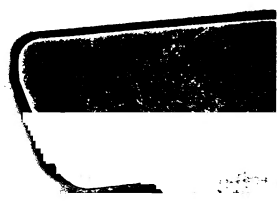
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